A

SELECTION

OF

CURIOUS ARTICLES

FROM THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

I. LETTERS TO AND FROM EMINENT PERSONS.
II. MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES, INCLUDING ANECDOTES OF EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS, USEFUL PROJECTS AND INVENTIONS, &c. &c.

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INCLUDING

ANECDOTES

OF

EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS,

USEFUL PROJECTS

AND

INVENTIONS,

&c. &c.

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LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EMINENT PERSONS.

1. From Algernon Sidney, in answer to one persuading his return to England quickly after the Restoration.

SIR,

I AM sorry I cannot in all things conform myself to the advice of my friends. If theirs had any joint concernment with mine, I would willingly submit my interest to theirs; but when I alone am interested, and they only advise me to come over as soon as the act of indemnity is past, because they think it is best for me; I cannot wholly lay aside my own judgment and choice. I confess, we are naturally inclined to delight in our own country, and I have a particular love to mine: I hope I have given some testimony of it. I think that being exiled from it is a great evil, and would redeem myself from it with the loss of a great deal of my blood. But when that country of mine, which used to be esteemed a paradise, is now like to be made a stage of injury; the liberty which we hoped to establish, oppressed; all manner of profaneness, looseness, luxury, and lewdness, set up in its height, instead of piety, virtue, sobriety, and modesty, which we hoped God, by our hands, would have introduced; the best of our nation made a prey to the worst; the parliament, court, and army corrupted; the people enslaved; all things vendable; and no man safe but by such evil and infamous means as flattery and bribery; what joy can I have in my own country in this condition? Is it a pleasure to see all that I love in the world sold and destroyed? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile court arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them? Shall their corruption and vice be my safety? Ah! no: better is a life among strangers, than in my own country upon such conditions. Whilst I live, I will

endeavour to preserve my liberty; or, at least, not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same principles in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me. I have in my life been guilty of many follies; but, as I think, of no meanness. I will not blot and defile that which is past by endeavouring to provide for the future. I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition as that I cannot save my life but by doing an indecent thing, he shews me, the time is come wherein I should resign it. And when I cannot live in my own country but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shews me, that I ought to keep myself out of it. Let them please themselves with making the king glorious, who think a whole people may justly be sacrificed for the interest and pleasure of one man and a few of his followers. Let them rejoice in their subtilty, who, by betraying the former powers, have gained the favour of this, and not only preserved but advanced themselves in these dangerous changes. Nevertheless, perhaps, they may find the king's glory is their shame; his plenty, the people's misery; and that the gaining an office, or a little money, is a poor reward for destroying a nation, which, if it were preserved in liberty and virtue, would truly be the most glorious in the world: and others may find, they have, with much pains, purchased their own shame and misery; a dear price paid for that which is not worth keeping, nor the life that is accompanied with it. The honour of English parliaments has ever been in making the nation glorious and happy; not in selling and destroying the interest of it to satisfy the lust of one man. Miserable nation! that from so great a height of glory is fallen into the most despicable condition in the world, of having all its good depending upon the breath and will of the vilest persons in it! Cheated and sold by them they trusted! Infamous traffick, equal almost in guilt to that of *Judas*! In all preceding ages parliaments have been the pillars of our liberty; the sure defenders of the oppressed. They who formerly could bridle kings, and keep the balance equal between them and the people, are now become the instruments of all our oppressions, and a sword in his hand to destroy us. They themselves, led by a few interested persons, who are willing to buy offices for themselves by the misery of the whole nation, and the blood of the most worthy and eminent persons in it. Detestable bribes! worse than the oaths now in fashion in this mercenary court! I mean to owe neither my life nor liberty to any such means. When the innocence of my actions will

not protect me, I will stay away till the storm be overpast. In short, where Vane, Lambert, and Haslerigge cannot live in safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in England I should have expected a lodging with them: or, though they may be the first, as being more eminent than I, I must expect to follow their example in suffering, as I have been their companion in acting. I am most in amaze at the mistaken informations that were sent to me by my friends, full of expectations of favours and employments. Who can think, that they who imprison them would employ me; or suffer me to live when they are put to death! If I might live and be employed, can it be expected, that I should serve a government that seeks such detestable ways of establishing itself? Ah! no—I have not learnt to make my own peace by persecuting and betraying my brethren more innocent and worthy than myself. I must live by just means, and serve to just ends, or not at all. After such a manifestation of the ways by which it is intended the king shall govern, I should have renounced any place of favour, into which the kindness and industry of my friends might have advanced me, when I found those that were better than I, were only fit to be destroyed. I had formerly some jealousies, the fraudulent proclamation for indemnity increased them. The imprisoning those three men and turning out all the officers of the army, contrary to promise, confirmed me in my resolutions not to return.

To conclude, the tide is not to be diverted, nor the oppressed delivered; but God in his time will have mercy on his people. He will save and defend them, and avenge the blood of those who shall now perish, upon the heads of those who in their pride think nothing is able to oppose them. Happy are those whom God shall make instruments of his justice, in so blessed a work; if I can live to see that day, I shall be ripe for the grave, and able to say with joy, *Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, &c.*

Farewell; my thoughts as to king and state, depending upon their actions, no man shall be a more faithful servant to him than I, if he make the good and prosperity of his people his glory; none more his enemy if he does the contrary.—To my particular friends I shall be constant in all occasions, and to you,

A most affectionate Servant,

1756, *Sept.* A. SIDNEY.

II. From Oliver Cromwell to his Son-in-law, Gen. Fleetwood.

DEAR CHARLES,

ALTHOUGH I doe not soe often as is desired (by mee) acquaint you how it is with me, yet I doubt not of your prayers on my behalfe, that in all things I may walk as becometh the gospel. Truly I never more needed all helps from my christian friendes than nowe; fain would I have my service accepted of the saincts (if the Lord will) but it is not soe, beinge of different judgments, and of each sort some seekinge to propagate their owne, that spirit of kindnesse that is to them all, is hardly accepted of any. I hope I can say it, my life has been a willing sacrifice, and my hope is for them all, yet it much falls out, as when the two *Hebrews* were rebuked, you knowe upon whome they turned their despleasure: but the Lord is wise, and will I trust make manifest that I am no enemie.

O howe easie is mercie to be abused! Persuade friendes with you to be very sober; if the day of the Lord be so neare (as some say) howe should our moderation appear! If every one instead of contendinge, would justifie his forme by love and meeknesse, wisdom would be justified of her children; but, alass! I am in my temptation ready to say O would I had winges like a dove, then would I flie away and be at rest! But this I feare is my haste.

I blesse the Lord, I have somewhat keepes me alive, some sparkes of the light of his countenance, and some syncerityе above man's judgment. Excuse mee thus unbowelling myselfe to you, and pray for mee, and desire my friendes to doe soe also. My love to thy dear wife, whome I indeed entyrely love both naturally, and upon the best account; and my blessinge if it be worth any thinge upon thy little babe.

Sir George Ascough having occasions with you desired my letters to you on his behalfe; if hee come or send, I pray you show him what favoure you can; indeed his services have been considerable for the state, and I doubt he has not beene answered with suitable respect; therefore againe I desire you and the commissioners to take him into a very peculiar care, and help him soe farr as justice and reason will any wales afford. Remember my hearty affections to all the officers; the Lord blesse you all, soe prayeth

Your truly loving father,

Aug. 22, 1653. O. CROMWELL.

1761, *May.*

III. From Oliver Cromwell to the Speaker of the House of Commons, on founding a College at Durham.

SIR,

HAVING received information from the mayor and citizens of Durham, and some gentlemen of the northerne countys, that upon theire petition to the parliament, that the houses of the late Deane and Chapter in the citie of Durham might be converted into a colledge or schoole of literature, the parliament was pleased in May last, to referr the same to the committee for removeing obstructions in the sale of Dean and Chapters lands to consider thereof, and to report theire opinion therein to the house, which said committee (as I am also informed) have so far approved thereof as that they are of opinion that the said houses will be a fit place to erect a colledge or schoole for all the sciences and literature, and that it will be a pious and laudable worke, and of great use to the northerne parts, and have ordered Sir Arthur Hesilrige to make report thereof to the house accordingly. And the said citizens and gentlemen having made some addresse to me to contribute my assistance to them therein, to which, in so good and pious a worke, I could not but willingly and hartily concurr; and not knowing wherein I might better serve them, or answer their desires, than by recommending the same to the parliament by Sir, yourself, their speaker, I do therefore make it my humble and earnest request, that the house may be moved as speedily as conveniently may be, to hear the report of the said business from Sir Arthur Hesilrige, that soe the house, taking the same into consideration, may doe therein what shall seem meete for the good of those poore countries. Truly it seems to me a matter of great concernment and importance, as that which (by the blessing of God) may much conduce to the promoting of learning and piety in those poore, rude, and ignorant parts, there being also many concurring advantages to this place, as pleasantness and aptness of scituation, healthful aire, and plenty of provisions, which seem to favour and plead for theire desire therein. And besides the good (so obvious to us) those northerne counties may reape thereby, who knowes, but the setting on foote of this worke at this time may suit with God's present dispensations, and may, if due care and circumspection be used in the right constituteing and carrying on the same, tend to, (and by the blessing of God) produce

such happy and glorious fruites as are scarse thought on, or forescene. Not doubting of your readiness and zeal to promote so good and publick a work, I crave pardon for this boldness, and rest,

Sir, your most humble servant,

Indorsed O. CROMWELL.

To the Right Hon. William Lenthall, Esq. Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England,

1762, *June.* These.

IV. From Sir Robert Strange, containing an account of some Pictures at Rome.

SIR, *Rome, July* 28, 1761.

I WAS much flattered with the trouble you was pleased to take in communicating your sentiments with regard to my present undertaking. I once indeed entertained very serious thoughts of engraving the Parnassus of Raphael; and it was with this intention that leave was solicited, and after much difficulty granted, that I should erect a scaffold in the Vatican, which, for several years past has been absolutely prohibited.

I began, in that place, with two figures; the one representing Justice, and the other Meekness, by Raphael; they are in the Hall of Constantine, and were the two last things he painted before his death. These figures contain all that is excellent in painting, whether we consider them in the beauty of the compositions, the noble gracefulness of the characters, the uncommon greatness in the stile of the draperies, or the wonderful force of colouring, light, and shade. I had frequent opportunities, during this time, of examining the Parnassus, and examining it near, by the assistance of a ladder. I own many discouraging circumstances occured to me, which made me entirely drop the undertaking, though even with regret. The principal figure of this picture, I believe, the world will agree, is amongst the most indifferent, and has the least grace of any figure that great master ever painted. Many of the principal female characters are so much repaired, that they hardly retain any thing of the original. The shape of the whole is

most disagreeable, and out of all form; and lastly, the situation of this picture is such, that I could only work a few hours in the morning, and that by the assistance of the reflection of the sun. This last circumstance is so discouraging that I am persuaded I should consume almost a year before I could make a complete drawing of this picture, which contains no less than twenty-eight figures. With regard to the other pictures you mention, I have nothing to object against them.

The School of Athens is indeed a most glorious performance, and worthy the hand of a divinity. Had I made this journey at a period of life when a few years, more or less, would have made no material difference with me, I should indeed have been proud of transmitting my name, with Raphael's in this wonderful performance: but at present the case is different; I have no idea of coming abroad to Italy, but for a very few years, and throwing that time away upon a work which ought to be carried on at the public expence, or by the patronage of a prince.

I must leave, my dear Sir, those laborious undertakings to some future genius: at present it is my scheme to vary my subjects and authors as much as possible, and that even those be of the most agreeable kind; such as will please the public, and best suit the genius of a free people. I think, so far as this I may venture to raise your expectation; I have already enriched my collection with the names of Raphael, Titian, Guido, Dominichino, Guercino, &c. &c. Of the first of those masters, I think I may venture to assure you of at least six different subjects, and all the most agreeable of their kind. I have, perhaps, the finest Titian you could desire to see; and, of Guercino, I have no less than his famous picture of the Death of Dido, a composition of twelve or fifteen figures. I propose, this ensuing autumn, making an excursion to Naples, where, I am told, there is a sweet Parmigiano. At Florence I have already several pictures, and at Bologna some inimitable things. At Parma I hope for the St. Jerome; and at Venice, I may probably light on another Titian, or some agreeable Paul Veronese.—— With regard to Statues, Busts, &c. I have nothing to say; I must be satisfied with admiring them; and, if possible, endeavour to retain a part of their inimitable beauties.

I long much to be with you, but dare not as yet even think on the time, nor can I in the least ascertain it.

I remain, Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

1761, *Aug.* ROBERT STRANGE.

V. From Mr. Addison to a Lady.

MADAM,

IT would be ridiculous in me, after the late intimation you were pleased to favour me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your sentiments, opposite soever as an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice. —This expression, madam, I am highly sensible may appear a little too coarse in the mouth of a polite man; but I hope is no disgrace to the behaviour of a sincere one. When we are to talk upon matters of importance, delicacy must give way to truth, and ceremony be sacrificed to candour: an honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind, which is above the practice of deceit, can never stoop to a willingness to flatter. —Give me leave, madam, to remark, that the connection subsisting between your husband and myself, is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of his goodness, or my obligations; and suffer me to observe, madam, that were I capable of such an action at the time that my behaviour might be rewarded by your passion, I must be despised by your reason; and though I might be esteemed as a lover, I must be hated as a man.

Highly sensible, madam, of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my reputation may be for ever lost.—You have passions you say, madam; but give me leave to answer, that you have understanding also; you have a heart susceptible of the tenderest impressions, but a soul, if you would choose to wake it, above an unwarranted indulgence of them; and let me intreat you for your own sake, that no giddy impulse of an ill-placed inclination may induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your honour, and repugnant to your virtue.

I, madam, am far from being insensible; I too have passions, and could my situation a few years ago have allowed me a possibility of succeeding, I should have legally solicited that happiness which you are now ready to bestow. I had the honour, madam, of supping at Mr. D—'s, where I first saw you, and shall make no scruple in declaring, that I never saw a person so irresistibly beautiful, or a manner so excessively engaging, but the superiority of your circumstances prevented any declaration on my side; and though I

burned with a flame as strong as ever filled human breast, I laboured to suppress, or at least studied to conceal it.

Time and absence at length abated an unhoping passion, and your marriage with my patron and my friend effectually cured it. Do not now, I beseech you, madam, rekindle that fire which I must never think to fan; do not now, I beseech you, destroy a tranquillity I have just begun to taste, or blast your own honour, which has been hitherto spotless and unsullied.—My best esteem is ever yours; but should I promise more, consider, I conjure you, the fatal necessity I am under of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous; and in any other commands dispose of your most humble and devoted.

1762, *April.* J. A.

VI. From Dean Swift, on the Fishery.

A genuine Copy of a Letter from the late Dean Swift, to ———Esq. a Scots Gentleman.

SIR, *Dublin, March* 23, 1734.

I RETURN you my hearty thanks for your letter, and discourse upon the fishery. You discover in both a true love of your country, and (excepting your civilities to me) a very good judgment, good wishes to this vicious kingdom, and a perfect knowledge in the subject you treat. But you are more temperate than I, and consequently much wiser: for corruptions are apt to make me impatient, and give offence, which you prudently avoid.

Ever since I began to think, I was enraged at the folly of England, in suffering the Dutch to have almost the whole advantage of our fishery, just under our noses.

The late Lord Weemys told me he was governor of a castle in Scotland, near which the Dutch used to fish. He sent to them in a civil manner to desire they would send him some fish, which they brutishly refused. Whereupon he ordered three or four cannon to be discharged from the castle, (for their boats were *in* reach of the shot) and immediately they sent him more than he wanted.

The Dutch are a kind of sharpers amongst a parcel of honest gentlemen, who think they understand play, and are bubbled of their money. I love them for the love they

have to their country, which however is no virtue in them, because it is their private interest, which is directly contrary in England. In the queen's time I did often press the lord treasurer Oxford and others of the ministry, upon this very subject; but the answer was, "we must not offend the Dutch," who at that very time were opposing us in all our steps towards a peace. I laughed to see the zeal the ministry had about the fishing at Newfoundland (I think) while no care was taken against the Dutch fishing just at our doors.

As to my native country, I happened indeed, by a perfect accident, to be born here; my mother being left here from returning to her house to Leicester; and I was a year old before I was sent to England. And thus I am a Teague or an Irishman, or what people please, although the best part of my life was in England.

What I did for this country was from perfect hatred at tyranny and oppression, for which I had a proclamation against me for 300l. which my old friend was obliged to consent to, the very first or second night of his arrival hither. The crime was, that of writing against one Wood an ironmonger, to coin 100,000 pounds in half-pence not exceeding one sixth part of the money; which was laid before the people in so plain a manner, that they all refused it, and so the nation was preserved from immediate ruin.

I have done some smaller services for this kingdom, but I can do no more; I have too many years upon me, and too much sickness: I am out of favour at court, where I was well received during two summers, six or seven years ago: the governing people do not love me, for as corrupt as England is, it is an habitation of saints, in comparison of Ireland. We are all slaves, and knaves and fools: and all, but the bishops, and people in employment, beggars. The cash of Ireland does not amount to 200,000l. The few honest men among us are dead-hearted, poor, and out of favour and power.

I talked to two or three gentlemen of this house of commons now sitting here, mentioned your scheme, shewed how very advantageous it would be to Ireland: they agreed with me, but said, that if such a thing were proposed, the members would all go out, as at a thing they had no concern in.

I believe the people of Lapland, or the Hottentots, are not so miserable a people as we: for oppression supported by power will infallibly introduce slavish principles. I am

afraid that even in England your proposal will come to nothing. There is not virtue enough left among mankind.—If your scheme should pass into an act, it will become a jobb; your sanguine temper will cool; rogues will be the only gainers; parties and faction will intermingle, and defeat the most essential parts of the design.—Standing armies in time of peace, projects of excise, and bribing elections, are all you are like to be employed in, not forgetting septennial parliaments, directly against the old whig principles, which have always been mine.

A gentleman of this kingdom, about three years ago, joined with some others in a fishery here, in the northern parts. They advanced only 200l. by way of trial; they got men from Orkney to cure their fishes, who understood it well. But the vulgar folks of Ireland are so lazy and so knavish, that it turned to no account, nor would any body join with them; and so the matter fell, and they lost two thirds of their money. Oppressed beggars are always knaves, and I believe there are hardly any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by knavery, than five pounds by honest dealings. They lost 300,000l. a year for ever, in the time of the plague at Marseilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland; but the merchants and weavers sent over such abominable linen, that it was all returned back, and sold for a fourth part of its value. This is our condition, which you may please to pity, but never can mend. I wish you good success with all my heart. I have always loved good projects, but have always found them to miscarry. I am, Sir, with true esteem for your good intentions.

Your most obedient humble servant.

P.S. I would have subscribed my name, if I had not a very bad one; so I leave you to guess it. If I can be of any service to you in this kingdom, I should be glad you will employ me.

1762, *March.*

VII. Two original Letters from the late Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, on the death of her only son George Lord Viscount Beauchamp, who died of the Small Pox at Bologna, in Italy, September 11, 1744.

To the Rev. Dr. B——.

SIR,

I AM very sensibly obliged by the very kind compassion you express for me under my heavy affliction. The meditations you have favoured me with, afford the strongest motives for consolation that can be offered to a person under my unhappy circumstances. The dear lamented son I have lost, was the pride and joy of my heart, but I hope I may be the more easily excused for having looked on him in this light, since he was not so from the outward advantages he possessed, but from the virtues and rectitude of his mind. The prospects which flattered me in regard to him, were not drawn from his distinguished rank, or from the beauty of his person, but from the hopes that his example would have been serviceable to the cause of virtue, and would have shewn the younger part of the world, that it was possible to be chearful without being foolish or vicious, and to be religious without severity or melancholy. His whole life was one uninterrupted course of duty and affection to his parents, and when he found the hand of death upon him, his only regret was to think of the agonies that must rend their hearts; for he was perfectly contented to leave the world, as his conscience did not reproach him with any presumptuous sins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he resigned his innocent soul into the hands of his merciful Creator on the evening of the birth-day which compleated him nineteen. You will not be surprised, sir, that the death of such a son should occasion the deepest sorrow: yet at the same time it leaves us the most comfortable assurance, that he is far happier than our fondest wishes could have made him, which must enable us to support the remainder of years which it shall please God to allot for us here, without murmuring or discontent, and quicken our endeavours to prepare ourselves to follow him in that happy place, where our dear valuable child is gone before us. I beg the continuance of your prayers, and am,

Sir, Yours, &c.

F. HERTFORD.

2d. Written ten years after.

I AM sorry, good Mrs.—to find that your illness seems rather to increase than diminish; yet the disposition of mind with which you receive this painful dispensation, seems to convert your sufferings into a blessing. While you resign to the will of God in so patient a manner, this disease seems only the chastisement of a wise and merciful being, who chasteneth not for his own pleasure, but for our profit. Were I not convinced of this great truth, I fear I must long since have sunk under the burthen of sorrow, which God saw fit to wean my foolish heart from this vain world, and shew me how little all the grandeur and riches of it avail to happiness. He gave me a son, who promised all that the fondest wishes of the fondest parents could hope; an honour to his family, an ornament to his country; with a heart early attached to all the duties of religion and society, with the advantage of strong and uninterrupted health, joined to a form, which when he came into Italy, made him more generally known by the name of the English Angel than by that of his family. I know this account may look like a mother's fondness; perhaps it was too much so once: but alas! it now only serves to shew the uncertainty and frailty of all human dependance. This justly beloved child was snatched from us before we could hear of his illness. That fatal disease, the small pox, seized him at Bologna, and carried him off the evening of his birth-day, on which he had compleated nineteen years. Two posts before, I had a letter from him, written with all the life and innocent chearfulness inherent to his nature; the next but one came from his afflicted governor*, to acquaint his unhappy father that he had lost the most dutiful and best of sons, the pride and hope of his declining age. He bore the stroke like a wise man and a Christian; but never forgot, nor ceased to sigh for it. A long series of pain and infirmity, which was daily gaining ground upon him, shewed me the sword, which appeared suspended over my head by an almost cobweb thread, long before it dropped†. As to my bodily pains, I bless God, they are by no means insupportable at present. I rather suffer a languid state of weakness, which wastes my flesh and consumes my spirits by a gentle decay, than any frightful suffering; and am spending that remains of nature,

* Mr. Dalton.

† Algernon, Duke of Somerset, died Feb. 7, 1749-50.

which was almost exhausted in continued care and anxiety for the sufferings of a person dearer to me than one's self. My daughter,* who is very good to me, has sent me her youngest son, just turned of four years old, to amuse me in my solitude, because he is a great favourite of mine, and shews a great deal of his uncle's disposition, and some faint likeness of his person. It is high time to release you from so long a letter, but there are some subjects, on which my tears nor pen know not how to stop, when they begin to flow.

I am, dear Madam,

Your sincerely affectionate Friend,

F. SOMERSET†.

1762, *July.*

VIII. From the Duke of Ormond to his Son.

SON GOWRAN, *July* 10, 1675.

BY the last account I received of your condition, I must, with the trouble and grief of a father, conclude you are in danger of death, and that, in all human probability, the days you are to live in the world are not many.

I fear, neither you nor I have so served God, that we can reasonably expect he should afford you a miraculous deliverance from that distemper and weak estate to which your own negligence and intemperance, and my ill example and want of seasonable and proper admonition, may have too much contributed.

I hope your own piety, and consideration of a happy or miserable eternity, have suggested to you thoughts of this nature; and whether it shall please God to restore you to your health, or put a period to your life, this merciful affliction of his, which allows you time for repentance and addresses for mercy, will be of advantage to you. Yet I have thought it my duty to furnish you with all the helps in my power towards your making a happy end (if it be GOD's will) or a profitable use of these approaches of death, if, in undeserved indulgence towards us, he shall vouchsafe to

* Lady Eliz. Smithson, afterwards Countess of Northumberland.

† Her Grace died a few months after.

give you a longer life. I have therefore sent my chaplain, Dr. Ashton, to administer those assistances and comforts to you which are proper for his function, and necessary for you; not knowing whether any of our clergy may be had, or if there may, whether so able or so affectionate.

I hope it is below your spirit, and that you have too much reason and christianity to think you are the nearer death because you prepare yourself for eternal life. You know I have lately given you proofs of my kindness to you, yet I would have you value this care of your well-dying before and beyond it, since, as it may be the last, so it is the greatest demonstration I can give of being,

Your affectionate Father,

1762, *August.* ORMOND.

IX. To Sir Richard Steele, on his Play of the Conscious Lovers.

SIR,

NO one, I believe, has a higher opinion of the *Conscious Lovers*, in general, than myself, or more admires the character of *Indiana*, in particular, which is, I think, drawn with exquisite skill. She appears to be amiable in the highest degree, as her story is very judiciously told, and in the most affecting manner; but it grieves me to say, what, however, I apprehend to be too just, that the character of *Bevil*, is strained beyond all reason. You have, I fear, instead of making his character proper to be imitated, rendered it such as no wise man ought to imitate; since it is possible, on his principles, for two persons of the strictest virtue, perfectly suited for each other, and in the highest degree sensible of it, with a competency in their own hands to answer all consequences, and with which they themselves are contented, to be made as miserable as total separation can be supposed to make them, merely because a person, who happens to be a parent of one of them, takes it into his head, that he has an absolute power of commanding (by virtue of that relation) one, who is as much a man, and as capable of reasoning as himself, and a thousand times more intimately concerned in the affair about which he pretends to have so unlimited an authority. Now, to make this necessary, in order to preserve and support the character of a virtuous man, and a good son, is

highly injurious to virtue and filial duty, if these do not require it.

It is surprising to hear people insist, as they do, on such absolute obedience to parents, especially Whigs, who, in political affairs, profess to act upon principles so much more reasonable. How can they who say (and I think rightly) that the good of the governed is the end of government, and therefore wisely protest against non-resistance, and passive obedience, be so inconsistent with themselves, as to introduce those principles into families, which they disavow in the state? Am I any more obliged to obey a tyrant father, than a tyrant king? If not, why is my obedience to the former made absolute, and to the latter conditional?

No doubt there are ages of life in which children ought to be subject to the absolute commands of their parents, and that for this plain reason, because at such ages those children are not arrived to the proper use of their own understanding; but when they are, they ought to be treated accordingly, and no more commanded and corrected (both which should cease together) but reasoned with; and if that will not do, what then? How should one reasonable creature treat another who does not see the force of his arguments! Ought he to break his head, or should he (as Mr. Locke proposes in his Treatise on Education) pray for him? "which is all (he says) a parent can or ought to do in such a case." It will be no objection to the justness of this assertion, that the exact time when each child is fit to be treated in this way, cannot be determined, any more than it is true that black and white are the same, because the edges of each may be so blended, that it will be impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends, though at a greater distance from those edges the difference is sufficiently distinguishable; as are virtue and vice in the extremes, how difficult soever it may be to determine the bounds of each precisely.

I should not have given you or myself, sir, any trouble on this subject, but that I fear this play is capable of doing a great deal of mischief, on the account of which I have objected to it: for it is with great reluctance that I oppose Sir Richard Steele, because, I sincerely believe, that he designs to promote the cause of virtue, not only in this performance, but likewise in all his writings I have ever seen. I believe too, that he has, in many respects, done it effectually, as I doubt not he has in every one aimed at it uprightly: and, I likewise believe, no man could be more concerned to find his design frustrated herein than himself, and that if he thought an alteration of any part of his performances would

be more subservient to such his laudable design, than the vindication of it, he would readily and chearfully make it, as I, for my part, am not only willing, but desirous to be better informed, if I am mistaken.

Yours, &c.

1762, *Sep.* X. Y.

X. Two Letters from Mr. Gilbert Walmesley, to the late Professor Colson, of Cambridge, when Master of an Academy at Rochester, relative to Garrick and Johnson.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, *Lichfield, Feb. 5*, 1736.

HAVING not been in town since the year thirty-one, you will the less wonder at seeing a letter from me. But I have the pleasure of hearing of you sometimes in the prints, and am glad to see you are daily throwing in your valuable contributions to the republick of letters.

But the present occasion of my writing is a favour I have to ask of you. My neighbour Captain Garrick, (who is an honest valuable man,) has a son, who is a very sensible young fellow, and a good scholar, and whom the Captain hopes in some two or three years he shall be able to send to the Temple, and breed to the bar: but at present his pocket will not hold out for sending him to the University. I have proposed your taking him, if you think well of it, and your boarding him, and instructing him in mathematicks, and philosophy, and humane learning: he is now nineteen, of sober and good dispositions; and is as ingenious and promising a young man, as ever I knew in my life. Few instructions on your side will do, and in the intervals of study, he will be an agreeable companion for you. His father will be glad to pay you whatever you shall require within his reach; and I shall think myself very much obliged to you into the bargain.

G. WALMESLEY.

DEAR SIR, *Lichfield, March 2.*

I HAD the favour of yours, and am extremely obliged to you: but cannot say I have a greater affection for you upon it than I had before, being long since so much endeared to you, as well by an early friendship, as by your many excellent and valuable qualifications. And had I a son of my own, it would be my ambition, instead of sending him to the University, to dispose of him as this young gentleman is.

He and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. S. Johnson, set out this morning for London together: Davy Garrick to be with you early the next week, and Mr. Johnson to try his fate with a tragedy, and to see to get himself employed in some translation, either from the Latin or the French. Johnson is a very good scholar and poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy writer. If it should any ways lay in your way, I doubt not but you would be ready to recommend and assist your countryman.

1765, *Oct.* G. WALMESLEY.

XI. Two Letters from Mr. Everard relative to Count Alberti, condemned to the Mines in Idra.

LETTER I.

THE pleasure I always take in writing to you wherever I am, and whatever doing, in some measure dispels my present uneasiness; an uneasiness caused at once by the disagreeable aspect of every thing round me, and the more disagreeable circumstances of the Count Alberti, with whom you were once acquainted. You remember him one of the gayest, most agreeable persons at the court of Vienna; at once the example of the men, and the favourite of the fair sex. I often heard you repeat his name with esteem, as one of the few that did honour to the present age, as possessed of generosity and pity in the highest degree; as one who made no other use of fortune but to alleviate the distresses of mankind. That gentleman, sir, I wish I could say, is now no more; yet, too unhappily for him, he exists, but in a situation more terrible than the most gloomy imagination can conceive.

After passing through several parts of the Alps, and having visited Germany, I thought I could not well return home without visiting the quicksilver mines at Idra, and seeing those dreadful subterranean caverns, where thousands are condemned to reside, shut out from all hopes of ever seeing the chearful light of the sun, and obliged to toil out a miserable life under the whips of imperious taskmasters. Imagine to yourself a hole in the side of a mountain, of about five yards over; down this you are let, in a kind of a bucket, more than an hundred fathom. At

length, after swinging in terrible suspence for some time, you reach the bottom, and tread on the ground, which, by its hollow sound under your feet, and the reverberations of the echo, seems thundering at every step you take. In this gloomy and frightful solitude, you are enlightened by the feeble gleam of lamps, here and there disposed, so as that the wretched inhabitants of these mansions can go from one part to another without a guide. And yet, let me assure you, that though they, by custom, could see objects very distinctly by these lights, I could scarcely discern the person who came with me to shew me these scenes of horror.

From this description, I suppose, you have but a disagreeable idea of the place; yet let me assure you, that it is a palace, if we compare the habitation with the inhabitants. Such wretches my eyes never yet beheld. The blackness of their visages only serves to cover an horrid paleness, caused by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed in procuring. As they, in general, consist of malefactors condemned for life to this task, they are fed at the public expence; but they seldom consume much provision, as they lose their appetites in a short time; and commonly in about two years expire, from a total contraction of all the joints of the body.

In this horrid mansion I walked after my guide for some time, pondering on the strange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was accosted by a voice behind me, calling me by name and inquiring after my health with the most cordial affection. I turned and saw a creature all black and hideous, who approached me, and with a most piteous accent demanding, "Ah! Mr. Everard, don't you know me!" Good God! what was my surprize, when, through the veil of his wretchedness, I discovered the features of my old and dear friend Alberti. I flew to him with affection, and after a tear of condolence, asked how he came there? To this he replied, that having fought a duel with a general of the Austrian infantry, against the emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into one of the forests of Istria, where he was first taken, and afterwards sheltered by some banditti, who had long infested that quarter. With these he had lived nine months, till, by a close investiture of the place in which they were concealed, and after a very obstinate resistance, in which the greater part of them were killed, he was taken and carried to Vienna, in order to be broken alive upon the wheel. However, upon arriving at the capital, he was quickly known, and several of the associates of his accusation and

danger witnessing his innocence, his punishment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual confinement and labour in the mines of Idra; a sentence, in my opinion, a thousand times worse than death.

As Alberti was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, who at once I saw to be born for better fortune; the dreadful situation of the place was not able to destroy her beauty; and even in this scene of wretchedness she seemed to have charms to grace the most brilliant assembly. This lady was in fact daughter to one of the first families in Germany, and having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon without effect, was at last resolved to share his miseries as she could not relieve them. With him she accordingly descended into these mansions from whence few of the living return; and with him she is contented to live, forgetting the gaieties of life; with him to toil, despising the splendors of opulence; and contented with the consciousness of her own constancy.

LETTER II.

My last to you was expressive, and perhaps too much so, of the gloomy situation of my mind. I own the deplorable situation of the worthy man described in it was enough to add double severity to the hideous mansion. At present, however, I have the happiness of informing you, that I was spectator of the most affecting scene I ever yet beheld. Nine days after I had written my last, a person came post from Vienna to the little village near the mouth of the greater shaft. He was soon after followed by a second, and he by a third. Their first inquiry was after the unfortunate Count, and I happening to over-hear the demand, gave them the best information. Two of these were the brother and cousin of the lady, the third was an intimate friend, and fellow-soldier to the Count: they came with his pardon, which had been procured by the General with whom the duel had been fought, and who was perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them with all the expedition of joy down to his dreary abode, and presented to him his friends, and informed him of the happy change in his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened upon his grief-worn countenance; nor was the young lady's emotion less vivid at seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband's freedom. Some hours were employed in mending the appearance of this faithful couple, nor could I without a tear behold him taking leave of the former

wretched companions of his toil. To one he left his mattock, to another his working-cloaths, to a third his little household utensils, such as were necessary for him in that situation. We soon emerged from the mine, where he once again revisited the light of the sun, that he had totally despaired of ever seeing. A post-chaise and four were ready the next morning to take them to Vienna, where I am since informed by a letter from himself, they are returned. The empress has again taken him into favour, his fortune and rank are restored, and he and his fair partner now have the pleasing satisfaction of feeling happiness with double relish, as they once knew what it was to be miserable.

1767, *May.*

XII. From Justinian Pagitt, to Dr. Twysden, Chancellor of the Diocese of Litchfield and Coventry, on some remarkable Trials in the Star Chamber.

WORTHY SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, Nov.* 1618.

I HAVING been present at the proceedings in three very remarkable causes this term, and conceiving that a relation thereof may be welcome to you, do here present them, with myself, to your kind acceptance, as sure and legal testimonies of the continuance of my due respects unto you. The first of these was in the King's Bench; the other two in the Star Chamber.

1. In the King's Bench, one Arthur Chwhoggen was attainted of high treason; viz. for saying in Spain, "I would kill the King of England, if I could come at him;" which was testified by the oaths of two gentlemen, besides others that justified it, from the several relations of other men. For farther probability of his malicious intent, the officers, that apprehended him at his lodgings in Drury-Lane, London, did depose upon oath, that then, when they told him he was the king's prisoner, &c. he bit his thumb, saying, "*I care not thus much for your king.*" Where Mr. Attorney general observed, that in Spain the biting of the thumb is a token of scorn and disdain in the highest degree, and will bear an action of disgrace in Spain, as spitting in one's face will in England. And I hear, that after he was condemned, the judges sent the sheriff to him, to know of him, whether he could alledge any other colourable intent of his coming

over. But he gave no satisfaction in that point. He was hanged, drawn and quartered, the 27th. November last, and it is said, he then wished, that he might never enter into the kingdom of heaven, if he ever said those words, for which he was condemned.

2. In the Star Chamber, one Lodowick Bowyer was censured, for divers scandalous speeches, concerning the now Archbishop of Canterbury; which speeches were testified in court, by several men, *viva voce*, viz. that he said to them at Reading, that the Archbishop was imprisoned, &c.

3. In the other Star Chamber case, Mr. Attorney general was retained for one Philip Bushin, relator, against five several defendants, whereof two were acquited, and no prosecution against them.

The others were Dominick Sarsfield, viscount Rosenberry, alias Kilmallack, chief justice of the common pleas of Ireland, Sir Henry Bealing, Knt. and Philip Pilsworth.

The charge in general was, for conspiracy, to accuse, indict, and execute, one Philip Bushin, the relator's father, for murthering his wife, and for several undue proceedings in his arraignment and conviction, with other offences.

In particular, Philip Pilsworth was censured, for that he being a juror, did say, that rather than he would be fined and imprisoned, he would find the prisoner guilty, though he were his brother. And that afterwards he wished he had given a good sum of money, so that he had not been of the jury. This was censured by my lord chief justice Richardson, and divers other lords, for ambodextry. But none did fine him, but my lord privy seal, which was 100l. My lord keeper and some other lords, did not censure him, because they found not any such particulars directly charged in the bill.

Sir Henry Bealing was censured as a malicious prosecutor, which malice did appear, in that, when Bushin was to have been acquitted by proclamation before a former judge, Sir Henry Bealing being sheriff, said, "let him not be so acquitted, I will find witnesses against him; and after this, he said, he would follow him to hell gates.

My lord Sarsfield was censured, for wilful misdemeanors to the grand jury, to the petit jury, to the prisoner, and his witnesses.

1st. For that he called the grand jury into a private chamber, that there, when they desired better evidence, he told them, they must find the bill upon probabilities, and that they could not have more clear evidence in this case, unless they expected a miracle from Heaven, such as hap-

pened once in the King of France's court, &c. whereupon he told them, that the King of France once walking in his armory, spied a bird pecking a hole in the window, at which he presently opened the casement, and saw a fellow underneath trembling, who confessed a murther which he had committed.

2dly. For that when two of the petit jury would not agree, he threatened, fined, and imprisoned them, and added two more in their room to the rest, that were agreed, without empannelling a new jury, and for that when an officer brought word the jury would not agree, he bid the officer go tell them, that at another place in his circuit when one of the jury could not agree, the rest pulled him by the nose, and pinched him till he agreed.

3dly. For that when the prisoner intreated, that by reason of the tempestuous weather, the noise of the people, and his deafness, he might be admitted within the bar, to hear what was alledged against him, and how they proceeded concerning his life, the lord Sarsfield denied it him. And moreover, that when the prisoner intreated, that his servants and other witnesses might be heard, the lord Sarsfield denied that request likewise, saying, *I will hear no evidence against the king.*

For these misdemeanors, my lord privy seal, the two chief justices, and my lord of Dorset did neither acquit him, nor condemn him. 1st. For that they could not reconcile the depositions. 2nd. My lord privy seal and two chief justices said, that for him to do such things as are alledged, it is indiscretion, but no crime: that for them he was answerable to his master, that gave him the place, but not in that court; and withal, they considered the inconveniences that might arise, if a judge shall be called in question for the life of a man after verdict found, the party condemned and executed.

But my lord keeper, the two archbishops, earl of Arundell, lord Wimbleton, bishop of London, lord Nubeighe, Sir Thomas Edmunds, Sir Henry Vane, secretary Cook, and secretary Windebanke, did all censure him; and I conceive, by comparing their censures together, that my lord Kilmallack's fine is 2000l. to give damages 200l. to be deposed from being a judge, and imprisonment according to the course of the court. And moreover, the archbishop of Canterbury censured him guilty of wilful murther. They grounded this their censure upon all the facts alledged, to be fully proved.

Thus whilst I relate other men's censures and errors, I hazard my own. But I know my judge, and so my censure to be rather *errore amoris*, than *amore erroris*. Dear uncle, I will spare apologies, and fly to your wonted affability. My paper affords me no more room for words, but I will presently so study actions, which may be more certain testimonies that I am, and will ever continue,

Your obliged Nephew,
in all respectful observances
to be commanded,
JUST. PAGITT.

1767, *Dec.*

XIII. From Lord Cornbury to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford.

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR,

IN the course of several years, in which I have had the honour to be chosen without solicitation, one of the representatives of the University in parliament, I have never imputed that choice to any merit of my own, but have always understood that mark of the favour of the University to me, to have been the effect of services, which the ability and good fortune of my ancestors enabled them to perform to a society deserving of the best services, and which a society less deserving would long since have forgotten.

Intent to acquit myself of this great trust to the utmost extent of my ability, I have considered it, neither as the means of cabal, nor of advancement, but as a civil trust, in the execution of which, it has always been a circumstance particularly agreeable to me, to find myself the representative of a free and independent society; and though I have not been able to serve that society in other respects as I have wished to do, I have served the University, free however and independent; independent not only of ambition and of interest, but of party too, without which there is no independence; dependent only upon the great maxims of justice, and upon the spirit and forms of the constitution of our country.

It has been in that view particularly, that I have found satisfaction in every confirmation of the choice of me by

the University, as a demonstration to myself, and to the world, of their approbation of the impartiality of my conduct, and which, in that light, has reflected perhaps no dishonour upon themselves.

But as I believe from the first, and have long experienced, that a trust of such a nature, and so understood, is no light undertaking, I have for some time perceived my health particularly unequal to that service. Unable to perform the duty of attendance in the House of Commons, unsatisfied to let any personal considerations of my own (even that of health itself) interfere, however necessarily, with the services which I owed to the University and to my Country; convinced too beyond a doubt, from some experience, that my continuance in the House of Commons would produce no advantage to either, I please myself in thinking, that I do the best service I can now do to the University, in giving them an opportunity to make a better choice; and I have therefore accepted the honour (which his majesty's goodness would perhaps have conferred on me some years ago) of being called up to the barony of my father, in the House of Lords. An honour which I have received now with the greater willingness, because I had full confidence, that I should occasion thereby neither prejudice nor inconvenience of any kind to the University, whose interests and honour I must ever have at heart, and whose quiet and unanimity (if possible) I must therefore particularly wish preserved upon all occasions, and especially in the exercise of this great privilege, in which they have so singularly maintained an independence and dignity, so glorious to themselves, so exemplary to the rest of the nation, so truly preserving the spirit, as well as the forms of the constitution of England.

In being thus removed from their immediate service, the University, I hope, will do me the justice to believe, I can never withdraw myself from my attachments to that society. For besides personal obligations to myself, which I must always acknowledge, I know of what consequence the University is, and ought to be, to the good order and to the constitution of my country, as well as to the enlightening and adorning it. It must therefore ever be my ardent wish to see that source of national welfare, unencumbered with whatever may interrupt the constant course of real knowledge and virtue, which attentive and sensible dicipline will ever produce, and which are so essential to the honour and interest of the University, and to the service, the happiness, and the glory of the kingdom, necessarily to be derived from thence.

In any situation, I shall never lose sight of these great interests, and it will always be the highest satisfaction to me to see the real interests of the University pursued by themselves, and advanced by others, as it would be the greatest happiness to me to approve myself upon all occasions, their grateful servant, and their faithful friend.

With these sentiments of my heart I take my leave of the University, resigning the trust which they reposed in me, and I persuade myself that they will do me the justice to believe me, with the greatest gratitude and regard,

Their long obliged and
ever faithful servant,

1768, *Sept.* CORNBURY*.

XIV. From Miss Talbot to a new-born child, daughter of Mr. John Talbot, a son of the Lord Chancellor.

YOU are heartily welcome, my dear little cousin, into this unquiet world: long may you continue in it, in all the happiness it can give; and bestow enough on all your friends, to answer fully the impatience with which you have been expected. May you grow up to have every accomplishment, that your good friend the Bishop of Derry† can already imagine in you; and in the mean time, may you have a nurse with a tunable voice, that may not talk an immoderate deal of nonsense to you. You are at present, my dear, in a very philosophical disposition: the gaities and follies of life have no attraction for you; its sorrows you kindly commiserate; but, however, do not suffer them to disturb your slumbers; and find charms in nothing but harmony and repose. You have as yet contracted no partialities, are entirely ignorant of party distinctions, and look with a perfect indifference on all human splendor. You have an absolute dislike to the vanities of dress; and are likely for many months to observe the Bishop of Bristol's‡ first rule of conversation, silence, though tempted to transgress it, by the novelty and strangeness of all the objects round you. As you advance farther

* Upon Lord Cornbury's resignation, Sir Roger Newdigate was elected January 31, 1750.

† Dr. Rundle.

‡ Dr. Secker.

in life, this philosophical temper will by degrees wear off. The first object of your admiration will probably be a candle; and thence, (as we all of us do) you will contract a taste for the gaudy and the glaring, without making one moral reflection upon the danger of such false admiration as leads people, many a time, to burn their fingers. You will then begin to shew great partiality for some very good aunts, who will contribute all they can towards spoiling you; but you will be equally fond of an excellent mamma, who will teach you, by her example, all sorts of good qualities; only let me warn you of one thing, my dear, and that is, do not learn of her to have such an immoderate love of home, as is quite contrary to all the privileges of this polite age, and to give up so entirely all those pretty graces of whim, flutter, and affectation, which so many charitable poets have declared to be the prerogative of our sex. Ah! my poor cousin, to what purpose will you boast this prerogative, when your nurse tells you, with a pious care, to sow the seeds of jealousy and emulation as early as possible, that you have a fine little brother come to put your nose out of joint. There will be nothing to be done then, I believe, but to be mighty good, and prove what, believe me, admits of very little dispute, (though it has occasioned abundance) that we girls, however people give themselves airs of being disappointed, are by no means to be despised. Let the men unenvied shine in public, it is we must make their homes delightful to them; and, if they provoke us, no less uncomfortable. I do not expect you, my dear, to answer this letter yet awhile, but as, I dare say, you have the greatest interest with your papa, will beg you to prevail upon him, that we may know by a line, (before his time is engrossed by another secret committee) that you and your mamma are well. In the mean time I will only assure you, that all here rejoice in your existence extremely; and that I am,

My very young correspondent,
most affectionately yours,
C. T.

*** The pious and ingenious author of the above letter, who died Jan. 9, 1770, aged 48, was the only daughter of Mr. Edward Talbot, Archdeacon of Berks and younger son of Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Durham. There having been the most intimate friendship between him and the late Archbishop Secker, his widow and daughter lived as inmates in his grace's family till his death, when he left the interest of

13,000l, to them and the survivor of them, and afterwards the whole sum to charitable uses.

1770, *Feb.*

XV. From Sir Walter Raleigh to Prince Henry, Son of James I.

London, Aug. 12, 1611.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

THE following lines are addressed to your Highness, from a man who values his liberty, and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could any where enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained, of calling your royal father, God's vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God, and the impeachment of his majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations; but your youth, and the thirst of praise, which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to those charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! hear them not, fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you.

Your father is called the vicegerent of heaven; while he is good, he is the vicegerent of heaven. Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince: let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill, be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he hath in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature.

Exert yourself, O generous prince, against such sycophants in the glorious cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition worthy of you, to secure your fellow-creatures from slavery; from a condition as much below that of

brutes, as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of being free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many common-places in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice, they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellation of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions. While this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended.

The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of bounty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Choose therefore to be the king or the conqueror of your people; it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience that is passive.

I am, Sir,
Your Highness's
most faithful Servant,

1770, *Aug.* WALTER RALEIGH.

XVI. From Sir John Harrington, concerning his dog.

MR. URBAN,

THE inclosed curious and authentic remain of the famous Sir John Harrington, not having been discovered at the time of the publication of his elegant fugitive pieces in the little volume of *Nugæ Antiquæ*, printed at London in 1669, I must beg a place for it in your valuable Repository, where it will be preserved, and will, I doubt not, be truly acceptable to many of your readers.

Your occasional correspondent,

ANTIQUARIUS.

Copy of a letter from Sir John Harrington to Prince Henry, son to King James I. concerninge his Dogge.

Kelstone, June 14, 1608.

MAY it please your Highnesse to accept in as goode sorte what I now offer as it hath done aforetyme; and I may saie *I pede fausto*; but having good reason to thinke your highnesse had goode will and likinge to reade what others have tolde of my rare dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his goode deedes and straunge feats; and herein will I not plaie the curr myselfe, but in goode soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verity. Although I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's horse, I will match my dogge against him for good carriage, for if he did not bear a great prince on his back, I am bolde to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater princesse on his necke. I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was wherewithe he did sojourn from my howse at the bathe to Greenwiche Palace, and deliver up to the cowrte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hathe often done, and came safe to the bathe, or my howse here at Kelstone, with goodlie returnes from such nobilitie as were pleasede to emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our ladie queene that this messenger did ever blab ought concerninge his highe truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente withe two charges of sack wine from the bathe to my howse, by my man Combe; and on his way the cordage did slackene, but my trustie bearer did now bear himselfe so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the howse, after whiche he wente forthe and returnede withe the other parte of his burden to dinner; hereat yr highnesse may perchance marvele and doubte, but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes and espiede his worke, and now live to tell they did muche longe to plaie the dogge and give stowage to the wine themselves, but they did refrain and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse. I need not saie howe muche I dide once grieve at missinge this dogge, for on my journiee towardes Londone, some idle pastimers did diverte themselves withe huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyed him to the Spanish ambassador's, where in a happie houre after six weekes I did heare of him; but suche was the cowrte he did pay to the Don, that

he was no lesse in good likinge there than at home. Nor did the household listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested my suite on the dogges own proofs, and made him performe such feates before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out the dish, which created much mirthe, but much more when he returnede at my commandment to the table again, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allowe me my claim, and we bothe were well content to accept it, and came homewardes. I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*; I will now saie in what manner he died. As we traveled towards the bathe, he leapede on my horses necke, and was more earneste in fawninge and courtinge my notice than what I had observed for time backe, and after my chidinge his disturbing my passinge forwards, he gave me some glances of such affection as movede me to cajole him; but alass he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time. Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deeds as maie suggest much more to yr highnesse thought of this dogge. But havinge saide so much of him in prose, I will say somewhat too in verse, as you may find hereafter at the close of this historie. Now let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobite be led by that dogge whose name doth not appeare, yet could I say such things of my Bungey, for so was he styled, as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deeds; to saie no more than I have said of his bearing letters to London and Greenwiche more than an hundred miles. As I doubte not but your highnesse would love my dogge if not myself, I have been thus tedious in his storie, and againe saie that of all the dogges near your father's court not one hathe more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than him I write of; for verily a bone would contente my servante, when some expecte greater matters, or will knavishly find out a bone of contention.

I now reste your highnesse friend in all service that maye suite him.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

P. S. The verses above spoken of are in my book of epigrams in praise of my dogge Bungey to Momus*. And I have an excellente picture curiously limned to remain in my posterity.

1774, *Feb.*

XVII. From Queen Henrietta Maria to Charles I.

MY DEAR HEART,

THIS bearer, Skipwith, being come from London with a passport, I have been glad to make use of him, to carry you this letter, the subject of which is, that the Lords Say, Salisbury, Manchester, Pym, and Hampden, have sent this messenger to know of me, if I will hearken to a peace, and induce you to resume the treaty, and grant the terms proposed by them at Oxford; and that he could shew so many reasons for it, that I would agree to it; and if you would hearken to the overture, they would send Manchester, with some other lords, and Hampden and Stapleton, to satisfy me; and have promised this bearer, that till his return, Essex's army should not advance; which I have thought for your service. Send me an answer to this letter speedily, what you would have me do, with punctual directions; and let nobody know any thing of it but Culpepper†, for secrecy is recommended, and on my part, I shall keep it inviolably.

York, this 5th of May, 1643.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR HEART, *Burlington, 25th Feb.* 1643.

As soon as I landed, I dispatched Progers to you; but having learnt to-day that he was taken by the enemy, I send this bearer to give you an account of my arrival, which has been very successful, thank God; for as rough as the sea was when I first crossed it, it was now as calm, till I came within a few leagues of Newcastle; and on the coast the

* Book iii. Epigram 21.

† *Culpepper* was a better courtier than Hyde or Falkland, and therefore more a favourite. He was a man of a most acute penetration.

wind changed to N. W. and obliged us to make for Burlington bay, where, after two days lying in the road, our cavalry arrived. I immediately landed, and the next morning the rest of the troops came in. God who protected me at sea, has also done it at land; for this night four of the parliament ships came in without our knowledge, and at 4 o'clock in the morning, we had the alarm, and sent to the harbour to secure our boats of ammunition; but about an hour after, these four ships began so furious a cannonading, that they made us get out of our beds, and quit the village to them; at least us women, for the soldiers behaved very resolutely in protecting the ammunition. I must now play the Captain Bessus, and speak a little of myself. One of these ships did me the favour to flank my house, which fronted the pier, and before I was out of bed the balls whistled over me, and you may imagine I did not like the music. Every body forced me out, the balls beating down our houses; so, dressed as I could, I went on foot some distance from the village, and got shelter in a ditch, like those we have seen about Newmarket; but before I could reach it, the balls sung merrily over our heads, and a serjeant was killed 20 paces from me. Under this shelter we remained two hours, the bullets flying over us, and sometimes covering us with earth. At last the Dutch Admiral sent to tell them, that, if they did not give over, he would treat them as enemies. This was rather of the latest, but he excused himself on account of a fog. Upon this the parliament ships went off; and besides, the tide ebbed, and they would have been in shoal water. As soon as they were withdrawn, I returned to my house, not being willing that they should boast of having driven me away. About noon I set out for the town of Burlington, and all this day we have been landing our ammunition. It is said, one of the parliament captains went before, to reconnoitre my lodging; and I assure you he had marked it exactly, for he always fired at it. I can say, with truth, that by land and sea, I have been in some danger, but God has preserved me; and I confide in his goodness, that he will not desert me in other things. I protest to you, in this confidence I would face cannon, but I know we must not tempt God. I must now go and eat a morsel; for I have taken nothing to day but 3 eggs, and slept very little."

The same to the same.

"As I was closing my letter, Sir L. Dives is arrived, who has told me all that passed at Hull: do not lose courage,

"MY lord, I did intend troubling your lordship with an earlier address, but the day after I received your prohibitory mandate, I had the honour of a visit from Lord Mountstuart, to whose interposition I find I am indebted for your first commands, relative to *The Trip to Calais*, by Mr. Chetwynd, and your final rejection of it by Col. Keen.

Lord Mountstuart has, I presume, told your lordship, that he read with me those scenes to which your lordship objected; that he found them collected from general nature, and applicable to none but those who, through consciousness, were compelled to a self application: to such minds, my lord, the Whole Duty of Man, next to the sacred writings, is the severest satire that ever was wrote, and to the same mark, if comedy directs not her aim, her arrows are shot in the air; for by what touches no man, no man will be mended. Lord Mountstuart desired that I would suffer him to take the play with him, and let him leave it with the Duchess of Kingston: he had my consent, my lord, and at the same time an assurance, that I was willing to make any alteration that her grace would suggest. Her grace saw the play, and, in consequence, I saw her grace; with the result of that interview, I shall not, at this time, trouble your lordship. It may, perhaps, be necessary to observe, that her grace could not discern, which your lordship, I dare say, will readily believe, a single trait in the character of Lady Kitty Crocodile, that resembled herself.

After this representation, your lordship will, I doubt not, permit me to enjoy the fruits of my labour; nor will you think it reasonable, because a capricious individual has taken it into her head, that I have pinned her ruffles awry, that I should be punished by a poniard stuck deep in my heart: your lordship has too much candour and justice to be the instrument of so violent and ill-directed a blow.

Your lordship's determination is not only of the greatest importance to me now, but must inevitably decide my fate for the future; as, after this defeat, it will be impossible for me to muster up courage enough to face folly again. Between the muse and the magistrate there is a natural confederacy; what the last cannot punish, the first often corrects: but when she finds herself not only deserted by her ancient ally, but sees him armed in the defence of her foe, she has nothing left but a speedy retreat. Adieu then, my lord, to the stage. *Valeat res ludicra*; to which I hope I may with justice add, *Plaudite*, as, during my continuance in the service of the public, I never profited by flattering their passions, or falling in with their humours; as,

upon all occasions, I have exerted my little powers, (as, indeed, I thought it my duty) in exposing follies, how much soever the favourites of the day; and pernicious prejudices, however protected and popular. This, my lord, has been done, if those may be believed who have the best right to know, sometimes with success; let me add too, that, in doing this, I never lost my credit with the public, because they knew I proceeded upon principle, that I disdained being either the echo or the instrument of any man, however exalted his station, and that I never received reward or protection from any other hands than their own.

I have the honour to be, &c.

SAMUEL FOOTE."

About the same time, Aug. 13, Mr. Foote wrote as follows, to the Duchess of Kingston.

"MADAM, a member of the Privy Council, and a friend of your grace's, (he has begged me not to mention his name, but I suppose your grace will easily guess him,) has just left me. He has explained to me, what I did not conceive, that the publication of the scenes in the *Trip to Calais*, at this juncture, with the dedication and preface, might be of infinite ill consequence to your affairs.

I really, madam, wish you no ill, and should be sorry to do you an injury.

I therefore give up to that consideration what neither your grace's offers, nor the threats of your agents, could obtain; the scenes shall not be published, nor shall any thing appear at my Theatre, or from me, that can hurt you; provided the attacks made on me in the newspapers do not make it necessary for me to act in defence of myself.

Your grace will therefore see the necessity of giving proper directions.

I have the honour to be, &c.

North-end, Aug. 13. SAM. FOOTE."

This letter produced the following spirited answer, by a servant.

TO MR. FOOTE.

"SIR, I was at dinner when I received your ill-judged letter. As there is little consideration required, I shall sacrifice a moment to answer it.

A member of your Privy Council can never hope to be of a lady's cabinet.

I know too well what is due to my own dignity, to enter into a compromise with an extortionable assassin of private reputation. If I before abhorred you for your slander, I now despise you for your concessions; it is a proof of the illiberality of your satire, when you can publish or suppress it as best suits' the needy conveyance of your purse. You first had the cowardly baseness to draw the sword, and, if I sheath it until I make you crouch like the subservient vassal as you are, then is there not spirit in an injured woman nor meanness in a slanderous buffoon.

To a man my sex alone would have screened me from attack—but I am writing to the descendant of a merry-andrew, and prostitute the term of manhood by applying it to Mr. Foote.

Clothed in my innocence as in a coat of mail, I am proof against an host of foes, and, conscious of never having intentionally offended a single individual, I doubt not but a brave and generous public will protect me from the malevolence of a theatrical assassin. You shall have cause to remember, that, though I would have given liberally for the relief of your necessities, I scorn to be bullied into a purchase of your silence.

There is something, however, in your pity at which my nature revolts. To make me an offer of pity at once betrays your insolence and your vanity. I will keep the pity you send until the morning before you are turned off, when I will return it by a cupid with a box of lip-salve, and a choir of choristers shall chaunt a stave to your requiem.

Kingston-house, Aug. 13. E. KINGSTON.

P. S. You would have received this sooner, but the servant has been a long time writing it.

To this letter Mr. Foote replied.

TO THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

MADAM, though I have neither time nor inclination to answer the illiberal attacks of your agents, yet a public correspondence with your grace is too great an honour for me to decline. I cannot help thinking but it would have been prudent in your grace to have answered my letter before dinner, or at least postponed it to the cool hour of the morning; you would then have found, that I have voluntarily granted that request which you had endeavoured, by so many different ways, to obtain.

Lord Mountstuart, for whose amiable qualities I have the

highest respect, and whose name your agents first very unnecessarily produced to the public, must recollect, when I had the honour to meet him at Kingston-house, by your grace's appointment, that, instead of begging relief from your charity, I rejected your splendid offers to suppress the *Trip to Calais** with the contempt they deserved. Indeed, madam, the humanity of my royal and benevolent master, and the public protection, have placed me much above the reach of your bounty.

But why, madam, put on your coat of mail against me? I have no hostile intentions. Folly, not vice, is the game I pursue. In those scenes which you so unaccountably apply to yourself, you must observe, that there is not the slightest hint at the little incidents of your life. I am happy, madam, however, to hear that your robe of innocence is in such perfect repair; I was afraid it might have been a little the worse for the wearing: may it hold out, to keep you warm the next winter!

The progenitors your grace has done me the honour to give me, are, I presume, merely metaphorical persons, and to be considered as the authors of my muse, and not of my manhood: a merry-andrew and a prostitute are no bad poetical parents, especially for a writer of plays; the first to give the humour and mirth, the last to furnish the graces and powers of attraction.

If you mean that I really owe my birth to that pleasant connection, your grace is grossly deceived. My father was, in truth, a very useful magistrate, and respectable country gentleman, as the whole county of Cornwall will tell you; my mother, the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart. who represented the county of Hereford: her fortune was large, and her morals irreproachable, till your grace condescended to stain them; she was upwards of fourscore years old when she died, and, what will surprise your grace, was never married but once in her life. I am obliged to your grace for your intended present on the day, as you politely express it, when I am to be turned off.--But where will your grace get the cupid to bring the lip-salve?—that family, I am afraid, has long quited your service.

Pray, madam, is not J——n the name of your female

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* To invalidate this fact the Rev. John Forster has made an affidavit before Sir John Fielding, importing, that, after some conversation with Mr. Foote on the impropriety of publishing the piece in question, Mr. Foote said, that, unless the Duchess of Kingston would give him 2000l. he would publish the *Trip to Calais*, with a preface and dedication to her grace.

confidential secretary? and is she not generally clothed in black peticoats made out of your weeds?

I fancy your grace took the hint when you last resided at Rome; you heard there, I suppose, of a certain Joan, who was once elected a pope, and, in humble imitation, have converted a pious parson into a chambermaid. The scheme is new in this country, and has, doubtless, its particular pleasures. That you may never want the *benefit of the clergy*, in every emergence, is the sincere wish of your grace's most devoted humble servant,

1775, *Aug.* SAMUEL FOOTE."

XIX. Letter containing Strictures on Gray's Posthumous Works.

MR. URBAN,

OBSERVING that you sometimes admit Latin letters into your excellent Miscellany, I send you one in that language, (lately written to a friend,) containing free strictures on some of *Mr. Gray's posthumous pieces.* If you think it likely to afford any entertainment to your classical readers, you will, perhaps, allow it a place in your next Magazine; if not, you will oblige the writer by suppressing it.

Caerhaes, Cornwall, Sept. 21. Q.

I—K—B—F—S. D.

EGO vero, Vir Amicissime, vehementer gaudeo nudius quartus cognovisse ex literis tuis, gregem modo Te tuum invisurum fuisse ποιμενα λαων; plus adeo gavisurus, si bonum hoc consilium, ut primum potueris, effectum dederis. * * *

De *posthumis* Graii *scriptis* rectius Te multo atque κριτικωτερως statuisse puto, quam quidem ex iis cursim raptimque quodammodo legendis ipse statueram. Concinnavi porro comparationem quandam, parum felicem eam et male sanam, Odes hujusce *Graii*,

Barbaras ædes aditure mecum, &c.

cum *Horatii* Ode, mellita quidem illa,

Ulla si juris tibi perjerati, &c.

totam utique Veherem spirante, quicum altera ea nil nisi metrum habet commune; istius interim immemor, ut jure

quis suspicari posset, quam *Septimio** suo Romanus dicavit poeta, quamque Anglus ille noster ex professo imitabatur, Insignem plane præproperi, et currente calamo, haud satis ad amussim exacti judicii errorem!

De *Agrippina* vero idem tecum sentio. Nihil hic simplex nudumque; nullus adeo verus naturæ color, nulla vox; sed compta, sed fucata, sed arcessita omnia. In scenam prodit princeps fœmina, mea quidem sententia fœminarum haud ita absimilis nostratium, † "fictis, compositis, crispisque cincinnis"—purpurata probe ac purpurissata probe—† "cumatile et plumatile," ambitiosa nimium ornamenta, secum velut in pompam trahens; perinde quasi prima fuerit et præcipua imperatricis Romanæ laus, (ut alia translatione utar) declamatorio quodam tonare eloquio, atque ore rotundo loqui. Hanc quidem pol *Agrippinam*, sicut mihi videtur, "*in spongiam**" potius "*incubuisse*" oportuit, quemadmodum fere de *Ajace suo* dixit quondam per jocum *Augustus*, quam in publicum promi.

Neque aliter forsan de *Literis* plerisque *Graii*, prosa oratione conscriptis, æquus rerum æstimator judicarit. Judicet certe leves admodum esse eas futilesque, nec simplici demum lectione, nedum *Graio* scriptore dignas. Non possum tamen quin ex hac qualicunque censura paucas quasdam e Gallia Italiaque missas lubens excipiam. Rectæ enim sunt, pulchræ et jucundæ; non in ostentationem illæ nescio quarum facetiarum illiberalium, sed ad animi liberam quandam oblectationem compositæ, omnique gratiæ ac venustatis laude cumulatæ. Quin et res, loca, personas, varios hominum mores, variaque eorum studia, instituta, vitæ delinimenta; ad hoc, speciosa quotquot fere sint his in terris naturæ miracula, et quidquid denique oculorum uspiam auriumve judicio subjiciatur, tam plane ac dilucide, tamque vivis egregiisque coloribus his in literis exprimi cernimus et depingi, ut, inter legendas eas, magis clare prope singula mente liceat cogitationeque percipere, quam si mediis ipsi in rebus versaremur.

Haud scio an longiori Te fuerim epistola moraturus, dicturusque quam mihi videatur *Graius* in Latine sciendo atque scribendo deus, ni laudem istiusmodi et parvi Te facere viderem, mihique deessent omnia fallacis memoriæ subsidia. Nam nec Littletonus hic, nec Ainsworthius amicam præbet

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* *Septimi, Gades aditure mecum, &c.*

† Voces Plautinæ, quibus muliebrem in ornatu luxum lepide pingit Poeta. [*Truculent.* Act. II. Sc. 2. *Epidic.* A. II. S. 2.]

‡ Suetonius in *Octavio.*

opem, imo vero ne Colesius quidem. Ne mireris igitur, Vir humanissime, si pure minus, aut minus polite, loquar, qui vix* Latine loqui sciam. Vale. IX. Kal. Septembris.

1775, *Oct.*

XX. From Mr. George Vertue, to Mr Charles Christian, concerning Milton's Portrait.

MR. CHRISTIAN,

PRAY inform my Lord Harley that I have, on Thursday last, seen the daughter of Milton the poet. I carried with me two or three different prints of Milton's picture, which she immediately knew to be like her father; and told me her mother-in-law (if living in Cheshire) had two pictures of him, one when he was a school-boy, and the other when he was about twenty. She knows of no other picture of him, because she was several years in Ireland, both before and after his death. She was the youngest of Milton's daughters by his first wife, and was taught to read to her father several languages.

Mr. Addison was desirous to see her once, and desired she would bring with her testimonials of being Milton's daughter, but as soon as she came into the room he told her she needed none, her face having much of the likeness of the pictures he had seen of him.

For my part, I find the features of her face very much like the prints. I shewed her the painting I have to engrave, which she believes not to be her father's picture, it being of a brown complexion, and black hair, and curled locks. On the contrary, he was of a fair complexion, a little red in his cheeks, and light brown lank hair.

1776, *May.* GEORGE VERTUE.

* Itaque hercle vereor, ne talem tamque gravem egomet quoque videar in me jure derivasse censuram, qualem jam olim commeruisse dicitur A. Albinus, qui "Res Romanas" Romanus "oratione Græca scriptitavit." Vide sis hanc fabellam apud A. Gellium *Noct. Attic.* lib. XI. cap. 8. perquam eleganter, more suo, narratam.

XXI. From the Rev. Dr. Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, to Mr. Bowyer.

GOOD MR. BOWYER, *Lewisham, Jan.* 31, 1712.

IT is with very great concern, that I heard of the sad disaster befallen you*. You and your family have been in great part the subject not only of my waking, but even of my sleeping, thoughts, from the moment the ill news reached me. You are a person of understanding and religion, enough I persuade myself, thoroughly to believe, that second causes have a wise director, and that none of our calamities are the effect of chance. This thought, I doubt not, you pursue through all its just consequences, such as may work in you a true Christian resignation to God's afflicting providence, and render you contented under your loss, nay even thankful for it, not only on account of the lives which have been saved, but also of the excellent fruits this affliction may, and, I hope, will, produce, by your improvement of it. For surely humbling one's self under the Almighty's hand; such a dread of his power and justice as may increase the fear of offending him; less affection for, and no manner of trust in, the enjoyments of this world; and a more eager desire and endeavour after those in a better state, of which we may rest secure that they cannot be taken from us, are very natural and becoming consequences of so sad and sudden a calamity. You, God be praised, have the comfort of being far from the condition of those wretches, whom the world hath reason to think marked out for vengeance. But each of us, who looks into himself, will find more than enough there, to justify the severest dispensations toward him. Or, if it were not, which yet always will be, so; the best are not above the improvement of their virtues, of which great adversities are an eminent exercise and proof.

The post waits, and I must hasten. My heart bleeds for your poor wife. God sanctify this trouble to you both; and give you the piety and the reward of those saints, who "take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing in themselves, that they have a better and more enduring substance in heaven."

I am,

Your sincere Friend and Servant,

1777, *Nov.* GEO. STANHOPE.

* The total destruction of his printing-office, and all his property, by a calamitous fire, Jan. 30, 1712-13.

XXII. Letters of Mr. Turner and Mr. Hughes.

MR. URBAN,

YOU receive herewith six original letters containing some particulars which I cannot but think curious. If they appear to you in the sime light, you will print them in your next.

Yours, &c.

EUGENIO.

LETTER I.

Rev. Mr. Turner to the Rev. Mr. Bonwicke.

St. John's College, Cambridge, Dec. 31, 1706.

SIR,

MY absence from college has been very prejudicial to my interest; and to regain it, it is absolutely necessary to stay till the election is over, which will be about the latter end of March: if you can supply my place* till that time, I will return; if not, I can send another (though not upon the same terms that I had.) You are sensible, sir, I believe, that I had never stayed so long with you, or at least had never promised to return, had I not a great respect to your person, as well as your cause†: but if my absence till Lady-day be extremely prejudicial to your interest, I will sacrifice my own to serve yours, and I desire you to believe that there is none in the world that more heartily studies and wishes your good, than your servant,

R. TURNER.

The death of some of our fellows has been strangely foretold by an apparition of one of our fellows that died four or five years ago, and is attended by such notable circumstances as put it past all doubt: but I am in haste, and cannot give you a particular account of it. You will have it, I believe from Mr. Hughes‡, very shortly; if not, I will give you an account of it in my next.

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* Of usher to the school which Mr. B. then kept at Headley in Surry.

† Alluding to his sufferings as a non-juror.

‡ Fellow of Jesus college. See lett. II.

LETTER II.

Rev. Mr. Hughes to the Rev. Mr. Bonwicke.

Jesus College, Jan. 9, 1706-7.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but return you many thanks for your very kind letter, and assure you that I shall think myself as happy in your keeping up this correspondence, if you think it worth your while, as you can possibly do. I promised Mr. Turner that I would write to you long before this; but this Christmas time has so diverted me, that I was forced to defer it till after the holidays. We have no manner of news stirring at Cambridge that is worth sending you. Dr. Turner, of Greenwick*, has lately put on an answer to the pretended Rights of the Church†. I have not read it myself but I heard from a very good judge, that it was no contemptible piece; and that, if it had been in better times, the doctor would have wrote an excellent book. I hear, likewise, that Dr. Potter, author of the Greek Antiquities, and now chaplain to his Grace of Canterbury, [Tenison,] is just publishing an answer to it‡. I wish to God it was substantially answered (though I must ingenuously confess I do not much expect it at present;) for the Whig party triumphs upon it at a strange rate, and some do not stick to say that it is unanswerable. Mr. Professor Whiston is chosen to preach Boyle's lectures for this next year. His subject is upon the expletion of the prophecies of the Old Testament§; a very nice subject, and worthy of a great master; and, indeed, I believe Mr. W. is equal to it in all the parts. I expect great things from him. These are all the scraps that I could pick up to entertain you withal; and, indeed, I should have been obliged to have ended with half a letter, had not an unusual story come seasonably into my relief.

One Mr. Shaw, formerly fellow of St. John's college, and late minister of a college living‖, within twelve miles of

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* Vicar of that parish, residentiary of Lincoln, and prebendary of Canterbury. He died 1720.

† This remarkable tract (which occasioned a long controversy, greatly alarmed the clergy, and was ordered by the House of Commons, in 1710, to be burnt in the same flames with Dr. Sacheverell's sermon) was written by Dr. Matthew Tindal. See a note on letter V.

‡ "A Discourse of Church Government, Oxf. 1707."

§ They were afterwards printed under the title of, The Accomplishment of Scripture Prophecies.

‖ Souldern.

Oxford, as he was sitting one night by himself, smoaking a pipe, and reading, observed somebody to open the door: he turned back, and saw one Mr. Nailor, a fellow-collegian, an intimate friend, and who had been dead five years, come into the room. The gentleman came in exactly in the same dress and manner that he used at college. Mr. Shaw was something surprised at first; but in a little time recollecting himself, he desired him to sit down: upon which Mr. N. drew a chair, and sat by him; they had a conference of about an hour and an half. The chief of the particulars were these; he told him, "that he was sent to give him warning of his death, which would be in a very short time;" and, if I mistake not, he added, that his death would be sudden. He mentioned, likewise, several others of St. John's, particularly the famous Auchard, who is since dead. Mr. S. asked if he could not give him another visit: he answered no, alleging, "that his time allotted was but three days, and that he had others to see, who were at a great distance." Mr. Shaw had a great desire to inquire about his present condition, but was afraid to mention it, not knowing how it would be taken. At last he expressed himself in this manner: "Mr. N. how is it with you in the other world?" he answered with a brisk and chearful countenance, "very well". Mr. Shaw proceeded and asked, "are there any of our old friends with you?" he replied, "not one." After their discourse was over, he took his leave and went out. Mr. Shaw offered to go with him out of the room; but he beckoned with his hand that he should stay where he was. Mr. Nailor seemed to turn into the next room, and so went off. This Mr. Shaw the next day made his will, the conference had so far affected him; and not long after, being taken with an apoplectic fit while he was reading the divine service, he fell out of the desk, and died immediately after. He was ever looked upon to be a pious man, and a good scholar; only some object, that he was inclinable to melancholy. He told this story himself to Mr. Groves, fellow of St. John's, and a particular friend of his, and who lay at his house last summer.

Mr. G. upon his return to Cambridge, met with one of his college who told him that Mr. Auchard was dead, who was particularly mentioned by Mr. Shaw. He kept the business secret, till, hearing of Mr. Shaw's own death, he told the whole story. He is a person far enough from inventing such a story; and he tells it in all companies without any manner of variation. We are mightily divided about it at Cambridge, some heartily embracing it, and others rejecting it as a ridiculous

story, and the effect of spleen and melancholy. For my own part, I must acknowledge myself one of those who believe it, having not met with any thing yet sufficient to invalidate it. As to the little sceptical objections that are generally used upon this occasion, they seem to be very weak in themselves, and will prove of dangerous consequences, if applied to matters of a more important nature.

I am, dear Sir,

yours, most sincerely,

J. HUGHES.

Mr. Turner is very well, and I hope in a fair prospect of a fellowship.

LETTER III.

Mr. Turner to Mr. Bonwicke.

Cambridge, Jan. 21, 1706-7.

SIR,

THERE is a circumstance relating to the story of the apparition, which adds a great confirmation to it; which I suppose Mr. Hughes did not tell you. There is one Mr. Cartwright*, a Member of Parliament†, a man of good credit and integrity, an intimate friend of Mr. Shaw's, who told the same story with Dr. Groves (which he had from Mr. Shaw) at the Abp. of Canterbury's table: but he says further, that Mr. Shaw told him of some great revolutions in state, which he will not discover, being either obliged to silence by Mr. Shaw, or concealing them upon some prudent and politic reasons.

Mr. Bennett is publishing a book in vindication of set forms of prayer‡, where he proves that the primitive Christians never had any but precomposed set forms: and he advances one paradox, that those very arguments which the Dissenters use for a separation are great reasons why they should conform.

* Of Aynho.

† For Northamptonshire.

‡ This was printed at Cambridge, in 8vo. 1707, and entitled "A brief History of the joint use of precomposed set Forms of Prayer," &c. Mr. Bennett published many other theological tracts. He was then Rector of St. James's, in Colchester, and had been Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. His son Thomas, LL.B. died some years ago one of the Esquire Bedels of that University; and his grandson John Bennett, Esq. (now living,) is of Rothamstead, in Hertfordshire.

Mr. Whiston preaches Boyle's lectures; he has lately put out a comment upon the Revelations*, from whence he proves that the Turks shall never make war with the emperor, or any other Christian prince, or at least, if they do, must meet with a terrible defeat; and that the pope (the whore of B.) must tumble down in a few years. I wish, sir, you would write a letter to Mr. Brown, to make him warm and vigorous in my interest. I do not in the least question his friendship, but I believe a letter from you would be of great force with him; or if you could procure a letter from Mr. Nelson† to Mr. Roper‡, it would be a great kindness: but whether I succeed or no, you may certainly expect me (setting aside accidents which I cannot arm against) immediately after the election.

Your humble servant,

R. TURNER.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Turner to Mr. Bonwicke.

Cambridge, Feb. 22, 1706-7.

SIR,

MR. SMITH, one of our fellows, a camp chaplain, lately sent to our master‖ an account of a letter from the master of Malta to the French King, which is as follows: "We, the great master of St. John's of Jerusalem, and great Duke of Anciterre, have received information from our ambassadors at Babylon, that in that kingdom, at a village called Fusboyn, there was brought-to-bed a women of extraordinary beauty (the father not known) of a son more inclined to black than white, his neck short, his head sharp, long teeth, his nose flat, he spoke distinctly, and walked when he was but eight days old: he said he was the Messias, the son of God, in whom alone we must believe; our ambassadors have both heard and seen him with a great deal of wonder: at the day of his birth were seen most amazing signs in the skies, a vast eclipse of the sun at noon, a dragon carrying in his mouth a lance of fire, two griffins tearing to pieces an old man, an eagle carrying a child upon his wings, and a great

* Essay on the Revelation of St. John.
† The celebrated Robert Nelson, Esq.
‡ Fellow of St. John's.
‖ Dr. Jenkin.

many other frightful sights; the rivers overflowing, the house where he was born seemed all on fire, and then disappeared: and this child, being asked the reason of these prodigies by our ambassadors, answered "it was to warn the world of the traverses and eternal torments that would fall upon all that would not believe in him." On the day he was born was found an earthen statue, with this inscription, "You may here see the day of his birth." This child has raised the dead in the presence of our ambassadors, has given sight to the blind, made the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk, and cures all sorts of diseases. The people of that country adore him, the wise men believe in him, all that refuse are massacred without mercy; there was heard, 300 leagues round, the voice of angels, who sung these words, "prepare to receive that son who was promised you." All doctors and reasonable people in this country certainly believe him to be the real Antichrist, and prove it to be so by the New Testament; he understands all sorts of languages, and disappears very often, and raises himself in the air quite out of sight. Before we would believe the strange news, we had a convocation of our clan, and by their advice we wrote to our ambassadors at Babylon, who confirmed all that was writ to be true, and added several things not here inserted.

This story meets with very little credit among us; and some are of opinion that it is forged by Jesuits, on purpose to remove Antichrist from Rome to Babylon.

The Oxonians have received a letter from the Geneva divines, in which they complain of a great many unchristian calumnies and black aspersions thrown upon their church by the English: they little expected (they say) such severe usage from our church, of which their two great founders, Calvin and Beza, had so venerable an esteem, and whose constitution they think is pure, primitive, and apostolical: it is not their choice, but their misfortune, that their ecclesiastical constitution is not the same with ours; but, if ever their circumstances will permit a reformation, it shall be after the model of the English church: they lament that they have no bishops in their church, and despair of ever having any, because a monarchy in church would naturally introduce one in state, which will never agree with the republic of Geneva: they are ashamed that our dissenters should take shelter under them, and draw an argument from the example of the church of Geneva to vindicate their separation from the church of England: they account our dissenters black schismaticks; and for that reason, when any

from Geneva come to England, they always communicate with our established church, and never with the separate congregations.

This letter we expect will be printed very shortly, with an answer to it.

There has been a quarrel at Caius college, between the master, Sir John Ellis, and the fellows, about the power of the master in elections: he challenged a negative voice from a dubious clause in one of their statutes, which is this. "The seniors shall elect a fellow with the consent of the master:" but at last he confirmed the election the seniors had made, and so the breach was made up.

We hear Sir W. Dawes is to be Bishop of Chester. I have but little hopes of a fellowship, for there are so many candidates my seniors, that nothing will do but a singular interest and very meritorious qualifications.

I am your humble servant,

R. TURNER.

Mr. Naylor had the character of a downright, honest, good-natured man, and a good scholar. He drank a glass of claret pretty frequently, yet I believe very rarely to excess.

LETTER V

Mr. Hughes to Mr. Bonwicke.

Jesus College, Aug. 14, 1707.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been a long while in your debt; so long, that I am afraid by this time you imagine I have quite forgot you. Indeed you had heard from me sooner, but that I have all along entertained thoughts of making a step to London; and then I fully intended to wait upon my good friends at Headly. But since I find that my affairs will not permit me to come to London this summer, I immediately thought of writing to you. Mr. Bennet was in Cambridge last week, and I had the happiness to enjoy a large share of his conversation. His book about set forms of prayer will come out about Michaelmas. He there asserts, that not only the primitive church constantly used set precomposed forms of prayers, but that even our Blessed Saviour and his apostles never joined in any public prayers but such as were precomposed. This is more than any patron of set forms has ever ventured to assert, and which many worthy persons and

great friends to a liturgy are amazed at. You very well know that it has been ever granted by the greatest of our disputants, that in the primitive church there were Χαρίσματα προσευχῆς (gifts of prayer,) which are now no more to be expected than the power of working miracles. It is very remarkable that St. Chrysostom is the first author that mentions this Χάρισμα προσευχῆς, and which later writers have blindly borrowed from him without examining into the reasons of the thing. I have frequently talked with Mr. B. upon this subject, and have seen some of the sheets; and I am verily persuaded that he will be able to establish his point against all opposition "of the priesthood."—I have been at last prevailed upon to undertake an edition of St. Chrysostom περὶ ἱερωσύνης;* and I would beg the favour of you to send me your octavo edit. I want a small volume to lay by me, and the Latin version may be of some service to me, if I correct the interpretation of Fronto Ducæus. I will take particular care of your book, and return it with interest.—Bishop Wake is in a very ill state of health, and is come to Cambridge to his sister's for the better convenience of having the doctors about him†. I saw Mr. Archbold about a fortnight ago, who was then very well.

This is all the little news that Cambridge affords at present, and therefore I am obliged to be shorter than otherwise I would, for want of materials. I question not but this letter, as short as it is, will find a kind reception, when you consider that it comes from one who is, with the utmost sincerity,

Dear Sir,
your very much obliged,
and humble Servant,
J. Hughes.

LETTER VI.

Mr. Bonwicke to his wife.

My dearest,

You were thinking, quickly after dear Ambrose's death, that an account of his life might be of some benefit to the

* A second edition of this was published at Cambridge, in Greek and Latin, with notes, and a preliminary dissertation against the pretended Rights of the Church, &c. in 1712. A good English translation of St. Chrysostom, On the Priesthood, was published by the Rev. John Bunce, M. A. in 1760.

† He lived, however, to be Archbishop of Canterbury, and till the year

world. I have here drawn it up as well as I could: if any thing material be omitted, dear Jemmy*, by your direction, will be able to supply it. He, therefore, must be let into the secret; and I depend upon you two, that it shall for ever be a secret to all the world beside, who was the author. He must therefore take the trouble of transcribing it as soon as he comes hither after my death, for which I bequeath him the two inclosed guineas: and if my dear friend Mr. Roper be living, I would have that copy be shewed him by Jemmy as of his own motion, and wholly submitted to his judgment, to be altered as he shall think fit. I would have my good friend Mr. Browne's consent likewise procured (if it may be) for the publishing his letter in this account. And if Mr. Jackson† and Mr. Newton‡ are willing to make any alterations in their verses, pray let it be done before they are published.

I hope, my dearest, you will be at the charge of printing it handsomely; and if your bookseller be faithful, it is possible that charge may be made up to you again in a little time. You will, I know, think it proper that the master of the college, Mr. Roper, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Verdon, dear Ambrose's special benefactors, should be presented with these better bound than ordinary; and that Jemmy should give his tutor one handsomely bound, and distribute about a score among the lads where he thinks they may do most good. I am sorry I must bequeath you both this trouble; but if by this means one soul be gained, your reward will be great. However, I hope our good God will graciously accept the honest intention of us all, through the merits of our blessed Saviour Jesus, Amen.

1778, *Dec. and Suppl.*

XXIII. From Lord Carteret to the Earl of Oxford.

MR. URBAN,

THE names subscribed to the four letters I now transcribe for you, exclusive of the anecdotes they contain, are a sufficient apology for the trouble now given you by

EUGENIO.

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* Another of his sons.

† Laurence Jackson, A. B. These were printed.

‡ Mr. Newton's verses are still in MS.

LETTER I.

To Mr. Harley, at Ch. Ch. in Oxford.

SIR, *Long Leat, Aug.* 16, 1732.

I NOW write at a venture, for I am not sure this will find you. I can never think that you are got quietly again to Ch. Ch. whilst the affairs of state are in such agitation: and if you are not, I will not advise you to go. I rather could wish that, as you imitate Apollo in some things, you would also imitate his tree—

"Parnassia laurus
Parva sub ingenti matris se subjicit umbra."

I need put no comment to decypher my meaning. You will pardon my making use of so rural an image. Sometimes one may compare great things to little without diminution.

When I know where you are, I will write again.

Yours,

CARTERET.

LETTER II.

To the Earl of Oxford.

MY LORD, *Aug.* 1, 1732.

HAVING heard that your lordship has several curious manuscripts of Homer, I take the liberty to acquaint you that Dr. Bentley has lately revised the whole works of Homer, which are now ready for the press with his notes, some of which I have seen, and are very curious; and he desires leave to collate your manuscripts upon some suspected verses in our present editions. If your lordship will be pleased to let the doctor have the manuscripts for a short time for that purpose, I shall be obliged to you. I have set the doctor at work; and would be glad to procure such assistance as he desires, that he may have no excuse not to proceed. If your lordship has no objection to this request, you will let him have the manuscripts to be perused at Cambridge, upon his application to you. I desire the honour of an answer, that I may acquaint the doctor with it. As you are a known encourager of learning, and learned yourself, I hope this request will not be disagreeable to you. I am, my lord, with the greatest respect, your lordship's most humble and most obedient servant.

CARTERET.

LETTER III.

To the same.

MY LORD, *March* 8, 1732-3.

I THANK your lordship for your great goodness in sending me the eleven MSS. of Homer and relating to him, and for your permitting me to send them to Dr. Bentley. I shall take his receipt for you; and I am persuaded he will take great care of them: they shall be returned to your lordship with thanks and honourable mention of you. I shall have them packt very carefully. I am, my lord, with the greatest truth and respect, your lordship's most humble and most obedient servant,

CARTERET.

"All these MSS. were returned to me, by the hands of Mr. Casley, Aug. 19, 1737. OXFORD."

LETTER IV.

To Lord Dupplin.

MY LORD, *Paris, March* 10, 1731.

I HAVE received and perused the book your lordship was so good as to send me. I am extremely acknowledging for this favour, and satisfied with the reading of it. I wish it were in my power to find occasions of being any way useful to you in this country; at least it is a satisfaction to me, of having had the honour and pleasure of your acquaintance. Honour me with your commands; and believe me, with all esteem and sincerity imaginable, my lord, your lordship's most humble and most obedient servant,

1779, *June.* BERWICK.

XXIV. Letters from Bishop Atterbury to Mr. Prior, and from Mr. Prior to Mr. Wanley.

MR. URBAN, *March* 2.

I SHALL make no apology for sending you two letters, of Bishop Atterbury and Mr. Prior, transcribed from their originals in that excellent repository, the British Museum.

Yours, &c. M. GREEN

To Mr. Prior.

Deanry, New-year's day, 1717-8.

I make you a better present than any man in England receives this day: two poems* composed by a friend of mine, with that extraordinary genius and spirit which attend him equally in whatever he says, does, or writes. I do not ask your approbation of them. Deny it, if you can, or if you dare. The whole world will be against you; and, should you therefore be so unfortunate in your judgment, you will, I dare say, be so wise and modest to conceal it. For though it be a very good character, and what belongs to the first pen in the world, to write like nobody; yet, to judge like nobody, has never yet been esteemed a perfection.

When you have read them, let me see you at my house; or else you are in danger, lame as I am, of seeing me at yours. And the difference in that case is, that, whenever you have me there, in my present condition, you cannot easily get rid of me; whereas, if you come hither, you may leave me as soon as you please, and I have no way to help myself, being confined to my chair just as I was when you saw me last. If this advantage will not tempt you rather to make than receive the visit, nothing else will.

Whether I see you or not, let me at least see something under your hand, that may tell me how you do, and whether your deafness continues. And if you will flatter me agreeably, let something be said, at the end of your letter, which may make me for two minutes believe that you are half as much mine, as I am,

Your faithful humble servant,

Fr. Roffen.

To Mr. Wanley†.

Dear Mr. Wanley, *April* 5, 1718.

I torment you before my appointed time, finding this sheet at home; and as soon as you have looked it over, it may be carried immediately to the printer. I will trouble

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* "Solomon," and "Alma."

† This letter and another which is printed in the "Additions to Pope," are expressly referred to by the excellent Editor of "Reliques of ancient English Poetry," vol. II. p. 27. The poem they allude to is "The Nut-Browne Maid," the ground-work of Prior's "Henry and Emma." In fixing the age of this poem Dr. Percy judiciously observes, "Mr. Prior was probably guided by the learned Wanley, whose judgment in matters of this nature was most consummate."

you to-morrow morning for the sheet which you have. It is *compliment* in the most refined French Dictionaries. But I submit it to you, as I ought with great reason to do every thing concerning literature.

Yours ever,

1780, *March.* M. PRIOR.

XXV. Letters to and from Mr. Garrick.

SOON after the late Mr. Garrick had purchased a moiety of Drury-lane Theatre, he discovered the company wanted a considerable recruit of low actors: in the choice of those he generally paid an attention to person and look, more than to genius, for as they seldom had any thing to say, the eye was principally consulted. There was at that time about the Theatre a very whimsical fellow, whose name was Stone; he had much humour, but never could be prevailed upon to tread the stage. Mr. Garrick, however, found him something to do, and he was employed in recruiting about the town for the drama; whenever he brought a person who was permitted to make an essay, whether successful or otherwise, he had a certain sum given him for his trouble; and for three or four years, this man (who had acquired the appellation of the Theatrical Crimp,) made in this kind of service a tolerable subsistence. A variety of letters passed between Mr. Garrick and Stone during the course of their negotiations. Four of them we have been lately favoured with by a gentleman, who informs us, that the following were written in the year 1748.

"SIR, *Thursday noon.*

"MR. LACY turned me out of the lobby yesterday, and behaved very ill to me—I only ax'd for my two guineas for the last Bishop*, and he swore I should not have a farthing.

* The person here called the bishop was procured by Stone, and had often rehearsed the part of the Bishop of Winchester in the play of Henry the Eighth with such singular eclat, that Mr. Garrick frequently addressed him at the rehearsal as Cousin of Winchester. The fellow, however, never played the part, although the night of his coming out was announced in the public papers. The reader will soon guess the reason, from the two following letters that passed between Mr. Garrick and Stone, on the very evening he was to make his appearance.

"SIR, The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the *Bear*—and swears, damn his eyes if he will play to night. I am your's, W. STONE.

Answer. "STONE, The Bishop may go to the Devil—I do not know a greater rascal except yourself. D. G."

I cannot live upon air—I have a few Cupids you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journeyman shoemaker, who I drink with now and then.

I am, your humble servant,

W. STONE.

ANSWER.

"STONE, *Friday morn.*

"YOU are the best fellow in the world—bring the Cupids to the Theatre to-morrow. If they are under six, and well made, you shall have a guinea a-piece for them. Mr. Lacy will pay you himself for the Bishop—he is very penitent for what he has done. If you can get me two good murderers, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple-stand on Tower-hill, the cut in his face is just the thing. Pick me up an Alderman or two, for Richard, if you can, and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely Mayor. The Barber will not do for Brutus, although I think he will succeed in Mat.

1780, *Dec.* D. G."

XXVI. From Montague Bacon, Esq*. to the Rev. Mr. Williams†.

SIR, *Monday morning.*

AS it is your post in the University to honour me with a few words to-morrow, I beg, and most heartily intreat you, that they may be as few as you conveniently can. I am descended, on one side, from the Lord Keeper Bacon, who had so considerable a hand in the first establishment of the church of England; and on the other side from the Earl of Sandwich, who, next to Monk, had, I believe, the chief hand in the restoration, for King Charles, on his first landing, gave him an earldom, a garter, and 4000l. a year in land, besides places to the value of about 10,000l. a year more. Now, as the restoration of the royal family was likewise the restoring of the church, I beg you would chiefly insist on the

* A younger son of Nicholas Bacon, Esq. of Shrubland, in Suffolk, admitted a fellow-commoner of Trinity-college, Cambridge, in 1704-5. Three of his letters to George Jeffreys, Esq. of the same college, are in the Letters of eminent Persons, vol. II. by which it appears that he had much critical acumen. He died in 1780, aged 51.

† Fellow of St. John's-college, and public orator; afterwards D. D. and Rector of Barrow, in Suffolk.

Dialogues, and is immediately setting about notes, which he intends to subjoin to them. He bids the pastry-cooks defiance for this Christmas, as he purposes not to publish till some time in January. It is to be hoped, by that time you will be returned, and indeed long before*. For let me give you conquerors on the other side of the water one piece of advice; if you do not come home, and wear your laurels while fresh, they will wither by keeping as much as cabbage or ground-ivy†.

However, be your return distant or near, I insist on your writing to me, and that more than once. Incur not by your neglect that mortal sin Accidia‡, whose name I should never have known but by your kind instruction. I, you see, have escaped its imputation by this tedious epistle. You, I know, can escape it with a far better grace, and this I daily pray you may have grace to do. In the mean time believe me to be with all truth, dear Mr. Young, your most affectionate humble servant.

Sarum, Oct. 1, 1743. JAMES HARRIS.

(Directed thus)

To Mr. Wm. Young, in Germany.

1781, *Aug.*

XXVIII. From Dr. Stuart, to James Cummyng, Esq. Secretary of the Antiquarian Society at Edinburgh, concerning Mary Queen of Scots.

I BEG to have the honour of transmitting to you, for the library of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, a copy of my History of Scotland, from the establishment of the Reformation, till the death of Queen Mary. While I am ambitious of depositing my work in so conspicuous a Repository, I am sensible that I may thus call to it the particular examination of many ingenious and learned men. It becomes me, therefore, to observe that I would have abstained industriously from this measure, if I were not conscious of having

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* Mr. Y. did return the same year before Christmas, and was some time with Mr. H.

† This prediction may be seen verified in the parliamentary debates, pamphlets, &c. of those times.

‡ Ἀκηδία.

directed my narration by the purest views of public utility. I am consequently in a disposition to attend with candour to whatever can be objected to my book. The historian who can persist in his mistakes, departs from his duty, and violates the character he has assumed. And, if there is a situation where mistakes ought invariably and scrupulously to be corrected, and where a violation of the historical rules is altogether inexcusable, it is in the case of a queen who has suffered in her honour by misrepresentations, and who, with strong and real claims to integrity, has been held out to reproach and infamy. It will not, I believe, be objected to me, that I have fallen into this situation; but whatever my errors are, I shall give way to a commendable pride, and my eagerness to renounce them shall be in proportion to their importance, and to the danger of their tendency. And I desire it to be remembered, that I make this declaration with the greater propriety and justice, as I differ most essentially in my sentiments from a living historian*, who has treated the subject which has attracted my attention, and who enjoys the distinction of being a member of our Society. If it shall be found that I have lost my way, and wandered in the mazy labyrinth of hostile factions, I will, notwithstanding, be ready to catch the clue that ought to have guided my steps. If it shall be demonstrated that Mary was not so perfect and so innocent as I have represented her, I will yield to the controlling power of evidence and argument. Though I shall weep over the misfortunes, the frailties, and the crimes of this beautiful princess, I will yet pay my devotions to truth, and submit to the law of the victor. While you communicate to our Society these expressions of my sincerity, you will readily perceive that they are due from me to a body of men, who, from their birth, their situation, and their studies, are the most able to judge of the intricate and problematical parts of the subject I have undertaken. It is with extreme satisfaction, at the same time, that I embrace the opportunity which is now offered to me of applauding the public and generous cares that have brought them together,

I have the honour to be, with great respect,
Sir, your most obedient,
and most humble servant,

London, April 10, 1782. G. STUART.

1782, *April.*

* William Robertson, Doctor of Divinity, and Historiographer for Scotland.

XXIX. Letters relative, to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy.

MR. URBAN;

THE following letters were written by Edward Wake, of Charlton, in the county of Dorset, gent. (uncle to Archbishop Wake) to his wife, while he was in London promoting the establishment of the corporation of the sons of the clergy, of which he formed the first design. They are now first printed, both as they contain an early account of one of our most extensive and meritorious public charities, and as they may tend to perpetuate the praises due to the benevolent exertions of its first projector. The originals are in the possession of the writer's great-grandson, the Rev. Mr. Conant*, of Sandwich in Kent.

MY DEAREST, *London, June 27, 1678.*

YOURS of the 24th. I received, and at the same time a letter from Mr. Hearne. Yesterday I was to wayte on madam Whitaker, where I found a second advice of two little roguish children made tawney moores. I have bought a good stronge playne horse, which goes all paces excellently well; and as soon as our charter for the charity for poor clergymen's widows and children is past the broad seale, I purpose to waite on you, for I find, unless I stir in it, it will hardly goe on; and if I meet not with bad luck, I hope to finish it next weeke; but the design promises well, and if men that have opened their mouths, will not shut their purses, we shall grow rich, and have an house speedily for 80 boys, and their master lodged. I pray present my duty to my mother, my service to my brother, and the rest of my friends. We are all doubtful whether we shall have peace or war; but the Earle of Sunderland is going, if not gone, to the French king for the delivery of the towns to the Spaniard and Dutch mentioned in the treaty, or else to declare warre. Five regiments of foote are appointed to go to Flanders. My dear, your very heartily affectionate friend.

E. WAKE.

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* This gentleman's family were also benefactors to the sons of the clergy in the person of the Rev. John Withers (to whom he was next of kin,) who, among other charitable bequests, to the amount of 10,000l. left 3000l. to the use of this charity.

MY DEAREST, *London, July* 4, 1678.

I RECEIVED yours of the 1st. and am glad to heare of all your welfares, which I pray God continue. The chief news that I can with any contentment write you is, that the bishops and inferior clergy highly approve of my darling project of the corporation of clergymen's sons, which there is possibility will arrive to as greate charity as any thing that now is; and, I thank God, that I have this satisfaction, that as I was the first starter of it, so my own diligence has chiefly brought it where it is; and hereyn you see that I have no great contentment that I make not you a sharer with me. Yesterday our governors met at my summons, and we had two great men that promised 100l. a piece, and Wensday next is appointed for the next meeting, which, I hope, will not impede my setting out to you the day following, for I very much now long for Blandford, and, above all things, for your sake.

My dear, yours,

1782, *Aug.* E. WAKE.

XXX. From Sir Isaac Newton to Dr. Maddock.

MR. URBAN, *Gloucester Street, Aug.* 4.

FINDING this letter of Sir Isaac Newton's tacked as an appendix to an obscure funeral sermon*, I supposed it would be agreeable to some of your philosophical readers to see it rescued from oblivion in your fund of literary curiosities.

S. A.

"For his honoured friend Joshua Maddock, Doctor of Physic, at his house in Whitchurch, in Shropshire.

Vir Dignissime,

Specimina illa optica, quæ pro humanitate tua ad me nuper misisti, tantam in his rebus peritiam ostendunt, ut non possum quin doleam incertitudinem principiorum quibus omnia innituntur. Etenim quæri potest, an sint in rerum

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* By E. Latham, M. D. on the death of the Rev. Mr. Dan. Maddock, 8vo. Lond. 1754.

natura radii tenebrosi, et, si sint, an radii illi, secundum aliam legem refringi debeant, quam radii lucis. Defectu experientiæ, nescio prorsus quid de his principiis sentiendum sit. Neque huic difficultati tollendæ, quam et tute ipse indigitasti facile adfuerit Tyberius. At positis ejusmodi radiis, una cum lege refractionis quam tu assumis, cætera recte se habent; neque propositiones tantum utiles sunt ac demonstrationes artificiosæ, sed, et quod majus est, omnia nova proponis, quæ opticam, altera sui parte, auctura sunt, si modo defectus experientiæ in stabiliendis principiis tuis aliquo demum modo suppleri possit. Interim, quod me meditationum tuarum perquam subtilium participem fieri dignatus sis, gratias ago. Vale! Tui studiosissimus,

Trin. Coll. Cant. Feb. 7, 1678-9. IS. NEWTON."

1782, *Aug.*

XXXI. From Mr. Gray, to Mr. T. Warton, on the History of English Poetry.

SIR,

OUR friend Dr. Hurd having long ago desired me in your name to communicate any fragments, or sketches, of a design I once had, to give a history of English Poetry, you may well think me rude or negligent, when you see me hesitating for so many months, before I comply with your request. And yet, believe me, few of your friends have been better pleased than I, to find this subject, surely neither unentertaining nor unuseful, had fallen into hands so likely to do it justice; few have felt a higher esteem for your talents, your taste, and industry. In truth, the only cause of my delay has been a sort of diffidence, that would not let me send you any thing so short, so slight, and so imperfect as the few materials I had begun to collect, or the observations I had made on them. A sketch of the division or arrangement of the subject, however, I venture to transcribe; and would wish to know, whether it corresponds in any thing with your own plan. For I am told your first volume is in the press.

INTRODUCTION.

On the poetry of the Gaelic, or Celtic, nations, as far

back as can be traced.—On that of the Goths, its introduction into these islands by the Saxons and Danes, and its duration.—On the origin of rhyme among the Franks, the Saxons, and Provençaux. Some account of the Latin rhyming poetry, from its early origin, down to the fifteenth century.

PART I.

On the school of Provence, which rose about the year 1100, and was soon followed by the French and Italians. Their heroic poesy, or romances in verse, allegories, fabliaux, syrvientes, comedies, farces, canzoni, sonnets, balades, madrigals, sestines, &c. Of their imitators, the French: and of the first Italian school, commonly called the Sicilian, about the year 1200, brought to perfection by Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, and others.—State of poetry in England from the Conquest, 1066, or rather, from Henry the second's time, 1154, to the reign of Edward the third, 1327.

PART II.

On Chaucer, who first introduced the manner of the Provençaux, improved by the Italians, into our country: his character and merits at large, the different kinds in which he excelled—Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, Hawes, Gawen Douglas, Lyndesay, Bellenden, Dunbar, &c.

PART III.

Second Italian school, of Ariosto, Tasso, &c. an improvement on the first, occasioned by the revival of letters, the end of the fifteenth century. The Lyric poetry of this and the former age introduced from Italy by Lord Surry, Sir T. Wyat, Bryan, Lord Vaux, &c. in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

PART IV.

Spenser, his character: subject of his poem, allegoric, and romantic, of Provençal invention; but his manner of tracing it, borrowed from the second Italian school.—Drayton, Fairfax, Phineas Fletcher, Golding, Phaer, &c. this school ends in Milton.—A third Italian school full of conceit, begun in Queen Elizabeth's reign, continued under James and Charles the first, by Donne, Crashaw, Cleiveland, carried to its height by Cowley, and ending perhaps in Sprat.

PART V.

School of France, introduced after the Restoration—Waller, Dryden, Addison, Prior, and Pope—Which has continued to our own times.——

You will observe, that my idea was in some measure taken from a scribbled paper of Pope, of which I believe you have a copy. You will also see, that I had excluded dramatic poetry entirely, which if you have taken in, it will at least double the bulk and labour of your book.

I am, Sir, with great esteem,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

Pembroke-Hall, April 15, 1770. T. GRAY.

1783, *Feb.*

XXXII. From Mr. Williams to Mrs. West.

MR. URBAN, *Jan.* 28.

IN your account of a valuable publication* by Mr. Gutch, in your last volume, is the following paragraph: "Among the MSS. communicated to the editor is a sensible (anonymous) letter to Mrs. West, &c. on the education of her son. Qu. whether this was Gilbert West?"

Having it in my power to satisfy this inquiry, I am now to inform you, that the writer of this truly sensible letter was John Williams, Esq. who had been secretary to Lord Chancellor West, of Ireland, and who was at this time upon his travels. It was addressed to the Chancellor's widow, then at Epsom with her daughter, whom he afterwards married. Mrs. West was a daughter of Bishop Burnet, and mother also of Richard West, then a student in the Temple, the celebrated friend of Gray, and represented in Dr. Johnson's preface to Gray as a "friend who deserved his esteem by the powers which he shews in his letters, and in the Ode to May, which Mr. Mason has preserved." In the second volume of Dodsley's collection of Poems is "A Monody on the death of Queen Caroline, by Richard West, Esq. son to the Chancellor of Ireland, and grandson to Bishop Bur-

* Collectanea Curiosa.

net." He is the subject of the following admirable letter, which deserves to be published entire, especially as the mutilated copy, communicated to Mr. Gutch, is rendered unintelligible by the several strange mistakes that appear upon consulting the original, with which it has been collated, and from which a correct transcript is now conveyed to you by

INDAGATOR.

Grande Bretagne.
To Mrs. West, to the care of the Post-House at Epsom, Surry. *By London.*
Lions, 12 Jan. 1739, N. S.

THIS will come to your hands sooner than the last I wrote; that went by a private hand, inclosed to Dick; probably the bearer may stay by the way: it contained an old story, to divert you and Molly; which, when read, pray burn. I received yesterday your long one, with two blank pages: I agree your paper is better than ours, but yet not so much as to make it worth the postage: you see how insatiable I am; I wish you had filled up those blank pages. I often think about my friend Dick, and last night dreamed of him. This letter is written on purpose for him, to whom therefore pray communicate it. You have said not one word of him to me a great while, from whence I conclude two things, that he is pretty well, but does not study the law: if he did, your satisfaction, and his too, would make me hear it soon enough. Young people do not see far; and, what is worse, they care not to be advised by those who do. They will not be the better for our experience. I say to myself frequently, what would I give to be twenty again, with the knowledge of the world which I have now? He is at that age, and my knowledge is at his service: why cannot we together produce what I figure to myself possible, if I was at that age? I have often considered his aversion to the law, and grieve at it, because it is a natural, almost sure, way of advancing himself: his father's name so much esteemed, his friends and mine, and his own parts, altogether could not have failed. He has no fortune: I mean, scarce sufficient to keep him clean, unless in retirement, which, I know (though perhaps he does not) he will never chuse; for his own sake and his family's I hope he will not. What then can he do? my case and his were much the same. I had but small expectations of fortune, and perhaps pretty good parts: these soon recommended me to the best company,

that is, in plain English, they were pleased, and I was flattered. What then? Why then, says my poor father (who was an excellent mathematician, but who knew no more of the world than his son,) my boy shall qualify himself for the *grand monde*, and he shall get into great places, and so forth. I was therefore put to Italian, French, and every thing that is called modern polite literature; and with the improvements of dancing, fencing, riding, drawing, fortification, heraldry, music, and what not, I was to be made as fine a gentleman as any body living. Poor mistaken man! Instead of giving me a profession, any knowledge that was useful, and absolutely necessary to mankind, I was to be furnished only with the superfluities of life; and, without a fortune, was to be taught to live as if I had one, and create a relish, a habit of living, which, if I did not succeed, must make me miserable. Well, but with these accomplishments for foreign employs, I could not fail—few people of small fortunes were so fit for them; this all agreed to. But, as something more than Greek, Latin, French, Italian, &c. was necessary to qualify a man for these employments, I was shut up for two years, and, by the direction of a very great and wise man, was recommended to the reading of English History, then the History of Europe in general, then Domat's Civil Law, then Grotius, Puffendorf, and many more very dry, but necessary authors; and, last of all, to study four folio volumes of Treaties. All this, I was convinced, was necessary, absolutely so, to a man who is to treat (or to serve those who are to treat) with foreign courts. This labour gone through with pretty good success, the next thing was to find a patron. This was not easily done. My great friends were not used to hear me speak of wanting employment; they liked my wit and my odes. However, they kept smiling on for some time, till my father's pockets grew low, and dress and chair-hire became too expensive. Luckily a patron was found; one who understood what wit and parts were, and excelled himself in that way; but who well knew that was not enough: I was therefore to convince him that I had more material furniture in my head. I succeeded in this too, from the pains I had taken in those two years. We went abroad together; his own weight in the world, his prodigious virtue and goodness, and his near relation to the first minister, gave me reason to expect all the advantages that could attend so flattering a beginning in public business. What hindered? why, the commonest thing upon earth; my patron was turned out, and consequently Mr. Secretary was to seek for another. With better

luck than ordinary, in two years more another was found, envoy at the same court. Two or three great men's warm recommendations procured me his excellency's favour; and my little boat was set afloat again: the gale was prosperous, the weather fine for a whole twelvemonth (an age, I can assure you, in human affairs.)—What's the matter? why, a mighty ordinary matter; the envoy died. These changes astonished me. I was a young man, and did not think that people were to die, or be turned out; but my father was older, and might have heard that such strange things did sometimes happen. What was to be done now; no money, my former patron in disgrace! friends, that were in favour, not able to serve me, or not willing; that is, cold, timid, careful of themselves, and indifferent to a man whose disappointments made him less agreeable. (For want of success, you must know, is always a fault in the eye of most men, though it be owing to accidents ever so foreign to your merit.) In this condition, that is, in want of every thing but a fine coat and laced shirt (the remains of former luxury,) I languished on for three long melancholy years; sometimes a little elated; a smile, a kind hint, a downright promise, dealt out to me from those in whom I had placed some silly hopes, now and then brought a little refreshment; but that never lasted, and to say nothing of the agony of being reduced to talk of one's misfortunes and one's wants, and that basest, lowest of all conditions, the slavery of borrowing, to support an idle useless being, my time for those three years was unhappy beyond description. What would I have given then for a profession! How often did I accuse my father's ignorance of the world! My Greek and my wit, my Italian and my dancing, even my laborious disagreeable study of Grotius and the Treaties, were now of no use to me. In this wretched situation, retired eighteen miles from London into an obscure village, in debt to tailors, butchers, drapers, and chandlers shops, one fine morning I received a letter from a school-fellow, whom I loved from my soul, acquainting me that he had the day before kissed the king's hand for a very great employment, and desiring me to come to town, and to consider which of the considerable places he now had to bestow would be most agreeable to me, that he might put me into possession of it immediately. Guess at my joy and gratitude; I can express neither, any more than my grief, except by the tears which are now in my eyes, because that friend is no more. His love and my good fortune were so great, that he overlooked my unfitness for any placé under him (from my ignorance of the

law,) and obliged me to take the best he had to give, which was full 1000l. a year. Once again I forgot that men were mortal. His youth and my own, I imagined, promised us riches and pleasures for many years to come: it was permitted that he should die too. I end my history of myself here. You and Dick both know but too well the sequel of it. What I mean by telling it him is plain. It is, to make him sensible that without the knowledge of something that mankind cannot be without, no wit, no parts, no friends, no patrons, can secure him from want, and the terrible consequence of it, contempt. He cannot easily set out in life with more hopes of success than I did. He may be more fortunate, but it is ten thousand to one he is not. And what led me into this particular way of thinking at present is, that supposing the law would not please him, I was imagining, if Sir R. lived, he might possibly get to be secretary to some minister at a foreign court. But even this cannot be obtained without that necessary knowledge I have been speaking of; as troublesome, as disagreeable to the full, as the law of England; and as remote and different from wit and poetry, and those pursuits with which he hath too long amused, or rather abused, his good parts. And my intent was to shew him, that supposing he had obtained this previous acquaintance with the civil law and the law of nations, and had got to be king's secretary to the first embassy in Europe, he would not be in half so comfortable, so easy a condition to a man of sense, who knows what this world is, as if he was in a three pair of stairs chamber at the Temple, in a way only of getting 200l. a year. If he thinks my case particular, he does not know (as how should he?) what passes about the court, where, besides the changeableness of things, there is not one place of any kind for which there are not five hundred competitors; many of whom are as well and better qualified than he can be these two years, let him study ever so hard. In short, all places are, from the accidents I have related, so extremely precarious; the attendance about them is so mean and unmanly; refusals and delays are so insupportable; and the loss of them, when obtained, so dreadful to one who has not a good foundation in his own fortune, that he must be weak who should propose that pursuit to a friend. It is for this reason I have troubled you and him with this account of my own mistakes, that I may deter him from falling into them; and that I may use this one effort more to convince him, that any useful profession is infinitely better than a thousand patrons. God knows how zealous I am for his success in the world, and

how grieved I am when I recollect, that he is now near twenty-two, and has not yet read one book (since Eton) for which he, or his family, will ever be the better as long as he lives. I love him, dearly love him, and therefore these pains, and this plainness. Why does not his uncle* second my intreaties, and engage him to fix? He cannot take Dick's honest regard for me ill, surely; besides, he said he did not. If he did, I should be sorry indeed, since his adherence to me cannot be agreeable to me any longer than it is useful to himself: and I am of no use to him, if I cannot influence his conduct in a matter so plain, so true, and so important, as this. For God's sake do what you can (but with that tenderness which is so natural to you towards your children) to engage him to hearken to me, before it is too late. Help me to do him good; desire him to add my years, my experience, to his own parts, and I will, with my life, answer for his success. But tell him, that his parts will be his ruin, if he will not submit them to the conduct of those who have gone through a good part of the road of life to him utterly unknown, and therefore dangerous.

See how far my love has carried me! I will not be so full of words again soon. God knows they come from a heart most sincerely, most gratefully disposed to do all sorts of good in my poor power to you and your children.

I rejoice at what you say in your letter of some comforts and conveniences you meet with at present at Epsom. May they and greater ever accompany you! My sincere love to Molly and Dick. You need not burn this letter. I will answer your long agreeable letter another time.

1783, *March.*

XXXIII. From the Rev. G. Costard, of Twickenham, to his Sister, containing Reflections on the Language of Tragedy, &c.

DEAR SISTER, *Wad. Coll. Dec.* 21, 1732.

OXFORD not affording any thing worth your knowledge, and having observed in you a particular taste for tragedy; because I would not have you, like the generality of mankind, approve without reason, and dislike they know not why, I thought I could not employ this opportunity better than in sending you some scattered thoughts upon that subject, which may be of use towards the conducting your

* Mr. Mitchell, who married Mrs. West's sister.

judgment, and directing your choice. The first thing then you are to observe is the language, where the sound should not exceed the sense, which is called bombast; nor yet run into the opposite extreme, and talk in a low vulgar phrase. When the sentence is burdened with particles such as *of, for, and, so, &c.* it tires the ear, and grows nauseous, and therefore wherever you see these sown with too liberal a hand, you may safely condemn the performance in this particular. Tragedy is a serious thing, and intended to reform men's manners, and spur them to virtue, and therefore whatever borders upon smut, ribaldry, or double entendre, is not to be endured. The ancients are particularly modest in that respect; but the moderns have taken greater licence, and in their love interviews intermixed what they call the luscious; but this is scarcely excusable. To this head belong comparisons; the intention of which is to relieve the mind when it has been long engaged in attending the progress of a narration, or else to paint something in more lively colours to the imagination than could be done by plain description only. The first of these is mostly in use in heroick poetry, such as Dryden's Virgil, and Pope's translation of Homer; but the latter belongs likewise to that kind of poetry I am now speaking of. Beautiful examples of this you will find in Addison's Cato,

"*So the pure limpid stream, &c.*"

And in Rowe's Tamerlane,

"*So chears some pious saint a dying sinner, &c.*

I instance in these because they first occur to my memory. You will find others scattered throughout both those pieces equally admirable in their kind.

I cannot dismiss this part of my subject without observing to you that when these similes are too frequent in any composition, they unbend the mind too much, and draw it off too far from the main subject. And yet this is a fault that some of our English writers have fallen into. A person in grief, or in anger, should never make any comparison, for that coolness of thought which is requisite for this is entirely inconsistent with the hurry and agitation of the blood upon such occasions. A person that is sent upon any important design, or has determined with himself upon the execution of it, should never stay to make harangues, much less to make similes, which are the business of leisure and the sports of the imagination.

And now I am engaged in treating of the language of

tragedy, I must add, that rhyme is very improper. Dryden did this in his Indian Emperor, but if I mistake not he has somewhere else in his works condemned it. It is a thing so contrary to reason and sense, that nothing but a condescension to please the rabble could have induced him to it; but the absurdity of it will appear from any one's using it in ordinary life, and if there is a person of your and my acquaintance that is guilty of this practice in common conversation, when you see him next, think of this and own the justness of the remark. How or when rhyme came first into English poetry is difficult to say; the oldest that I have seen in our language is Chaucer, in 1358; but I am sure he was not the author. It is generally ascribed to the monks; but I am apt to think they were only borrowers of the art. I have by me several Arabic pieces written in the same manner; which makes me inclined to think that the Moors brought it with them into Spain, whence they propagated it over these Western parts. But I am vastly deceived if it is not more ancient still, and have some reason to think that a few of the Psalms at least are written in this manner. But of this perhaps more than enough.

The next thing you will observe is the characters and sentiments. I join them together, because we can scarcely speak of one without considering the other too. When a king makes his appearance, he must discover himself in every word and every sentence. Guards and attendants are but the trappings of royalty, the language and the thoughts must bespeak the monarch. The parlour must never be brought into the kitchen, and it can never be supposed that servants can have notions equally enlarged with their masters and mistresses. Tales of fairies and people led away by will-o'-whisp, or spirited through the air, may suit well enough with Doll the dairy-maid, but can hardly be thought to be credited by Mrs. Abigail, my lady's woman. When a person famous for chastity and mildness of temper is made to talk loosely or in rants (the faults of Lee's Scipio in his Sophonisba,) it is an unpardonable crime. The formality of an old steward, and the simplicity of country servants, is well observed in the Drummer. I mention this play because I know you have read it, and because it fully expresses my meaning. Nor need its being a comedy be any objection, for in this both comedy and tragedy agree. Shakspeare has hit upon low humour in his Hamlet, under the persons of his grave-diggers. But in a tragedy such witticisms draw off the mind from that solemnity and composure which should be maintained throughout the whole

of such representations, and therefore should never be admitted. When a libertine is introduced (though I think it should be with great caution,) he may be allowed to speak a little injuriously of a Providence, as not being supposed to have considered its mysterious and intricate, yet regular, proceedings. And if he uses the fair sex in general with the same freedom, it is no more than what may be expected from his intercourse with none but the corrupt part of the sex; for that such there are I know you will readily grant me. But when such reflections are put in the mouth of a person of piety and virtue, it is an open insult upon good sense, and contrary to all the laws of religion and poetry. It is said of an ancient philosopher, that being in the theatre one day, and hearing in the drama a person of eminent probity and worth say something reflecting upon heaven, he immediately went out, lest by his stay he should seem in the least to countenance or approve his words. And this was the more remarkable because the poet was his intimate friend.

Again: a heathen can never with any propriety be made to talk like a christian, or a barbarian like a philosopher; and yet Dryden has been guilty of both these errors.

As tragedy is designed to raise the passions and affections, great care is to be used by the poet that they be placed upon proper objects; and where he has failed in this, his auditors ought to condemn him. Venice Preserved is an example of this kind, for there we are made to pity a pack of abandoned villains, whose intention was the ruin and destruction of their country. And this is what is meant when it is said that a play is founded upon a wrong moral.

The mind of a rational being can never be satisfied with any thing void of probability, and therefore the representation must take in only a proper quantity of time, just so much as we can suppose such a number of facts could be performed in. And the same may be said with regard to place. We can never possibly imagine, for instance, that within the space of two or three hours the transaction of a year, much less eight or nine, can be included. Nor can we allow so small a space of time for a journey from France to England, and back again from thence to France; and yet Shakspeare has offended in both these cases.

It is time now to consider the conduct of a play. Those of the Spaniards consist but of three acts, and that form has been introduced within this year or two upon the English stage; but, as the best in our language consist of five, my reflections shall regard these. How the number of five

came to be pitched upon I cannot tell, but it is certain that this was a rule 1500 years ago, as you will see in Roscommon's translation of Horace's Art of Poetry. In the first act, the principal characters only just make their appearance upon the stage, and shew themselves to the audience. In the second, the design of the piece just unfolds itself; and in the third, it seems near a conclusion; but in the fourth, an unlucky train of accidents conspire to embroil the action and throw every thing into confusion. This is called the plot, and is the principal thing to be regarded in a play, and is the better the deeper it is laid. In the last act, the clouds are again dispelled, and the intricacies of the plot unfolded, and the whole brought to a conclusion, which is all that is meant by that hard word *catastrophe*. And now it might be expected that I should say something relating to that question, whether a tragedy should end happily or not? But I think it modester to suspend my judgment upon so nice a case. We have of both sorts in our language, and both held in esteem. But, I must confess, I am rather inclined to think it should not. There is another thing which is much talked of, and that is poetical justice; they think the good man should always be rewarded at last, and the wicked profligate be disappointed and punished. But this the ancients were utterly unacquainted with, who, I believe I may say, always leave him overborne by the waves of fortune. Could we frame to ourselves the notion of a perfectly good man, there might be some pretence for this; but since the best of us are but weak and frail beings, continually subject to transgress, there is nothing that we can suffer here but what our sins may justly deserve. But I must force myself to break off here, lest from writing of plays I should insensibly begin to preach; but this I must add, that I hope that whenever the comedy of courtship is over, you will observe this piece of poetical justice, and yield your hand to the most deserving it, under penalty of making your whole life after a continued tragedy.

What I have here sent you are only a few loose suggestions, just as they occurred to my mind, without consulting any one author upon the subject. You stand in so near a relation to me that I cannot but be affected with every wrong choice you make. It is a misfortune that we have not more of these things purposely adapted to women's use, but at present their education and instruction are monstrously neglected. And if they prefer to their beds fops, fools, and madmen, it is owing to mothers, nurses, and dancing-schools. Of this I am satisfied, that, were their younger

years but more taken care of, we should not have so many complaints of their baseness, levity, and indiscretion. I believe I may by this time grow sufficiently tiresome, and shall only add, that however I may be in my remarks, I am sure I am not mistaken when I say, I am, with the tenderest concern for your good, your most obliged, most affectionate brother,

1783, *Oct.* G. C.

XXXIV. Two Letters from the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Lancaster.

MR. URBAN, *May* 10.

I SEND you abstracts of two letters written about thirty years since, by the late Doctor Nathaniel Lancaster, a clergyman and Justice of the Peace, who resided at Stamford Rivers, near Chipping Ongar, in Essex. He was author of several valuable Tracts, but I believe never put his name to any, except an "Essay on Delicacy*," which was much admired, and has been reprinted in Dodsley's "Fugitive Pieces."

These letters were addressed to Mr. Jacob Robinson, a bookseller in London; the publisher and sole editor of a periodical work, called "The Works of the Learned," which has since his death been continued, under the title of "The Monthly Review."

Mr. Robinson, in consequence of editing the above work, was honoured with the correspondence of Pope, Warburton, Watts, Middleton, Lord Orrery, and several other eminent literary characters of that time.

G. KEARSLEY.

DEAR SIR, *June* 11, 1753.

"YOU say that you will write often to your friend at Stamford Rivers. It is indeed a kind declaration: perform your promise, and you will give me genuine satisfaction. What an admirable invention was that of painting our thoughts upon paper! Tell me, if you can, to whom this honour is ascribed, that I may pay due reverence to the

* And to a single sermon. See the Anecdotes of Bowyer, p. 335.

manes of him, who is the cause of that noble pleasure I receive in corresponding, at a distance, with a man of sense and virtue.

Though you are not a *divine*, according to the established forms of ordination; yet I ask your permission to appoint you my casuist and confessor. In the execution of my judicial office, I must own, that I sometimes feel a struggle between two different principles even in cases where the law has given the magistrate no choice. The statute commands me to punish, and a kind of softness in my nature inclines me to pardon, the offender. An overseer this morning brought a woman before me, for a crime which I must allow to be very heinous—It is no less than that of having obeyed the call of nature, without having first obtained the sanction of the national law. The unrelenting officer demands the rigorous punishment of a statute of James the first*, which is 12 months imprisonment, hard labour, and constant correction. What say you to that, my good friend? How would you act in this situation? Let me have your opinion, which in all probability will determine my resolution.

I forgot to tell you, in my last, that, since I came hither, I have had a fit of the gout. It is true, I am a Stoic in profession. But, alas! my dear Jacob, what is profession? All my philosophy, this idle speculative philosophy, was not able to suppress a single groan or sigh. I roared out in the extremity of pain, and bore the torture with as little patience, as if I had never been initiated in the principles and doctrine of the Porch. What a poor creature is your friend! help him if you can, and help him by some prescription of your own, which I shall esteem more than any which are to be found in the schools of Zeno, Plato, or Aristotle.

As our intimacy rises higher and higher, I must now take a liberty of giving you a piece of advice. Why do you condescend to that custom of ending your letter to a friend with the declaration of being what you really are not? You are not, and you shall not hereafter profess yourself to be,

"My most obedient humble servant."

This custom was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, those truly polite people. They had too high a notion of liberty, to subscribe themselves slaves to any man; and they had better sentiments of friendship, than to imagine that union could be supported without a perfect equality. Be assured, this paltry submissive phrase is of Gothic original.

Your sincere friend,

NAT. LANCASTER."

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* 7 J. c. 4.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR, *June* 27, 1753.

"THE continuance of your correspondence will always yield me fresh delight: nor can the communication of your sentiments ever bring satiety along with them. No apology can ever be needful to accompany your letters. Whenever therefore you are in the humour of writing, impart your thoughts without reserve: when you are not so disposed, I shall not blame your forbearance, but silently wish that the liberality of your genius may not be long dormant.

The poor whore's fate was undetermined when your letter arrived: and the softness of *your* nature has influenced that of your friend. By your favour, she walks at large, enjoying freedom and sunshine: the putative father is gone into exile, and the parish maintains the child.

You are really too modest in disclaiming the merits of an *Atticus*, at the time when you would make a Cicero of your friend. You have indeed neither the rank nor fortune of that Roman; but I will aver, that you have as clear an understanding as he could boast, and some better endowments than were attributed to him. Had you been in his circumstances and situation, you would have been a more useful man. A proper distribution of his immense wealth might have prevented the fall of Rome. I think that I am able to support this assertion.

Since I made the inquiry about the invention of writing, I was informed in a dream that Moses (whom the heathens called Cadmus) was the man, into whose head that glorious art was first inspired. I confess no arguments were suggested to confirm that declaration; but what need is there of reasoning, when the authority is divine? For dreams are undoubtedly from heaven. So said Homer*: and so say all the orthodox, sacred and profane.

The gout has left me, and I enjoy perfect health. The writers upon Natural Evil you have rallied with a spirit that is no less judicious than it is pleasant and facetious. I have never met with any of them that have contributed to remove my perplexities. But I remember a conversation with a certain acquaintance of mine upon Blackheath, that gave me more satisfaction than all the volumes I had perused. "Pain, said he, is a natural consequence of imperfection,

* Οναρ τε Διος εστιν

and imperfection there must be, if there be a gradation of beings. But if there had not been such a scale of existences, there would have been a great void left, which would have been an argument of less benevolence in the deity, than to have created beings only in high perfection. This system then could not be without pain and distress: they are necessary defects in a constitution which is good upon the whole." I think, this is the substance of what you then said, and it operated with great force upon my mind.

Yours most affectionately,

1784, *May.* NAT. LANCASTER."

XXXV. From Mr. Rogers to Dean Milles.

MR. URBAN,

YOU receive herewith a letter from the late Charles Rogers, Esq. to the Rev. Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter, and late President of the Society of Antiquaries; read at a meeting of that learned body, Feb. 18, 1779; but not inserted in any of their publications.

Yours,

A. B.

SIR, *May* 17, 1778.

I TAKE the liberty to lay before you two small pictures of an old Greek master, which I purchased in 1765, at the sale of some of the valuable effects of Ebenezer Mussel, Esq. a fellow of this Society, and which may merit some regard on account of their antiquity.

They were accompanied with a memorandum of their being supposed to have been painted about the tenth century, of having been brought from Smyrna, and been part of the collection of Edward Earl of Oxford, out of which Mr. Mussell acquired them in 1741-2.

Their outward appearance is of a book 6¼ inches high, 4¼ wide, and 1¼ thick. The covers in which they are painted are of wood, with their edges and corners of brass; they are opened on hinges, fastened together with a clasp; and had two rings on the upper edges, by which they might be hung up. This shape gives us reason to conjecture, that they were intended for a portable or pocket altar-piece.

The subjects painted on the inside of the covers are the Trinity and the Annunciation.

That of the Trinity fronts the left-hand of the spectator, and is represented by God the Father, with Jesus Christ sitting at his right-hand, and the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove with extended wings, over them; and flying round them are the heads of Cherubims, whose ruddy countenances glow with divine ardour.

God the Father is figured as the Ancient of Days, the hair of whose head was like the pure wool*, and with a white beard falling on his breast. His right-hand reclines on a globe which is between him and Jesus, and with his left he is giving his benediction; not in the Roman manner, with his fore and middle fingers erect, and the thumb with the other fingers depressed, but in that practised by the Greek church, with the fore and middle fingers joined together, and extended strait, except a little bending of the middle finger, with the thumb touching the third finger and with the little finger bent also somewhat inwards.

The intention of this disposition of the fingers I shall beg leave to transcribe from "A Collection of Prints in Imitation of Drawings, &c." lately presented to your Society, tome I. p. 44.

"S. Gregorius Nissenus insinuates, that among the Greek priests the custom prevailed of giving their blessings with their fingers lifted up in such a manner that by them they might express the name of Jesus Christ: the demonstration of which is thus given from Bishop Nicolaus. The second finger of the right-hand," [but in the painting before us it is the left] "and the third joined to the second, are extended strait, although the third be a little bent in the middle; which disposition of the hand effectually denotes, and, as by an image, expresses the name of Jesus; for the second finger extended strait denotes the letter I, the third a little bent describes C; which letters joined together signify Jesus. Besides, the thumb joined to the fourth finger, and crossing it a little obliquely, forms the letter X, and the little finger bent inwards C [being the first and last letters of the words ΙΗΣΟΥϹ ΧΡΙϹΤΟϹ.] Thus the name of Jesus Christ is described in the hand of the Bishop; and as Jesus conferred grace and benediction on the Apostles, so the Bishop,

* Daniel, vii. 9.

strengthened with the name of Christ, diffuses his benediction*."

The inscriptions in these pictures are partly in Greek, but chiefly in Russian characters; which Mr. Peters, a studious gentleman who resided some years at Petersburgh, has very obligingly interpreted for me. Those on each side and over the head of this figure are,

Father
Lord *of Sabaoth.*

Jesus is represented with a beard and hair so dark as to be almost black; his right-hand rests on a book (containing probably the Prophecies of the coming of Christ,) which is supported by his knee, and his left holds the Cross of Salvation over the Globe, an emblem of his being "Salvator Mundi." Over and on each side his head are written,

Son
Jesus *Christ.*

Over the dove is inscribed,

Ghost *Holy.*

And in the upper margin of this tablet is written,

Holy Trinity have Mercy upon us.

The title inscribed over the other tablet is,

Visitation of the Holy Mother of God.

In this the Virgin Mary sits on a seat richly carved, with her head a little inclined, and her right-hand on her bosom, receiving the joyful tidings with great humility. She is with her neck and breast covered, and expresses a modesty becoming the Queen of Heaven, in the manner Luigi Scaramuccia, a painter of Perugia, prescribes to modern artists; and in which, he observes, the old Greeks drew her (although in their plain style) as is even at this time seen in their representations of her in the houses of the devout†.

A book is open before her, lying on a table covered with a cloth of gold embroidery, in which is written,

"And thou, Virgin, shalt conceive a Son in thy Womb, and his Name shall be *Nare*."

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* Numismata Sum. Pontificum a P. Philippo Bonanni Societatis Jesu. Fol. 1699. Tom. I. p. 356.

† Le Finezze de' Pennelli Italiani, p. 210.

In reference to the Prophecy of Isaiah [vii. 14.] of "Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call his name Immanuel."

On her left breast is a star, perhaps denoting that which was to go before the Wise men from the East to Bethlehem, and stand over where Jesus was to be born*.

May not this lead us to conjecture, that the representation of the Star of Bethlehem, is intended by those embroidered on the breasts of the knights of several orders?

Behind the Virgin are seen a canopy-bed, with crimson curtains worked with gold, and other decorations, in an apartment so highly finished as to be more suitable to the Queen of Heaven than the spouse of an artisan; unless we may esteem such painters as this to be somewhat justified in their imagining the Virgin Mary to be rich, and representing her apartment sumptuously furnished at the time of the Annunciation, by being told, from St. Hierom, that Joachim and Anne, her father and mother, were enabled to divide their substance into three parts; one of which alone was sufficient for their own use†.

The Dove is decending to her; and the Archangel Gabriel, that stood in the presence of God, has a white lily in his left-hand, the hieroglyphic of Christ and Angels‡, and holds up his right, as saluting the Virgin with "Ave gratia plena§."

The inscription over the Dove is,

Ghost holy.

That over the Virgin,

Mother of God.

And over the angel,

Archangel Gabriel.

The painter has not ill expressed the instantaneous arrival of Gabriel, and his quick descent from Heaven, by his yet standing on the clouds without his feet touching the floor, by one of his wings being yet extended upright in the air, and by the fluttering of his garments, which have not had as yet time to fall into their proper positions.

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* Matth. ii. 9.

† Aurea Legenda per Jacobum de Voragine, folio 99. verse 6.

‡ Vide J. Pierii Valeriani Hieroglyphica. Lib. LV. cap. 10.

§ Luke i. 19. 28.

The Aureolum, or Nimbus, appropriated to Saints, is round the heads of all the figures here represented, as well as round the Dove; but the head of God the Father, and the Dove, are likewise painted in double quadrangles intersecting each other.

All the figures are rather encumbered with drapery than otherwise, with no other variety in their colours than that the upper garments of God the Father, and of the Angel, are green heightened with gold, and their under red likewise heightened with gold; which colours are reversed in the draperies of the other figures.

Notwithstanding the dryness peculiar to the age in which these pictures were executed, we find in them a correctness of drawing, and a delicacy in the faces, particularly in that of the Virgin, superior to what we might expect.

After this long description it is time to observe, that the execution of these tablets is in a method of painting mentioned by Giorgio Vasari, in his very valuable work of the "Vite de' piu eccellenti Pittori, &c." who informs us, that "earlier and since the time of Cimabue, are seen works executed by the Greeks in distemper, both on wood and on walls. And these old masters, in preparing their grounds, fearing lest the joints should open, were accustomed to fasten with glew all over the wood a linen-cloth, and then to spread upon it a coat of plaister made of chalk, in order to lay on it their colours, which were mixed with a yolk of an egg and distemper; and that even now things in distemper by our old masters are seen preserved for hundreds of years with great beauty and freshness*."

The coat of plaister is very discernable in the broken edges of these pictures; and the linen-cloth above-mentioned seems to have been torn in that part which is behind the Virgin's left shoulder.

The painter has given us his name at the bottom of the tablets in this manner:

"Drew Johannes Maximof."

"Maximof" sounds like a Russian name; but it is by no means improbable that an ingenious artist of Russia should be drawn to Constantinople, or even to Smyrna, where the art of painting was encouraged; the communication between Muscovy and Greece being not difficult by the Euxine or Black Sea.

If these tablets be not of an age so early as the eighth century (in which the second Council of Nice, held in 787,

* Introduzione, cap. 20.

re-establised images in churches, in opposition to the Iconoclastes, and to the great advancement of sculpture and painting,) or even the tenth century, they may be allowed to be of one prior to that of Giovanni Cimabue, the great restorer of painting in Italy, who was born at Florence in 1240.

I have the honour, Sir, to be your most obedient and obliged servant,

1784, *April.* C. R.

XXXVI. Letters from Dr. Johnson, relative to the Lives of the Poets.

MR. URBAN, *Jan.* 10.

THE following little billets will tend to illustrate the history of that *Opus Magnum*, Lives of the English Poets.

Yours, &c.

J. NICHOLS.

1. IN the Life of Waller, Mr. Nichols will find a reference to the *Parliamentary History*, from which a long quotation is to be inserted. If Mr. Nichols cannot easily find the book, Mr. Johnson will send it from Streatham.

Clarendon is here returned.

2. YOU have now all Cowley. I have been drawn to a great length; but Cowley or [and] Waller never had any critical examination before. I am very far advanced in Dryden, who will be long too. The next great Life I purpose to be Milton's.

It will be kind if you will gather the Lives of Denham, Butler, and Waller, and bind them in half-binding in a small volume, and let me have it to shew my friends, as soon as may be. I sincerely hope the press shall stand no more*.

July 27, 1778. SAM. JOHNSON.

3. YOU have now the Life of Dryden, and you see it is very long. It must, however, have an Appendix. 1. The

* The first Life that was begun at the press was that of Cowley, in December 1777. The progress made in July 1778 appears above. Butler was the Life in which the doctor at that time more particularly prided himself. Milton was begun in January 1779, and finished in six weeks.

invocation to the Georgics, from Milbourne. (This in the small print.) 2. Dryden's Remarks on Rymer; which are ready transcribed. 3. Dryden's Letter, from Lambeth; which is promised me.

Aug. 1778.

4. MR. JOHNSON will hope for Mr. Nichols's company to tea, about six this afternoon, to talk of the Index, and settle the terms.—*Monday.*

5. I AM very well contented that the Index is settled; for though the price is low, it is not penurious. Mr. M. having been for some time out of business, is in some little perplexities, from which twelve guineas will set him free. This, we hope, you will advance; and, during the continuance of the work subject to your inspection, he desires a weekly payment of sixteen shillings, the rest to remain till it is completed.

Nov. 26, 1778. SAM. JOHNSON.

6. MR. JOHNSON purposes to make his next attempt upon Prior, at least to consider him very soon; and desires that some volumes published of his papers, in two vols. 8vo. may be procured.

7. THE Turtle and Sparrow can be but a fable*. The Conversation I never read.

8. BY some accident, I laid your note upon Duke up so safely that I cannot find it. Your informations have been of great use to me. I must beg it again; with another list of *our authors*, for I have laid that with the other. I have sent Stepney's Epitaph. Let me have the revises as soon as can be.

Dec. 1778.

9. I HAVE sent Philips, with his Epitaphs to be inserted. The fragment of a Preface is hardly worth the impression, but that we may seem to do something. It may be added to the Life of Philips. The Latin page is to be added to the Life of Smith. I shall be at home, to revise the two sheets of Milton.

March 1, 1779. SAM. JOHNSON.

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* This refers to a hint given him in consequence of what he said in the Life of Prior, vol. III. p. 29. that of his "Tales there are only four."

10. PLEASE to get me the last edition of Hughes's Letters; and try to get Dennis upon Blackmore, and upon Cato, and any thing of the same writer against Pope. Our materials are defective.

As Waller professed to have imitated Fairfax, do you think a few pages of Fairfax would enrich *our edition**? Few readers have seen it, and it may please them†. But it is not necessary.

May 2, 1779. SAM. JOHNSON.

11. IN examining this book, I find it necessary to add to the Life the Preface to the British Enchanters; and you may add, if you will, the notes on Unnatural Flights.

I am, Sir, &c.—*Friday.*

12. THERE is a copy of verses by Fenton, on the first Fit of the Gout, in Pope's Miscellanies, and, I think, in the last volumes of Dryden. In Pope's I am sure.

13. *J. N. to Dr. J.* "The Verses *on the Gout*, are printed (from *Fenton's Collection*) in the *Select Collection*, 1780, *vol. III. p.* 177‡; but shall be copied if Dr. J. thinks proper. From the same publication of *Fenton*, J. N. has copied *some other Poems* of Fenton, herewith sent; which Dr. J. may like to see. He may depend on the *Anecdotes* of Fenton."

14. *Answ.* "I should have given Fenton's birth to *Shelton* in Staffordshire§, but that I am afraid there is no such place. The rest I have, except his Secretaryship, of which I know not what to make. When Lord Orrery was in an office, Lewis was his Secretary. Lewis lived in my time; I knew him. The Gout Verses were always given to Fenton, when I was young, and he was living. Lord Orrery told me that Fenton was his Tutor; but never thought he was his father's Secretary‖. Pray let me see the Oxford and Cambridge [verses,]

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* This expression and a similar one in N°. 8. are thus marked, to prepare the reader for what is thrown out in N°. 17. where *your edition* refers, as these do, to that published by the body of booksellers in 68 volumes from a list repeatedly corrected by himself.

† It is added.

‡ Where it is ascribed to Dr. Waldren.

§ It is now said to be "near Newcastle." Shelton, (near Newcastle underline,) is to be found in Staffordshire, in the Index Villaris of 1700. EDIT.

‖ Dr. J. retracted this opinion, as F. in his Life is styled "Secretary." Fenton was Secretary to Lord Orrery, when he commanded a regiment in Flanders, and was dismissed in 1705, four years before Dr. Johnson was born. EDIT.

&c. [1707.] If you are sure it was published by Fenton, I shall take notice of it*."

15. MR. JOHNSON desires Mr. Nichols to send him Ruffhead's Life of Pope, Pope's Works, Swift's Works, with Dr. Hawkesworth's Life, Lyttleton's Works; and with these he hopes to have done. The first to be got is Lyttleton.

16. MR. JOHNSON, being now at home, desires the last leaves of the Criticism on Pope's Epitaphs, and he will correct them. Mr. N. is intreated to save the proof sheets of Pope, because they are promised to a Lady†, who desires to have them.

17. IN reading Rowe in your edition, which is very impudently called mine‡, I observed a little piece unnaturally and odiously obscene. I was offended, but was still more offended when I could not find it in Rowe's genuine volumes§. To admit it, had been wrong; to interpolate it, is surely worse. If I had known of such a piece in the whole collection, I should have been angry. What can be done?

18. MR. JOHNSON is obliged to Mr. Nichols for his communication‖, and must have Hammond again. Mr. Johnson would be glad of Blackmore's Essays for a few days.

May 24, 1780.

19. I HAVE been out of order, but by bleeding and physic think I am better, and can go again to work. Your note on Broome¶ will do me much good. Can you give me a few dates for A. Philips? I wrote to Cambridge about them, but have had no answer.

June 16, 1780.

20. DR. WARTON tells me, that Collins's first piece** is in the Gent. Mag. for August 1739. In August there is no

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* See Lives of the Poets, vol. III. p. 111.

† Probably to Miss Burney.

‡ See the note on N°. 10.

§ The Epigram on a lady who——at the tragedy of Cato, which has not only appeared in the Works of Rowe, but has been transplanted by Pope, into the "Miscellanies" he published in his own name, and that of Dean Swift.

‖ Lives of the Poets, vol. III. p. 185.

¶ Select Collection, vol. IV. p. 283.

** His verses to Miss Aurelia C——r, on her weeping at her Sister's Wedding, are in an earlier number, viz. that for January, 1739. E.

such thing. *Amasius* was at that time the poetical name of Dr. Swan, who translated Sydenham. Where to find Collins, I know not. I think I must make some short addition to Thomson's sheet, but will send it to-day.

21. THIS Life of Dr. Young, was written by a friend of his son [Mr. Croft.] What is crossed with black, is expunged by the author, what is crossed with red, is expunged by me. If you find any thing more that can be well omitted, I shall not be sorry to see it yet shorter.

22. I EXPECTED to have found a Life of Lord Lyttleton prefixed to his works. Is there not one before the quarto edition? I think there is; if not, I am, with respect to him, quite aground.

Aug. 16.

23. I THINK you never need send back the revises, unless something important occurs. Little things, if I omit them, you will do me the favour of setting right yourself. Our post is awkward, as you will find, and I fancy you will find it best to send two sheets at once.

Brighthelmston, Oct. 26, 1780.

24. MR. JOHNSON desires Mr. Nichols, to send him a set of the last Lives, and would be glad to know how the octavo edition goes forward.

April 16, 1781.

25. An
Account of the Lives and Works
of some of the most eminent
English Poets. By, &c.

26. The English Poets
Biographically and Critically considered.
By SAM. JOHNSON.

Let Mr. Nichols take his choice, or make another* to his mind.

May, 1781.

27. MY desire being to complete the set of Lives which I

* Another was made.

have formerly presented to my friends, I have occasion for a few of the first volumes; of which, by some misapprehension, I have received a great number, which I desire to exchange for the latter volumes. I wish success to the new edition. Please to deliver to Mr. Steevens, a complete set of the Lives in 12mo.

June 10, 1781.

28. MR. JOHNSON, being much out of order, sent in search of the book, but it is not found. He will, if he is better, look himself diligently to-morrow. He thanks Mr. Nichols for all his favours.

Dec. 26. 1781.

29. DEAR SIR, You somehow forgot the advertisement for the new edition. It was not inclosed. Of Gay's Letters*, I see not that any use can be made, for they give no information of any thing. That he was a member of the Philosophical Society is something, but surely he could be but a corresponding member. However, not having his Life here, I know not how to put it in, and it is of little importance.

What will the booksellers give me for this new edition? I know not what to ask. I would have 24 sets bound in plain calf, and figured with the number of the volumes. For the rest, they may please themselves.

Oct. 28, 1782.

30. THIS is all that I can think on†, therefore send it to the press, and fare it well.

1785, *Jan.* SAM. JOHNSON.

XXXVII. From Sir William Herbert, of St. Julian's in Monmouthshire, (father in law to the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury,) to a gentleman of the name of Morgan in the same County.

SIR,

PERUSE this letter in God's name. Be not disquieted. I reverence your hoary hairs. Although in your son I find too

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To the Spalding Society. See them in Bibl. Top. Brit. N°. XX.]
The advertisement prefixed to the second edition, in 8vo.

much folly and lewdness, yet in you I expect gravity and wisdom. It hath pleased your son, late of Bristol, to deliver a challenge to a man of mine, on the behalf of a gentleman, he said, as good as myself. Who he was he named not, neither do I know. But if he be as good as myself, it must either be for virtue, for birth, for ability, or for calling and dignity: for virtue, I think he meant not; for it is a matter that exceeds his judgment; if for birth, he must be the heir male of an earl, the heir in blood of ten earls, (for in testimony thereof I bear their several coats) besides he must be of the blood royal; for by my grandmother Devereux, I am lineally and legitimately descended out of the body of Edward IV. If for ability, he must have a thousand pound a year in possession, a thousand pound a year more in expectation, and must have some thousands in substance besides; if for calling and dignity, he must be a knight, a lord of several seignories in several Kingdoms, a lieutenant of his county, and a counsellor of a province.

Now to lay all circumstances aside, be it known to your son, or to any man else, that if there be any one, who beareth the name of a gentleman, and whose words are of reputation in his country, that doth say, or dare say, that I have done unjustly, spoken an untruth, stained my credit and reputation, in this matter, or any matter else, wherein your son is exasperated, I say he lieth in his throat, and my sword shall maintain my word upon him in any place or province, wheresoever he dare, and where I stand not sworn to observe the peace. But if they be such as be within my governance, and over whom I have authority, I will for their reformation chastise them with justice, and for their malapert misdemeanour, bind them to their good behaviour. Of this sort I account your son, and his like, against whom I will shortly issue my warrant, if this my warning doth not reform them. And so I thought fit to advertise you hereof, and leave you to God.

1785, *Jan.* W. HERBERT.

XXXVIII. From Dr. Johnson, to the Rev. Mr. Wilson, and a Dedication to his late Majesty.

MR. URBAN,

AS every thing which has fallen from the pen of that great luminary of learning, Dr. Johnson, is sought with avidity,

and will be perused with satisfaction, I here present you with a letter which he wrote to the author of the Archæological Dictionary.

T. W.

To the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Clitheroe, Lancashire.

Bolt-court, Fleet-street, London, Dec. 31, 1782.

REVEREND SIR,

THAT I have so long omitted to return you thanks for the honour conferred upon me by your Dedication, I entreat you with great earnestness, not to consider as more faulty than it is. A very importunate and oppressive disorder has for some time debarred me from the pleasures, and obstructed me in the duties of life. The esteem and kindness of wise and good men is one of the last pleasures which I can be content to lose; and gratitude to those from whom this pleasure is received, is a duty of which I hope never to be reproached with their final neglect.

I therefore now return you thanks for the notice which I have received from you, and which I consider has given to my name not only more bulk, but more weight; not only as extending its superficies, but as increasing its value.

Your book was evidently wanted, and will, I hope, find its way into the schools; to which, however, I do not mean to confine it: for no man has so much skill in ancient rites and practices as not to want it.

As I suppose myself to owe part of your kindness to my excellent friend Dr. Patten, he has likewise a just claim to my acknowledgments, which I hope you, Sir, will transmit.

There will soon appear a new edition of my Poetical Biography. If you will accept of a copy to keep me in your mind, be pleased to let me know how it may be conveyed to you. The present is small, but it is given with good will, by, Reverend Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

MR. URBAN,

YOU have invited the friends of your agreeable Miscellany to contribute the correspondence they may possess of the matchless Johnson. The following nervous address to his

late majesty, prefixed to Mr. Adams's "Treatise on the Globes," is ascribed to him on the authority of his late friend and neighbour, Mr. Edmund Allen. It needs, however, no other testimonial than its internal merit.

M. G.

TO THE KING.

"SIR,

"IT is the privilege of real greatness not to be afraid of diminution by condescending to the notice of little things; and I therefore can boldly solicit the patronage of your Majesty to the humble labours by which I have endeavoured to improve the instruments of science, and make the globes on which the earth and sky are delineated less defective in their construction, and less difficult in their use.

Geography is in a peculiar manner the science of Princes. When a private student revolves the terraqueous globe, he beholds a succession of countries in which he has no more interest than in the imaginary regions of Jupiter and Saturn. But your Majesty must contemplate the scientific picture with other sentiments, and consider, as oceans and continents are rolling before you, how large a part of mankind is now waiting on your determinations, and may receive benefits, or suffer evils, as your influence is extended or withdrawn.

The provinces which your Majesty's arms have added to your dominions, make no inconsiderable part of the orb allotted to human beings. Your power is acknowledged by nations whose names we know not yet how to write, and whose boundaries we cannot yet describe. But your Majesty's lenity and beneficence give us reason to expect the time when science shall be advanced by the diffusion of happiness; when the deserts of America shall become pervious and safe, when those who are now restrained by fear shall be attracted by reverence, and multitudes who now range the woods for prey, and live at the mercy of winds and seasons, shall by the paternal care of your Majesty enjoy the plenty of cultivated lands, the pleasures of society, the security of law, and the light of Revelation.

I am, Sir, your Majesty's most humble, most obedient, and most dutiful subject and servant,

1785, *March.* GEORGE ADAMS."

XXXIX. Letters relative to Handel.

MR. URBAN,

IN Dr. Burney's late Sketch of the Life of Handel, (enlarged from the Memoirs published by Mr. Maynwaring in 1760, which you abridged in the vol. for that year,) this ingenious biographer has omitted to mention, that when he first came to England in 1710, he wrote his name *Hendel.* This appears from the Spectator, No. V. and also by a letter in Mr. Hughes's Correspondence, vol. I. from Mr. Roner, a teacher of music, of which, as it relates to an early period of Handel's life, and is unnoticed by Dr. Burney, I have sent you a translation.

Mr. Roner to Mr. Hughes.

"SIR, *Tuesday, July* 31, 1711.

"HAVING received this morning a letter from Mr. Hendel*, I thought it my duty to send you, as soon as possible an extract of it, which relates to you, in answer to the compliment which you conveyed by me. I shall write to him next Friday, so you need only send me, if you please, what you intend for him; and I can assure you, Sir, that if the honour of your acquaintance is particularly pleasing to him, I am no less pleased with being the means of promoting your correspondence; and of giving you a proof of the extreme regard with which I have the honour to be,

SIR, &c."

Extract from Mr. Hendel's Letter.

"PRESENT my best compliments to Mr. Hughes. I will take the liberty of writing to him the first opportunity. If in the mean time, he will honour me with his commands, and add to them one of his charming English poems, he will lay me under the greatest obligations. Since I left you, I have made some progress in that language, &c.

* This great master (who was born at Hall in Upper Saxony, Feb. 24, 1684,) arrived at London in the winter preceding the date of this letter. There cannot be a more eminent proof of Mr. Hughes's acknowledged skill in the two sister arts, than his being so soon noticed and distinguished by this modern Orpheus, who, probably in consequence of this introduction, composed Mr. Hughes's "Cantata of Venus and Adonis."

XL. Letter from Partrige, the Almanac-Maker.

MR. URBAN,

THE invitation given in your last Magazine, to furnish any particulars relating to Dr. Partrige, the famous almanac-maker, occasions my sending you the following copy of a letter written by him; the original now lies before me in his own hand-writing, and is as follows:

"OLD FRIEND, *Lond. April 2*, 1708.

"I DON'T doubt but you are imposed on in Ireland also by a pack of rogues about my being dead; the principal author of it is one in Newgate, lately in the pillory for a libel against the State. There is no such man as Isaac Bickerstaff; it is a sham name, but his true name is Pettie; he is always either in a cellar, a garret, or a gaile, and therefore you may by that judge what kind of reputation this fellow hath to be credited in the world. In a word, he is a poor scandalous necessitous creature, and would do as much by his own father, if living, to get a crown; but enough of such a rascall.

I thank God, I am very well in health; and at the time he had doomed me to death, I was not in the least out of order. The truth is, it was a high flight at a venture, hit or miss; he knows nothing of astrology, but hath a good stock of impudence and lying.—Pray, Sir, excuse this trouble, for no man can better tell you I am well than myself; and this is to undeceive your credulous friends that may yet believe the death of

Your real humble servant

JOHN PARTRIGE."

"This to Isaac Manley, Esq. Post Master of Ireland, at his house in Dublin, Ireland."

The above original letter is now in the possession of the immediate descendant of Mr. Manley, and this copy is forwarded to you by him.

1785, *March.*

XLI. From David Hume to Dr. Campbell.

MR. URBAN, *Montrose, March* 4.

THE following letter, which lately came into my hands, deserves a place in your Miscellany, which is the Repository of every thing curious. I do not think it has been printed before, and I have reason to deem it authentic. Perhaps it has come abroad without the knowledge of the possessor; but I was laid under no restrictions by the gentleman from whom I received it.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

T. C.

David Hume to Dr. Campbell.

"DEAR SIR, *Edinb.* 7 *Jan.* 1762.

"IT has so seldom happened that controversies in philosophy, much more in theology, have been carried on without producing a personal quarrel between the parties, that I must regard my present situation as somewhat extraordinary, who have reason to give you thanks, for the civil and obliging manner in which you have conducted the dispute against me, on so interesting a subject as that of miracles. Any little symptoms of vehemence, of which I formerly used the freedom to complain, when you favoured me with a sight of the Manuscript, are either removed or explained away, or atoned for by civilities which are far beyond what I have any title to pretend to. It will be natural for you to imagine that I will fall upon some shift to evade the force of your arguments, and to retain my former opinion in the point controverted between us; but it is impossible for me not to see the ingenuity of your performance, and the great learning which you have displayed against me.

I consider myself as very much honoured in being thought worthy of an answer by a person of so much merit; and as I find that the public does you justice with regard to the ingenuity and good composition of your piece, I hope you will have no reason to repent engaging with an antagonist, whom perhaps in strictness you might have ventured to neglect. I own to you that I never felt so violent an inclination to defend myself as at present, when I am thus fairly challenged by you, and I think I could find something specious at least to urge in my defence; but as I had fixed

a resolution, in the beginning of my life, always to leave the public to judge between my adversaries and me, without making any reply, I must adhere inviolably to this resolution, otherways my silence on any future occasion would be construed an inability to answer, and would be matter of triumph against me.

It may perhaps amuse you to learn the first hint which suggested to me that argument which you have so strenuously attacked. I was walking in the cloisters of the Jesuits College of La Fleeke, a town in which I passed two years of my youth, and engaged in a conversation with a Jesuit of some parts and learning, who was relating to me, and urging, some nonsensical miracle performed in their convent, when I was tempted to dispute against him; and as my head was full of the topicks of my treatise of human nature, which I was at this time composing, this argument immediately occurred to me, and I thought it very much gravelled my companion; but at last he observed to me, that it was impossible for that argument to have any solidity, because it operated equally against the Gospel as the Catholic miracles, which observation I thought proper to admit as a sufficient answer. I believe you will allow that the freedom at least of this reasoning makes it somewhat extraordinary to have been the produce of a convent of Jesuits, though perhaps you may think the sophistry of it savours plainly of the place of its birth.

1785, *March.* D. H."

XLII. From Dr. Johnson to the Rev. Thomas Warton.

DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 1, 1755.

I WROTE to you some weeks ago, but I believe did not direct accurately, and therefore know not whether you had my letter. I would likewise write to your brother, but know not where to find him. I now begin to see land, after having wandered, according to Mr. Warburton's phrase, in this vast sea of words*. What reception I shall meet with upon the shore, I know not; whether the sound of bells, and acclamations of the people, which Ariosto talks of in his last Canto, or a general murmur of dislike, I know not: whether I shall find, upon the coast, a Calypso that will court, or a Polypheme that will resist. But if Polypheme comes

* This letter was written just before the publication of his Dictionary. E.

to me; have at his eyes*. I hope, however, the critics will let me be at peace: for though I do not much fear their skill or strength, I am a little afraid of myself; and would not willingly feel so much ill-will in my bosom as literary quarrels are apt to excite. I am in great want of Crescimbeni, which you may have again when you please. There is nothing considerable done or doing among us here: we are not perhaps as innocent as villagers, but most of us as idle. I hope, however, you are busy; and should be glad to know what you are doing.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

1785, *March.* SAM. JOHNSON."

XLIII. From a Noble Lord to a young Lady on the eve of Marriage.

MR. URBAN, *Hanover-Square, April* 20.

I SEND you a copy of a letter, written some years ago, by the late Lord ——, to the Hon. Miss ——, on the eve of her marriage. It was not intended for publication; but it may be of use: the pen it came from will be easily known.

MY DEAR MISS ——,

"IT is not in my power to add any thing to the good sense and solidity of the reflections contained in your letter to my wife. The rational plan you have there laid out, for your future conduct, will not fail to secure to you the esteem, love, and respect of a man, too well acquainted with the world, to under-value so much prudence and descretion in a young wife. I believe, however, that most of your sex, on the eve of matrimonial engagements, mean and intend to act well; but, few having the advantage of your understanding, many are soon misled by misconception, levity, or, the worst of bad counsellors, those of your own sex. To resolve well, is nothing; the difficulty is to persevere;

* But *Polypheme* surely was *monoculous*. And so, we are told, was this literary Ulysses. EDIT.

or, as Lee the poet much better expresses it, to be *obstinately* good. The word *obstinately* contains alone more meaning, energy, and pith, than half the volumes which have been written on the subject. I repeat it, little can be added to what your own foresight has already suggested to you; but, as the engagement you are contracting is of the utmost importance to your future welfare, I will, since you do me the honour to ask my advice, subjoin a few remarks, the fruit of long experience and some observation.

Let respectability be your aim and object; be respectable in your connections, in your acquaintance, in the management of your family; but, above all, in the choice of your intimates. The world, in general, will be guided in their opinion of your character by the characters of those you select as objects of your friendship and confidence; your husband, moreover, will respect and consider you, in proportion, as he perceives you considered and respected by others. Airs, haughtiness, and pride, are not unfrequently mistaken for dignity; as roughness, ill manners, and brutality, in our sex, often claim as frankness, courage, and manliness—you will not mistake them—you have a friend in the world, and a very sincere one, who possesses this happy gift of assimilating this respectability with the best nature and the most winning affability:—I need not name her.

What I have been saying seems to me very important, and deserves your serious consideration; but what relates immediately to your husband is still more so.

Let me intreat you to consider the first year after your marriage as a year of probation, a time of trial, of noviceship; every action, every step, nay, every word, will have its weight in the scale of your husband's future trust and confidence in you. Consider, in this interval he will nearly have settled his opinion of your prudence, your discretion, and your worth. I would by no means be understood to recommend cunning:—cunning stands in the same relation to prudence, as hypocrisy to religion. Cunning, like hypocrisy, implies a sordid meanness of soul; and I both hope and believe, that you have an elevation of mind which would spurn at duplicity, at every kind of trick.

From these great outlines in the picture of a valuable wife, let me now proceed to the nicer touches of it, to the lights and shades, to those minute strokes of the pencil, without which the picture remains unfinished, but which require all the patience, all the attention, all the perseverance of the artist. You are the artist; you are to draw this sublime picture—but you must do more—you must be a

heroine and a philosopher. Assure yourself, that your husband, being a man, has his foibles, his caprices, his humours:—are you possessed of magnanimity sufficient to bear those, without repining, without peevishness, without retaliation?—have you philosophy enough to *scratch your ribbon**, and smile good-humouredly, when your mighty lord struts in all his dignity across the room, andgobbles his importance like an angry turkey-cock?—have you temper enough to compel him, on his cooler recollection, to call himself a fool, and you the best of women?—have you considered the importance of avoiding silly disputes about silly trifles?—it is well worth your consideration. I myself knew a man and wife, the two fondest and best-natured of creatures, who, after a long and wise investigation, whether we have ten fingers, or only eight fingers and two thumbs, complained bitterly of each other's monstrous ill usage, and concluded, by proposing a separation, the wife from the worst of husbands, the husband from the worst of wives. Luckily their heads were sound, as their hearts were good; both were struck with the dangerous tendency of such foolish altercations, and resolved in future to avoid them. Are you capable of checking a rising flush?—of swallowing a provoking word ready to burst from your lips?—If you be equal to such fortitude, to such heroism, you are in my estimation, a great philosopher;—in that of your turkey-cock, you will be an——angel.

More fortitude still may possibly require your exertions, if ever it should so happen (and this may happen to the most virtuous woman) that you perceive your mind too much employed in favour of another man; yourself too much disposed to dwell on his good qualities, on the gentleness, the amiableness of his manners, on his *disinterested* attentions to you; if you feel such a man insensibly creeping into your affections—no hesitation—fly, if possible, from him, as far as from pole to pole—no confidante; more particularly no female one—bury the secret in the remotest recess of your soul: and let your virtue and honour alone watch over it;—conceal your weakness, not only from the object of it, but from the whole world; nay, endeavour to conceal it from yourself—indulge not yourself, under pretence of fortifying your virtue, in gloomy thoughts about your supposed misery; that

* Lady ———, the writer's wife, when she saw her husband angry, was used to scratch her hat with both hands, or the ribbon of her cap, crying out—"My lord—I don't hear—I don't hear!"

will not fail to increase the evil. On the contrary, amuse, dissipate yourself; laugh at your own folly; treat it cavalierly, and the illusion will soon cease—one serious resolve, however, must be firmly made, resolutely kept, and which no consideration must forego, the determined, fixed, unalterable resolution, of never, never, never trusting yourself alone with the man of whom you feel yourself afraid.

I perceive that this letter is spun out to a considerable length; the warmth of my wishes for your happiness would dictate a great deal more, but it is time to conclude it. One thing, however, I must mention; it is of a delicate nature from a man to a woman, but my age and my motives will be a sufficient apology for the liberty I take. This important advice shall be conveyed in as few words as possible. Be nicely and scrupulously clean; deficiency in this respect will unavoidably create disgust in a well-bred man. I fear, in our country especially, this is not always sufficiently attended to; and a fatal experience has often opened a woman's eyes when the evil was irreparable.

Thus, my dear Miss ——, I have hastily thrown on paper such thoughts as have occurred to me; they have no pretension to novelty, elegance, or even order: they are written solely with a view of being of some little advantage to you. May you deserve, by your prudent conduct, to be happy: this is my ardent wish! I have the honour to be, with great respect, Dear Madam, &c."

1785, *May.*

XLIV. To Springett Penn.

Springetto Pennio, Liberalium Artium studioso, Gulielmus Sevelius, S. D. P.*

TUAM, qua te in patria reducem factum significasti, juvenis ornatissime, accepi; et libens reditum tuum incolumem intellexi, non autem nuntium de matris tuæ ægritudine, cui meliorem valetudinem ex animo precor, et quam æstimo licet ignotam, satis superque persuasus, ex his quæ subinde audivi, singularis exempli eam esse matronam.

* This amiable young man was the eldest son of William Penn, proprietor and governor of Pennsylvania. He died about three years after the date of this letter, in the 21st year of his age.

At ecquis Italicæ, Belgicæque linguæ amor tibi etiamnum durat? ecquid in iis profecisti? an potius Latinæ eloquentiæ adhuc operam das? Si postremum præcipue tibi cordi sit, macte tua virtute; nam nihil tam alte natura constituit, teste Curtio, quod virtus non possit eniti.

Quæ cum ita sint, cur non gnaviter studiis incumberes ad assequendum intellectum eorum qui non solum nitide, sed et stylo paulo abstrusiore scripserunt. Cum enim prima fundamenta jam satis firmiter tibi jacta sunt, haud desperandum, sed strenue adnitendum, præsertim dum viret ætas, viget memoria, et vires florent; ut integram tandem solidamque linguæ Latinæ notitiam nanciscaris. At hoc sine frequenti, imo pene assidua præstantissimorum auctorum lectione haud comparatur, ideoque quandam quasi molestiam habere videtur. Verum quid refert! Juvenis es, firmus es, et

Dulcia non meruit qui non gustavit amara.

Omnem ergo laborem sperne, et tunc invenies postrema prioribus multo jucundiora. Scilicet habent literarum studia, seu musæ (quas virgines esse aiunt) nescio quod incentivum, quo ad altiora non segniter, sed summa cum alacritate impellimur. Hic tamen spectandum, quod semper et ubique expedit, *ne quid nimis*; quippe, quod caret alterna requie durabile non est, et quæ nimium diligimus, ea tandem efflictim deperimus, et pene insanientis instar extollimus. Sic igitur bonæ literæ amandæ, ut eas potius per vices pro oblectamento habeamus, quam totam ætatem in iis agendo eo demum pervadere, ut aliorum quæ maximi momenti sunt, nobis sordeat cura et prorsus vilescat; quod vereor utique ne multis in sortem ceciderit.

At quid ego hæc ad te, cui parens est pius sane et prudens, qui bona virtutum semina tibi ingerendo, eximio suo exemplo præire tibi non definit. Perge igitur ut cœpisti, et Latinissimorum scriptorum lectioni te assuescas, ut studiorum tuorum messem reportare denique possis non contemnendam. Vale.

Amstelodami, VI. *kalend. Novemb.* CIↃIↃCCXCIII.

1785, *July.*

XLV. From Bishop Atterbury.

MR. URBAN,

THE following letter fell accidentally into my hands. It is written in the autography of Dr. Atterbury, the famous

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1785, *July.*

XLV. From Bishop Atterbury.

MR. URBAN,

THE following letter fell accidentally into my hands. It is written in the autography of Dr. Atterbury, the famous

Bishop of Rochester; and, as it contains a curious specimen of his Latin prose, it will probably be acceptable to the readers of your entertaining Miscellany. Dr. Atterbury's skill in Latin verse is well known by his translation of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel. The person to whom the letter is addressed is most probably Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, with whom Atterbury lived on terms of intimacy during his residence in college.

"Effluxit jam puto plus quam semestre spatium, ex quo a te, vir plurimum colende! tuis consiliis, monitis, et donis auctus cumulatusque discesserim: et tamen nihil a me interim datum est literarum, nihil tibi gratiarum quidem! Habes confitentem reum, ita tamen fatentem, ut delicti, si quod fuerit, imputationem non tam defugere studeat, quam amplecti. Sic enim egomet mihi persuasi nihil isto hominum genere turpius, nihil indignius, quam qui in patronorum laudibus multi sunt, in gratiis referendis etiam nimii, non quod collocati muneris novo ipsi sub onere laborent, sed ut specie gratulationis majora eliciant, quam quæ pridem acceperint, ita per beneficia ad beneficium viam struunt; et aucupum more quicquid uspiam prædæ nacti sunt, id ipsum ita disponunt, ita exornant, ut in sui societatem aviculas etiam plures trahat. Et sane quod a literis scribendis tantisper me continui, neque ignavus uti spero, neque ingratus apud te audiam; quippe qui verebar ne festinata nimis gratiarum actione, non tam veteri beneficio satisfactum esse viderer, quam aucupari novum. En tandem literas! nulla tamen, quod solet, carminum sarcina onustas: ne forte musis æquo addictior videar, adeoque non horas tantum subsecivas sed et dies integros in poematiis scribendis collocasse. Et profecto id ipsum mihi jampridem obstitit, quo minus poeticam quandam farraginem ante oculos tuos exponerem, quæ publici quidem juris facta cum sit, deberet recta ad te proficisci; nisi id vetuisset cum tua, vir plurimum reverende, auctoritas, tum nostra, quantulacunque sit, verecundia. Restat jam, ut abjectis nugis, sapere tandem incipiam, et derelictis amœnioribus musarum diverticulis, per omnifariæ doctrinæ campos longe lateque expatior. Et profecto, cum, ut rei literariæ sedulo operam navem, multa sint quæ exhortentur, multa etiam quæ accendant, nihil tamen mihi acriores stimulos injecit, quam ut exinde dignum aliquid moliar cui tuum, vir optime! inscribatur nomen: adeoque palam in omnibus et seipsa innotescat, quod nunc clanculum et verbo tenus profiteor

Favoris scilicet tui perquam studiosum esse

1785, *July.* FRANCISCUM ATTERBURY."

XLVI. From Dr. Johnson to a young Clergyman, a Fellow of a College in Cambridge.

DEAR SIR, *Bolt-Court, Aug.* 30, 1780.

NOT many days ago Dr. Lawrance shewed me a letter, in which you make mention of me; I hope, therefore, you will not be displeased that I endeavour to preserve your good-will by some observations which your letter suggested to me.

You are afraid of falling into some improprieties in the daily service, by reading to an audience that requires no exactness. Your fear, I hope, secures you from danger. They who contract absurd habits are such as have no fear. It is impossible to do the same thing very often without some peculiarity of manner; but that manner may be good or bad, and a little care will at least preserve it from being bad; to make it very good, there must, I think, be something of natural or casual felicity, which cannot be taught.

Your present method of making your sermons seems very judicious. Few frequent preachers can be supposed to have sermons more their own than your's will be. Take care to register somewhere or other the authors from whom your several discourses are borrowed, and do not imagine that you shall always remember even what perhaps you now think it impossible to forget.

My advice, however, is, that you attempt from time to time an original sermon, and in the labour of composition do not burden your mind with too much at once; do not exact from yourself, at one effort of excogitation, propriety of thought and elegance of expression. Invent first, and then embellish. The production of something, where nothing was before, is an act of greater energy than the expansion or decoration of the thing produced. Set down diligently your thoughts, as they rise, in the first words that occur, and when you have matter, you will easily give it form; nor perhaps will this method be always necessary; for by habit your thoughts and diction will flow together.

The composition of sermons is not very difficult: the divisions not only help the memory of the hearer, but direct the judgment of the writer; they supply sources of invention, and keep every part in its proper place.

What I like least in your letter is your account of the manners of your parish; from which I gather, that it has

been long neglected by the parson. The dean of Carlisle* who was then a little rector in Northamptonshire, told me that it might be discerned whether or no there was a clergyman resident in the parish, by the civil or savage manners of the people. Such a congregation as yours stands in much need of reformation; and I would not have you think it impossible to reform them. A very savage parish was civilised by a decayed gentlewoman, who came among them to teach a petty school. My learned friend, Dr. Wheeler of Oxford, when he was a young man, had the care of a neighbouring parish for fifteen pounds a year, which he was never paid; but he counted it a convenience that it compelled him to make a sermon weekly. One woman he could not bring to the communion; and, when he reproved or exhorted her, she only answered that she was no scholar. He was advised to set some good woman or man of the parish, a little wiser than herself, to talk to her in language level to her mind. Such honest, I may call them holy, artifices, must be practised by every clergyman, for all means must be tried by which souls may be saved. Talk to your people, however, as much as you can, and you will find that the more frequently you converse with them upon religious subjects, the more willingly they will attend, and the more submissively they will learn. A clergyman's diligence always makes him venerable. I think I have now only to say, that, in the momentous work you have undertaken, I pray God to bless you.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

1785, *May.* SAM. JOHNSON.

XLVII. From Dr. Johnson to Warren Hastings, Esq. Governor General in Bengal.

SIR, *Jan.* 9, 1781.

AMIDST the importance and multiplicity of affairs in which your great office engages you, I take the liberty of recalling your attention for a moment to literature, and will not prolong the interruption by an apology, which your character makes needless.

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* Dr. Percy.

Mr. Hoole, a gentleman long known and long esteemed in the India-house, after having translated Tasso, has undertaken Ariosto. How well he is qualified for his undertaking he has already shewn. He is desirous, Sir, of your favour in promoting his proposals, and flatters me by supposing that my testimony may advance his interest.

It is a new thing for a clerk of the India-house to translate poets—it is new for a governor of Bengal to patronize learning. That he may find his ingenuity rewarded, and that learning may flourish under your protection, is the wish of,

Sir, your most humble servant,

1785, *June.* SAM. JOHNSON.

XLVIII. From Dr. Johnson and Dr. Adams.

Dr. Johnson to Mr. J. Elphinstone.

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 25, 1750.

YOU have, as I find by every kind of evidence, lost an excellent mother, and I hope you will not think me incapable of partaking of your grief. I have a mother now eighty-two years of age, whom therefore I must soon lose, unless it please God that she rather should mourn for me. I read the letters in which you relate your mother's death to Mrs. Strahan*; and I think I do myself honour, when I tell you, that I read them with tears. But tears are neither to me, nor to you, of any farther use, when once the tribute of nature has been paid. The business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation. The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another is, to guard, for so surely it must be, and incite, and elevate, his virtues. This your mother will still perform, if you diligently preserve the memory of her life, and of her death; a life, so far as I can learn, useful, wise, and innocent; and a death, resigned, peaceful, and holy. I cannot forbear to mention, that neither reason nor revelation denies you to hope, that you may increase her happiness, by obeying her precepts; and that she may, in her present state, look with pleasure upon every act of virtue, to which her instructions and example have contributed. Whether this be more than

* Sister to Mr. Elphinstone.

a pleasing dream, or a just opinion of separate spirits, is indeed of no great importance to us, when we consider ourselves as acting under the eye of God; yet surely there is something pleasing in the belief, that our separation from those whom we love is merely corporeal; and it may be a great incitement to virtuous friendship, if it can be made probable, that that union has received the divine approbation, and shall continue to eternity.—There is one expedient by which you may, in some degree, continue her presence. If you write down minutely what you can remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection when time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration. To this, however painful for the present, I cannot but advise you, as to a source of comfort and satisfaction in the time to come; for all comfort and all satisfaction is sincerely wished you by, dear Sir, yours, &c.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

MR. URBAN, *Oxford, Oct.* 22, 1785.

IN your last month's Review of Books you have asserted, "that the publication of Dr. Johnson's Prayers and Meditations appears to have been at the instance of Dr. Adams, Master of Pembroke College, in Oxford." This is more than I think you are warranted by the Editor's Preface* to say; and is so far from being true, that Dr. Adams never saw a line of these compositions before they appeared in print, nor ever heard from Dr. Johnson, or the Editor, that any such existed. Had he been consulted about the publication, he would certainly have given his voice against it: and he therefore hopes that you will clear him, in as public a manner as you can, from being any way accessary to it.

1785, *Oct.* W. ADAMS.

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* The words of the Preface, which led to the supposition, are, "Being last summer on a visit at Oxford to the Rev. Dr. Adams (Master of Pembroke College, at which Dr. Johnson received part of his education,) and that gentleman urging him repeatedly to engage in some work of this kind, he then first conceived a design to revise these pious effusions, and bequeath them, with enlargements, to the use and benefit of others." EDIT.

XLIX. Letters to and from Dr. Johnson, on Suicide.

MR. URBAN, *Bath, Feb.* 14.

AS a very dangerous misconstruction of a passage in a work of the late Dr. Johnson appears to have been made by some persons; and though the Dr. kindly condescended to correct the error, through the same channel that the remark was first intended to be conveyed to him; yet as the *misconstruction* arising from *a book* may long survive the *explanation* contained in a *newspaper*, I beg leave, through your *lasting Repository*, in justice to the character of a most worthy man, to perpetuate the Dr.'s Vindication of himself, as well as to communicate to the world the steps which led to it.

Yours, &c.

A. B.

LETTER. I.

SIR, *Bath, May* 4, 1782.

CONSCIOUS of the motive from which I write, and trusting that it will readily and clearly appear; I shall leave it to plead my excuse for the trouble I may hereby give you.—Without farther preface, therefore, I take the liberty to inform you, that, in the Morning Chronicle of Dec. 12 last, a person, in the character of a master of an academy, recommended the "Beauties of your Writings," a book published last year, to all persons who have the care of youth, as well calculated to convey at once both pleasure and instruction, particularly to young minds. However, he pointed out one passage in it, under the article Death, which, he said, is supposed by some readers to recommend suicide; but knowing your principles too well to join in this opinion, he hoped you would favour the public, through the channel of the same paper, with an explanation, which might effectually remove so erroneous an idea. The passage is as follows: "To die, is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly."

I confess, I have joined in the wish of the letter-writer, but have not had the pleasure of seeing it gratified. Possibly the letter has not come to your knowledge, and therefore I take this method of acquainting you with it; or probably the passage, when taken with the context, loses its exceptionable appearance. I own, I do not recollect my

having met with it in any of your works, though I cannot but suppose it is to be found there, and on that account you may have thought it unnecessary to give it any farther explanation. Whatever may be the cause of your not having taken any notice of the letter, I cannot be satisfied whilst any thing, which has the sanction of your name, even appears, uncontroverted, to recommend suicide; whilst the acknowledged friend of Religion and Virtue is supposed, uncontradicted, to have published any sentiment inconsistent with the Christian Religion. I shall still hope, therefore, that you will not think your time mis-spent by publicly removing this, possibly, "stone of stumbling," this, as it appears, "rock of offence;" especially as your silence may tend to confirm the opinion of those who understand the passage in this very unfavourable sense; and if you shall think this deserving of your private notice, you will thereby confer an honour, as well as an obligation, on, Sir, your obedient humble servant, &c.

To Dr. Johnson, &c.

LETTER II.

SIR, *May* 15, 1782.

BEING now in the country in a state of recovery, as I hope, from a very oppressive disorder, I cannot neglect the acknowledgement of your Christian letter. The book called "Beauties of J——n," is the production of I know not whom; I never saw it but by casual inspection, and considered myself as utterly disengaged from its consequences. Of the passage you mention I remember some notice in some paper; but knowing that it must be misrepresented, I thought of it no more, nor do I now know where to find it in my own books. I am accustomed to think little of newspapers; but an opinion so weighty and serious as yours has determined me to do, what I should, without your seasonable admonition, have omitted; and I will direct my thought to be shewn in its true state. If I could find the passage, I would direct you to it. I suppose the tenor is this: "Acute diseases are the immediate and inevitable strokes of Heaven; but of them the pain is short, and the conclusion speedy: chronical disorders, by which we are suspended in tedious torture between life and death, are commonly the effect of our own misconduct and intemperance. To die," &c. This Sir, you see is all true, and all blameless. I hope, some time in the next week, to have all rectified. My health has

been lately much shaken; if you favour this with any answer, it will be a comfort to me to know that I have your prayers. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

To the Rev. Mr. ——, at Bath.

LETTER III.

SIR, *Bath, May* 18, 1782.

I AM to acknowlege and thank you for your favour of the 15th; and I am happy to find, that you think the business on which I wrote to you not undeserving your attention. The sentiment as you have prefaced and explained it, as I doubted not would be the case, is quite unexceptionable.

I am glad to find that you are better than you have been, and on the recovery. Indeed, I should be wanting in gratitude, as well as benevolence and charity, if you had not, in return for the great pleasure I have received from your writings, my best wishes and prayers; and particularly, as my last and best, that when the period of the present state of your existence shall approach, you may have a short and easy passage from this life to that in which good men "rest from their labours, and their works follow them." I am, Sir, with great esteem, your obliged and obedient humble servant, &c.

To Dr. Johnson, &c.

The following appeared in the Morning Chronicle of May 29, 1782.

A correspondent having mentioned, in the Morning Chronicle of Dec. 12, the last clause of the following paragraph, as seeming to favour suicide; we are requested to print the whole passage, that its true meaning may appear, which is not to recommend suicide, but exercise.

"Exercise cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed; but while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be disjoined by an easy separation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from heaven, and chronical from ourselves; the dart of death indeed falls from heaven, but we poison it by our own misconduct: to die is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly." Vide Rambler, vol. II. No. 85.

L. Letters from Addison to Lord Wharton.

LETTER I.

Mr. Addison to Lord Wharton.

MY LORD, *Lond. Aug.* 24, 1710.

THIS morning I had the honour of a visit from Mr. Bertie, who, upon my acquainting him with your Lordship's concern for his brother's election, declared himself very much obliged to your Lordship; but said, his brother was so tired with sitting in the House, that he would not be in it again upon any consideration. I hear from my Lord Dartmouth's* office, that all the particulars which I had in charge to his Lordship have been already complied with, except that about proroguing the parliament, which I have desired may be dispatched forthwith to your Excellency, in case it be judged necessary.

The privy council is to meet this night, in order (as it was said yesterday) to place my Lord Peterborough at the head of the Admiralty†, and to determine on the dissolution: but this morning I hear, from very good hands, that there is advice of the Prince of Wales being ready to embark with a body of troops at Dunkirk, and that the admiralty is to attend the privy council upon this occasion.

It is said, the Duke of Queensborough has had intimations of such a designed invasion above a month ago from several parts of Scotland. This report, I believe, comes from Sir George Byng, and is of such a nature, that I should be cautious of mentioning it to any body but your Excellency.

Among the prints which I send you by this post, the "Essay upon Credit" is said to be written by Mr. Harley; and that of "Bickerstaff detected‡," by Mr. Congreve. Dr. Garth (under whose hands I am at present) will not excuse me if I do not present his most humble duty to your Lordship. The Doctor this morning shewed me a copy of verses which he has made in praise of the late lord treasurer.§

* Then Secretary of State. EDIT.

† This did not take place. EDIT.

‡ This pamphlet has been sometimes ascribed to Rowe, but more commonly to Yalden. EDIT.

§ This 'Epistle to Lord Godolphin' is printed with Garth's Poems. EDIT.

The Lord Islay is lately returned from Scotland; and, it is said, the Duke of Argyle is expected every day from Flanders. I am, with the greatest respect, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

Reports of the Town, transmitted to Lord Wharton by Mr. Addison, with the above letter.

The reports of the town (as to public affairs) are very various: what I have the honour to write to your Lordship is the talk of the considerable people of the one side; but, as they are none of them in the secret, cannot be entirely depended upon.

The Duke of Queensborough, it is said, will be succeeded* by the Lord Marr, or, as others are positive, by the Duke of Shrewsbury. If the first happen, he is to be lord high steward of the household; if the second, to be lord high chamberlain. The D. of Queensborough declares he has heard nothing of his removal. I was yesterday above an hour in private at his office with the Lord Marr.

Mr. Boyle is to make way for Mr. St. John†.

The D. of Somerset represents himself as actuated by personal piques in what he has done; and has resolved to adhere to the whiggish principles. It is generally said he is fallen off from the new ministers, and that he has recommended whigs to all his boroughs.

The Duke of Newcastle is very well with Mr. Harley, for whom, they say, he had formerly a great friendship and esteem.

My Lord Somers is thought to have a great personal interest in her majesty, but not sufficient to support his party: so that he seems to lye-by in expectation of proper opportunities.

Mr. Hampden refused to be a commissioner of the treasury, unless the parliament might be continued: it was certainly offered him; and as they say, by the Queen herself, who (upon his answer relating to the parliament) told him, "she had not sent for him for his advice on that particular."

Mr. Benson, a reputed whig, could not withstand the same temptation.

* As one of the three principal secretaries of state. This event did not take place. EDIT.

† This conjecture was right. EDIT.

Sir Simon Harcourt, it is said, desires to be attorney-general*. Lord Guernsey, or Baron Price, or both, are talked of to succeed the lord chancellor.† The Earl Rivers, after having received his arrears for the Spanish service, and equipage-money for his embassy, fell ill; and, as some fancy, will not recover in haste.

It is pretended by the whigs, the Elector of Hanover has given assurances that he will not accept the offer of general; and that he is very much displeased with the fashionable doctrine of *hereditary right.*

The Lord Rochester is by no means pleased with the new ministry, and lifted up his hands with some astonishment upon hearing in what manner the late lord treasurer was dismissed. It is said, the letter for that purpose was delivered to his Lordship by a groom, and that he was directed by it to break his staff without giving himself the trouble of expostulations‡.

I heard this morning, from good hands, the Duke of Shrewsbury talks of laying down§. Sir Theodore Johnson [Janssen] has furnished the treasury with some money.

The tories having threatened to buy up the stocks if they should fall upon the lord treasurer's dismission, the Duke of Beaufort accordingly laid out about 5000l. and was followed by two or three others with smaller sums; which lifted them up for one day, after which they fell again.

The tories' address is said to be written by Mr. Hoadly; the whigs' by Mr. Atterbury‖; Petticum's letter by Mr. Walpole.

The clergy of the city of London are about presenting an address to her Majesty, which, they say, is finely penned by Dr. Atterbury; and some imagine it will immediately precede the dissolution. Collings the messenger is this evening arrived express from the Duke of Marlborough, with an account of the surrender of Bethune; and it is said that he brings further intelligence of the Duke's having received advices from Spain, just before he came away, of a second battle, wherein 12,000 men were killed, and King Charles obtained the victory.

* And was successful. EDIT.

† Neither of them succeeded. The seals were put in commission Sept. 29; and given to Sir Simon Harcourt, as lord-keeper, Oct. 9. EDIT.

‡ This is fully confirmed by Swift's Journal Letters to Stella. EDIT.

§ The Duke was then lord chamberlain of the household. EDIT.

‖ So the original; but by a slip of the pen, undoubtedly, as the reverse is well known to have been the fact. EDIT.

LETTER II.

Mr. Addison to Lord Wharton.

MY LORD, *Lond. Oct.* 17, 1710.

I RECEIVED the honour of your Lordship's of the 15th, and have sent the commissions mentioned in it according to your Lordship's commands, not hearing as yet of any thing that has passed which should hinder your Lordship from signing them. I must, however, acquaint your Lordship with a passage in one of Dawson's letters, dated the 3d instant, which did not come to my hands till last night, having been sent after me to Malmesbury by mistake.

I had mentioned to him, as your lordship had told me you would have it believed, and as you had yourself written the post before to some of your friends in Ireland, that you had signified to her Majesty your unwillingness to continue in that government when all your friends were dismissed; or to that purpose: but at the same time told him, that I believed your Lordship would not be out of it till some months after. In answer to that letter, he writes to me in the following words:

"You might be assured, that whatever you write to me was lodged in a safe hand; but what you desired should not be taken notice of came over hither by twenty letters in the same post; and the Whitehall letters from both secretaries' offices, which came hither by the same packet with yours, positively mention my Lord Lieutenant's resignation of his government to her Majesty on the 22d of the last month; so that it is here no secret, and every body looks upon it that his Excellency cannot act any more on his commission, but that the government is absolutely in the hands of the lords justices till a new governor is appointed."

I will not take any notice of the receipt of this letter till I hear further from your Lordship: having by the last post, and all along, written in the character of secretary to the lord-lieutenant. Your Lordship is doubtless the best judge of this matter, how far the resignation went, and how far it was accepted; or whether it could be accepted effectually but by superseding your Lordship's commission. I shall only take notice, that your Lordship's letters to the secretary of state, and to the lords justices in Ireland, the first relating to the horses that are wanting there, and the other to the draughting of 250 dragoons for the embarkation; both of them bear date Sept. 23. The Irish gentlemen are posi-

tive that your Lordship will be succeeded by the Duke of Ormond; though there goes a whisper among some of your Lordship's friends, that my Lord Rivers is certainly designed for that government.

Nobody here knows what to think of the present state of affairs. Those who got the last parliament dissolved are as much astonished, and they say troubled, for the glut of tories that will be in the next, as the whigs themselves. I am, with great respect, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

LETTER III.

Mr. Addison to Major Dunbar*, on receiving a bank-bill of 300 guineas.

SIR, *June* 26, 1715.

I FIND there is a very strong opposition formed against you; but I shall wait on my lord-lieutenant† this morning, and lay your case before him as advantageously as I can, if he is not engaged in other company. I am afraid what you say of his Grace does not portend you any good.

And now, Sir, believe me, when I assure you I never did, nor ever will, on any pretence whatsoever, take more than the stated and customary fees of my office. I might keep the contrary practice concealed from the world, were I capable of it, but I could not from myself; and I hope I shall always fear the reproaches of my own heart more than those of all mankind. In the mean time, if I can serve a gentleman of merit, and such a character as you bear in the world, the satisfaction I meet with on such an occasion is always a sufficient, and the only, reward to, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

1786, *Feb.* J. ADDISON.

* We are aware that this letter has been elsewhere printed, but without acknowledgements (which we are not ashamed of making) to Curll, who originally produced it to public notice. The honour it reflects on Addison's integrity is a sufficient apology for reprinting it. EDIT.

† The Earl of Sunderland. EDIT.

LI. From the Rev. Mr. Hearne, Rector of the united Parishes of St. Alphage, and St. Mary North-gate, Canterbury, to the Rev. George Horne, Dean of Canterbury.

YOU desire, Sir, as minute an account as possible of my schools. After consulting a person who knew much of the poor here, I went round my united parishes to learn who were willing to send their children to be taught, and found my people very ready to accept my offer; at the same time I left a *Christian Monitor* at every house. About 120 children were collected. As both my parishes abound with poor, North-gate especially, which is poverty itself, I told my parishioners, when I declared my intention of erecting these schools, that I asked nothing from them on this occasion but their countenance and influence. I directly provided books, and three men and one woman to take care of and teach these children. The pay of these teachers, as also of the clerk, who has since been engaged, is 1s. each for the day. They receive other civilities. The principal silk manufacturer gave 2s. 6d. to each of these five persons. The children appeared at St. Alphage church, on Sunday, Jan. 23, 1785, very ragged and very disorderly. You will not be surprised at this when you are told, that some of them, perhaps, were never in a church since they were baptized; but usually spent their Sabbath in playing, cursing and swearing, in pilfering, or in some other mischief. These schools were at first kept at three different places, and have all been visited by me on every Sunday (except one, when I was at Exeter), from the beginning of them to this time. I have now all the children together in the chapel of St. John's hospital, under my own eye; for I find by experience, that unless one or more persons constantly superintend these schools, no good is to be expected from them. For some considerable time I have been at the chapel exactly at nine o'clock, the time when the school begins, and have continued there till eleven, the time when we go to church together. In the morning, while the teachers are instructing the little ones, I take 30 or 40 of the most forward into the chapel chancel, and hear them read the psalms, collects, the epistle and gospel, and second lesson for the day: and, if we have time, other chapters. Whatever occurs in our reading that is remarkable, or tends to their edification, is taken notice of, and explained to them. At half-an-hour after one we meet at school again, and continue there till half past

two, the time for church. At this time the little ones are taught and repeat their catechism, or the questions in the end of their spelling-books, for the instruction of the children, &c. We read the New Testament, as before, till the clerk comes to sing a psalm or two with them. After church we all return to school. The little ones are employed, as in the morning, in spelling or reading, or repeating prayers or hymns. At this time I examine the most forward, and explain to them the catechism, and the use of the Common Prayer Book. I exercise them in repeating after me the Lord's Prayer, and the Creeds, and all the responses. All this they do in a very decent and proper manner. We have gone through likewise *Fox on Public Worship*, and his *Introduction*, &c. and also with Crossman's *Introduction*, &c. *The Church Catechism, broken into short Questions*, and Mann's Catechism. The books in common use are *The Child's first Book*, 1st and 2d parts, Fisher or Dixon's Spelling-book, the Catechisms before mentioned, particularly Mann's, Divine Songs of the pious and excellent Dr. Watts; and every child is furnished with a Common Prayer-Book and Testament to carry to church, when they can use them. Fifty of Unwin's *Sin and Danger*, and 50 of Stonehouse's *Religious Instructions*, are given to 100 children, who, after a time, exchange with each other. Thus 50 tracts will serve 100 children. They have likewise Stonehouse's Prayers. I take children of all ages, from 5 or 6 to 16 or 17. It is best to begin with them early. Some time since two lads, the one my parishioner, the other of the next parish, were condemned to death for house-breaking. The melancholy event was taken notice of by me on the Sunday following, and the children sang *The Lamentation of a Sinner*. This performance of children, some of whom, if no care had been taken of them, might have been in the same dreadful situation, had a wonderful effect upon every one who heard them. This accident led me to think, that as much psalmody as was necessary for divine worship, would be useful and pleasing both to the children and the congregation. I therefore engaged the clerk, who is a sober serious man, to give these children a little instruction, which he does on one or two evenings in a week. Mr. Flacton, whose name is well known as a teacher and composer of music, is a benefactor to these children, and likewise condescends to give them some assistance; he has set to music some of Dr. Watts's Songs, Addison on Providence, &c. which they perform so well as to be heard with pleasure. About 100 of these children are sent to school every day for one or two hours, as they can

be spared from spinning wool, or winding silk, at one penny *per* head *per* week, the usual pay for such instruction. This is of great service to them. I have picked out four little girls to learn to work, and pay for them with money that has been entrusted with me for such purposes. I have gone through the Book of Psalms with some of the elder girls, and am going through it a second time at my house, where they, for one hour every day, are instructed. Some few boys from other schools attend my Sunday school. Such are the advantages my children have enjoyed, and they have profited by them as much as could be expected. They are greatly civilized as to their behaviour, and gave satisfaction when they were examined in the church. The little ones repeated prayers, hymns, &c. the great ones gave proper answers to questions which contained the substance of the church catechism, but not just in the words of the catechism. The little ones in general come on very well.—One little fellow, who is only 6 years and 4 months old, read to me with justness and propriety, Fox's *Introduction*, a book he had never seen before. This child has had no instruction but from this school, and from his parents at home, who are poor people. Parents, if they have any goodness in them, will be induced to do all they can for their own children, when they find so much done for them by others. I think myself bound in duty to mention some circumstances, that shew the reputation of the school, and reflect great honour upon the persons I shall mention. A stranger, who was at this church, was so well pleased with the institution, that he gave a guinea for me to apply as I should think proper. A neighbour, who is a Quaker, offered to subscribe, if the schools had been supported by contribution. Another parishioner, who is a dissenting teacher, gave me money for the use of the children. A charitable lady, who lives a few miles from Canterbury, sent me a noble present of five guineas; and some other ladies and gentlemen, both in and out of the parish, have been very liberal to these children, and to their parents, who wanted relief. Many of these children, who were almost naked, have been clothed by some benevolent persons. My friend, the Rev. Mr. Byrche (who has done much on the occasion), with two other worthy gentlemen, the principal supporters of the weekly schools, have been of great service to me, not only by their money, but by their constant visits to the schools. One of these gentlemen, who was a surgeon and apothecary, is ready to assist any of them in the way of his profession, as well as by any other act of kindness. My third colleague, who is a captain

of a man of war, has been a great benefactor to these children, and to some of their families. One very great advantage of Sunday schools is, that they afford every minister an opportunity of giving to the children of the poor instructions in the plain and important principles of religion; of bringing them to church, where they are under his eye, and under the eyes of their benefactors, who may take proper notice of their good or bad behaviour. My children are very narrowly watched; and no instance of improper behaviour is passed over without a solemn and severe rebuke. If they are disorderly, they partake of no benefaction intended for good children; and if this treatment will not reclaim them, they are expelled. When I find any of them guilty of lying, the whole school is called together, and I read to them a little book, called, *An Exercise against Lying*, concluding with the prayer at the end. Such are the regulations that have been observed in my schools; which gentlemen may adopt or vary, according to their particular local circumstances. It is very evident to multitudes by facts (which are better than a thousand arguments), that this institution has been attended with many beneficial effects. I have heard of persons, no friends to religion, who have supported these schools, and they are, in my opinion, no bad politicians; for our lives and fortunes will not be less safe because our servants, and the lower people in general, have been instructed in a religion that commands them, under the severest penalty, to hurt nobody by word or deed. I suppose every magistrate, when a young offender is brought before him for theft, &c. gives him some good advice. Would not good advice given him by his minister, *before* he became hardened, be more likely to prove effectual? If ever a reformation be brought about in this kingdom, it will be by the labours and diligence of the parochial clergy, each in his parish. If our law-makers would endeavour, by these schools, and by setting a better example themselves, to reform men, they would shew more wisdom, than by any mode of punishment they can inflict on them for being wicked. I sincerely wish, that, by the blessing of God, this institution of Mr. Raikes (a name that every clergyman, especially those of his own city and neighbourhood, should highly reverence) may universally prevail, and produce the best effects.

1786, *May.*

LII. From Dr. Timothy Neve to the Rev. Littleton Brown, at Bishop's Castle, Shropshire.

DEAR SIR, *Peterboro', July* 23, 1741.

MR. PENNINGTON, the register of this diocese, called upon me the other day, and gave me the pleasure of hearing that you were well, and were so obliging as to inquire after my health, and to send me your compliments; for which, as a brother virtuoso and antiquary, I take the liberty of writing to you, and should be glad of the favour of your learned correspondence. Since I came to settle in this place, I have instituted a Society of gentlemen, most of University education, who meet every Wednesday evening, whereof the dean is president, and myself secretary. We are near 20 regular members, and about 100 honorary. Each member is obliged, upon his admission, to present us with some book to the value of a guinea, by which we have raised already a considerable library. Earl Fitzwilliam, one of our representatives in parliament, and lately elected a member, proposes to give us Rymer's Fœdera, which will greatly add to the number as well as value of our collection. We have also a pretty large specimen of curiosities, natural and artificial, such as shells, minerals, petrifactions, prints, medals, &c. &c. &c. which now and then amuse us a little, and give us the appearance of meeting to do something else than to smoke a pipe and drink a bottle. What we stand most in need of, is a correspondence with gentlemen in distant parts of the kingdom, or the world; but as yet we are too inconsiderable to have an intercourse of that sort settled amongst us. Gentlemen that are able to undertake it, choose rather to throw in theirs to the great stock of the Royal Society, of which I perceive you are a member. But we should be glad only of a few of your gleanings, who have a fund sufficient to oblige us both. Dr. Mortimer, my brother secretary, now and then favours me with a letter; in return, I transmit to him an extract of our minutes, whenever any thing occurs to us worthy of his notice.

I will trouble you with a short specimen of our transactions. From Jan. this present year:

Jan. 7, 1740-1. Communicated a letter from the Rev. Mr. Saul, rector of Harleston in Lincolnshire, concerning the nature and production of fossils, with a specimen of 20

different sorts lately found in those parts. That the earth is prolific, and hath a vegetative principle continually working in it; that there is no *caput mortuum*, no idle, unactive, unformable matter in nature, as in chemistry; but every clod of earth, turned up by the spade, is either already formed into some distinct species of clay, sand, loam, &c. or in a tendency towards it: and that, as there are various kinds of submarine plants, so all the several kinds of ore, metals, minerals, marbles and other regular fossils, or stony concretions, are so many different sorts of subterraneous plants, &c. &c. &c.

Jan. 14. Account of the magnetical power of a bar of iron, according to its long-continued position from perpendicular, for 15 years, to horizontal, for as many months only.

Account by Maurice Johnson, jun. esq. of a Roman mint in the city of Lincoln.

Jan. 28. Curious drawings of an ancient book of anatomy by one Gemini, an Englishman, dedicated to King Edward VI. 1552.

Feb. 4. Form of prohibiting of books for the Index Expurgatorius in the Consistory of Rome.

Feb. 11. Old grant of a right of fishery in Whitlesea Mere to the abbot of Peterborough, in the reign of Henry VI. who has this uncommon title, "Henricus Dei gratia rex Angliæ, heres et regens Franciæ, et dominus Hiberniæ."

Feb. 18. Remonstrance of the sequestered members, 1656, to which above 100 subscribed their names.

Feb. 25. An original letter of Andreas Colvius to Dr. Beal, dean of Ely, dated Dordrecthsi, 20 Aug. 1647, concerning tolerating of sects in Holland.

Mar. 4. Office for installation of knights of the garter.

Mar. 11. Alcock, bishop of Ely, his "Exhortation made to two Relygious Systers in the Tyme of their Consecratyon," &c.

Mar. 18. "Modus fulminandi Sententiam in Ecclesia Romana," and the "Bedes on the Sunday," or bidding prayer. These are all ancient papers belonging to me, and, for want of other matter, communicated occasionally.

Apr. 1. Lord Fitzwilliam proposed.

Apr. 8. Elected.

Apr. 29. A letter from the secretary in London, with the account of what was read and communicated there when he was present.

May 13. List of all the members who have represented

this city in parliament from 1546, the first of Edward VI. to this present time.

May 20. Epitaph upon Lipsius, &c.

May 29. Luctus et gratulatio Acad. Cantab. in Oliveri mortem, et Ricardi inaugurationem.

June 3. Drawing of a fine ancient crystal vase, and of an ancient East-India rice-pot.

June 24. Account of Sir Richard Ellis's library, and some curiosities lately come in there.

July 1. Part of a letter from Baron Clarke of his Majesty's Exchequer in Edinburgh, concerning the unseasonable colds of the late years, which he conjectures to be owing to the great spots in the surface of the sun, many of which are much larger than the whole globe of our earth, which, must needs take off both from its light and heat. George Lynn, esq. of Southwick, in this neighbourhood, and my very particular friend and learned acquaintance, in his Ephemeris of the weather for this year, observed that the mean height of the thermometer for the month of last March, was just the same with that of January for fourteen years past, &c.

July 8. Presented to the Society a small Roman lamp, entire, of red earth, lately found at Whitlesea, in the Isle of Ely, five miles from hence. Also a human skull dug up lately in this town, the whole brain whereof is ossified, and concreted into as hard and solid substance as the bone, retaining still its natural curdled form, the sutors, &c. remaining entire.

July 15. Presented a branch of an ash-tree, being an uncommon lusus, which grew in the shape of the left-hand of a man, &c. &c. &c.

By this short specimen you will be able to guess how we idle away two or three hours once a week. Things omitted are only the presents of books, medals, and other odd things, admissions of members, or the like. If you approve of our scheme, give me leave to make use of your name among the honorary members, for which I will give some book in your name to the Society from among several of mine that I can spare; in return for which, the favour of your correspondence will make ample amends. If you come into these parts, I shall rejoice to see you under my roof.

I once had a wife lived with me near 6 years, by whom I had four children, two of which, a son, now of Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and a daughter at home, only remain. I have lived a widower now almost 13 years. I

shall be glad to hear that you are happy in a married state, and blest with hopeful children. I have lived so long out of that country, that I have scarcely any acquaintance left there; and my near relations are such to whom I choose rather to be helpful at a distance than to be burdensome by visits.—Your brother Jerry I was well acquainted with at school; since that I never saw him, nor heard what became of him, only I think not so well as could be wished. Your own personal character, joined to the easiness of your fortunes, gives you a great interest and authority in the neighbourhood, as I am well informed, and rejoiced to hear; and therefore beg leave to assure you that I am, with great regard, your most affectionate kinsman, and humble servant,

1786, *July.* TIM. NEVE.

LIII. Letters from Mr. Howard.

MR. URBAN, *Feb.* 17.

LET me beg you to insert the two following genuine letters from Mr. Howard to the gentlemen who have done themselves so much honour in their endeavours to perpetuate his fair fame by the erecting of a statue. The first of them has never yet appeared in print. The other is copied from the daily papers.

M. G.

LETTER I.

"GENTLEMEN, *Vienna, Dec.* 15, 1786.

I SHALL ever think it an honour to have my weak endeavours approved by so many respectable persons, who devote their time, and have so generously subscribed towards a fund for relieving prisoners and reforming prisons. But to the erecting a monument, permit me, in the most fixed and unequivocal manner, to declare my repugnancy to such a design, and that the execution of it will be a punishment to me: it is therefore, Gentlemen, my particular and earnest request, that so distinguished a mark of me may *for ever* be laid aside. With great regard, I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

JOHN HOWARD."

LETTER II.

"To the Subscribers for erecting a Statue, &c. to Mr. Howard.

London, Feb. 16, 1787.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

You are entitled to all the gratitude I can express for the testimony of approbation you have intended me, and I am truly sensible of the honour done me; but at the same time you must permit me to inform you, that I cannot, without violating all my feelings, consent to it, and that the execution of your design would be a cruel punishment to me. It is therefore my earnest request, that those friends, who wish my happiness and future comfort in life, would withdraw their names from the subscription, and that the execution of your design may be laid aside for ever.

"I shall always think the reforms now going on in several of the jails of this kingdom, and which I hope will become general, the greatest honour, and the most ample reward, I can possibly receive.

"I must further inform you, that I cannot permit the fund, which in my absence, and without my consent, hath been called the Howardian Fund, to go in future by that name; and that I will have no concern in the disposal of the money subscribed; my situation and various pursuits rendering it impossible for me to pay any attention to such a general plan, which can only be carried into due effect in particular districts, by a constant attention and a constant residence. I am, my Lords and Gentlemen, your obedient and faithful humble servant,

1787, *Feb.* John Howard."

LIV. From Sir Dudley Carlton to Mr. Winwood.

Mr. Urban, *Woodbridge, Jan.* 30.

As your Magazine is curious in marking the manners of ancient times, the following little specimen of celebrating marriages at Court, may possibly find a favourable reception. It is taken from a work of no small reputation*.

Yours, &c.

R. L.

* Winwood's Memorials.

Extract of a letter from Sir Dudley Carlton to Mr. Winwood.

London, January, 1604.

On St. John's day we had the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan performed at Whitehall, with all the honour could be done a great favourite. The court was great, and for that day put on the best bravery. The Prince and Duke of Holst led the bride to the church; the Queen followed her from thence. The King gave her, and she, in her tresses and trinkets, brided and bridled it so handsomely, and indeed became herself so well, that the King said, if he were unmarried he would not give her, but keep her himself. The marriage dinner was kept in the great chamber, where the Prince and the Duke of Holst and the great Lords and Ladies accompanied the bride. The Ambassador of Venice was the only bidden guest of strangers, and he had place above the Duke of Holst, which the Duke took not well. But after dinner he was as little pleased himself; for, being brought into the closet to retire himself, he was there suffered to walk out his supper unthought of. At night there was a mask in the hall, which, for conceit and fashion, was suitable to the occasion. The actors were, the Earl of Pembroke, the Lord Willoby, Sir Samuel Hays, Sir Thomas Germain, Sir Robert Cary, Sir John Lee, Sir Richard Preston, and Sir Thomas Bager. There was no small loss that night of chains and jewels, and many great Ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were well enough served that they could keep cut no better. The presents of plate, and other things given by the Noblemen, were valued at 2500l.; but that which made it a good marriage was a gift of the King's, of 500l. land for the bride's joynture. They were lodged in the Council Chamber, where the King, in his shirt and night-gown, gave them a *Reveille Matin* before they were up, and spent a good time in or upon the bed, chuse which you will believe. No ceremony was omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, and gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the court; and at night there was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, with many other pretty sorceries.

New year's day passed without any solemnity, and the exorbitant gifts that were wont to be used at that time are so far laid by, that the accustomed presents of the purse and gold was hard to be had without asking.

The next day the King played in the presence, and, as good or ill luck seldom comes alone, the bridegroom, that threw for the King, had the good fortune to win 1000l. which he had for his pains.

1787, *Feb.*

LV. The Earl of Buchan's Address to his learned Correspondents.

MR. NICHOLS, *March* 10.

I HAVE sent you inclosed an address to my learned correspondents, which will sufficiently explain the intention of it; and I wish it to be inserted in the foreign journals, and in the most respectable periodical publications at home. I consider the Gentleman's Magazine, *under your direction*, as one of them: and there it may appear when you think proper, and thence it will readily be copied by the printers of the foreign journals at Paris, &c. &c. &c.—I am, Sir, with great regard, your obedient humble servant,

BUCHAN.

Omnibus Literatis et domi et foris, qui Epistolas ad me transmittere haud dedignati sunt.

BUCHANIÆ COMES, S. P. D.

VIGINTI abhinc annis me literis penitus dedi, et post moram forsan nimis diuturnam in Edinburgo Scotiæ urbe primaria, ut veri investigandi, et cum doctioribus colloquendi, mihi esset facultas, valetudinis cura mihi suadet rusticari.

Non me latent tamen commoda et voluptas, quæ ab hoc literarum jucundo commercio accepi, et in hoc secessu vivere vellem, nec oblitus meorum nec illis obliviscendus, quorum ope et auxilio, reipublicæ, quantum in me fuit, inservire a prima adolescentia conatus sum.

Ita natura comparatum est, ut qui sitiunt, ad eos potissimum confugiant, qui sitim relevare possunt, ideoque vos obsecrare mihi liceat ut scribendi labor delectabilis permaneat, et ut lux illa quæ florem ætatis meæ illustravit usque ad ætatis flexum sit splendidior, in gratiam terræ hujus quam incolimus, et cujus summa est et erit ambitio, me civem fuisse non prorsus inutilem;

"Non mihi sed toti genitum me credere mundo."

Ad impensas vestras minuendas a tributo literario, et ne nugis meis plus onerati quam honorati sitis, hanc supplicationem meam in actis publicis inserendam curavi lingua Latina, sermone eruditorum peculiari, præscriptionis jure, ut cum jurisconsultis loquar, quo profanum arcemus vulgus.

Historia, philosophia, et artes humaniores mihi præcipue arridunt, in quibus progressus qualescunque facere cupio sub auspiciis vestris.

Prelum typographicum in animo est, rus mecum portare. Nihil inde emittetur, quod non spectat ad reipublicæ emolumentum et civium veram felicitatem, superstitioni et rebus politicis *ut in hac insula vocantur, sub prætextu libertatis*, catenas injicere infra prelum, fixum et ratum est.

Multi Libri MSS. pretiosi blattarum et tinearum epulæ, in doctorum et indoctorum scriniis jacent sepulti: ea nunquam compilabit bibliopolarum societas, quos non scientiæ ardor sed lucrum semper sollicitabat.

Multæ etiam epistolæ gravissimæ, a viris doctis scriptæ, post literas xv sæculo instauratas, in eodem sunt statu mox perituræ.

Tullij et Plinij Epistolæ injuriam temporis, et superstitionis, feliciter evaserunt, quarum præstantia, et utilitas causa est cur alias antiquorum desideremus, quibus certiores facti essemus non tantum de vita privata Græcorum et Romanorum, sed de irradiantibus ingenij scintillis, quæ melius splendore extemporali illustrantur, quam ponderosis voluminibus, quæ prelum unicum debent industriæ et labori; sed ad rem redeamus. Pergite, amici honoratissimi, mecum sententias vestras communicare. Me nec ingratum, nec immemorem unquam invenietis. Benevolentia vestra, quam expertus sum, mihi iterum roganti, ut spero, non deerit.

Epistolæ quæ a regionibus exteris veniunt, more solito mittendæ sunt ad Georgium Dempsterum, virum dignissimum, unum ex senatu inferiori in publicis regni Comitijs, libertatis et virtutis vindicem strenuum, vel ad meipsum in Scotia. Denique promitto et spondeo me ea amicitia, quæ omnes in studijs humanitatis ac literarum versantes, qui ubique sunt, connectere et conjungere debet, fore vobis devinctum.

Apud Cœnobium de Dryburgh, VI ante Kal. Februarii,
Anno S. MDCCLXXXVII.

1787, *March.*

LVI. Letters from Sir Richard Steele to his second lady (Mrs. Mary Scurlocke) before Marriage.

LETTER I.

MADAM, *Aug.* 14, 1707.

I CAME to your house this night to wait on you; but you have commanded me to expect the happiness of seeing you at another time of more leisure. I am now under your own roof while I write; and that imaginary satisfaction of being so near you, though not in your presence, has in it something that touches me with so tender ideas, that it is impossible for me to describe their force. All great passion makes us dumb; and the highest happiness, as well as highest grief, seizes us too violently to be expressed by our words.

You are so good as to let me know I shall have the honour of seeing you when I next come here. I will live upon that expectation, and meditate on your perfections till that happy hour. The vainest woman upon earth never saw in her glass half the attractions which I view in you. Your air, your shape, your every glance, motion, and gesture, have such peculiar graces, that you possess my whole soul, and I know no life but in the hopes of your approbation: I know not what to say, but that I love you with the sincerest passion that ever entered the heart of man. I will make it the business of my life to find out means of convincing you that I prefer you to all that is pleasing upon earth. I am, Madam, your most obedient, most faithful humble servant,

R. STEELE.

LETTER II.

MADAM, *Lord Sunderland's Office*, 1707.

WITH what language shall I address my lovely fair, to acquaint Her with the sentiments of an heart she delights to torture? I have not a minute's quiet out of your sight; and, when I am with you, you use me with so much distance, that I am still in a state of absence heightened with a view of the charms which I am denied to approach. In a word, you must give me either a fan, a mask, or a glove, you have wore, or I cannot live; otherwise you must expect I'll kiss your hand, or, when I next sit by you, steal your handker-

chief. You yourself are too great a bounty to be received at once; therefore I must be prepared by degrees, lest the mighty gift distract me with joy. Dear Mrs. Scurlocke, I am tired with calling you by that name; therefore say the day in which you will take that of, Madam, your most obedient, most devoted humble servant,

R. STEELE.

LETTER III.

MADAM, *Aug.* 22, 1707*.

IF my vigilance, and ten thousand wishes for your welfare and repose, could have any force, you last night slept in security, and had every good angel in your attendance. To have my thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant fear of every accident to which human life is liable, and to send up my hourly prayers to avert them from you; I say, Madam, thus to think, and thus to suffer, is what I do for her who is in pain at my approach, and calls all my tender sorrow impertinence. You are now before my eyes, my eyes that are ready to flow with tenderness, but cannot give relief to my gushing heart, that dictates what I am now saying, and yearns to tell you all its achings. How art thou, oh my soul, stolen from thyself! how is all thy attention broken! My books are blank paper, and my friends intruders. I have no hope of quiet but from your pity: to grant it, would make more for your triumph. To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy, the true empire, of beauty. If you would consider aright, you would find an agreeable change, in dismissing the attendance of a slave, to receive the complaisance of a companion. I bear the former, in hopes of the latter condition. As I live in chains without murmuring at the power which inflicts them, so I could enjoy freedom without forgetting the mercy that gave it. Dear Mrs. Scurlocke, the life which you bestow on me shall be no more my own. I am, your most devoted, most obedient servant,

R. STEELE.

LETTER IV.

MADAM, *Aug.* 30, 1707.

I BEG pardon that my paper is not finer, but I am forced

* This date is in part cut out, and supplied with "Aug. 9, 1671". Over "Madam," at the beginning, Mrs. S. has written "Andromache," and substituted "Madam" for dear "Mrs. Scurlocke" at the end.

to write from a coffee-house, where I am attending about business. There is a dirty crowd of busy faces all around me, talking of money; while all my ambition, all my wealth, is love! Love which animates my heart, sweetens my humour, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe, that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions; it is the natural effect of that generous passion, to create in the admirer some similitude of the object admired. Thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a companion. Look up, my fair-one, to that Heaven which made thee such, and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the author of love, to bless the rites he has ordained, and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and a resignation to his will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavour to please him and each other. I am for ever your faithful servant,

1787, *April.* R. STEELE.

LVII. Letters from Ephraim Chambers.

MR. URBAN, *March* 30.

THE Dictionary of Mr. Chambers has so widely diffused his fame, that I have no doubt but some original letters of his will give pleasure to many of your readers. I send you two of them by way of specimen, which were written during a journey in France; and will send you more, if these are thought worth inserting.

Yours, &c.

M. GREEN.

LETTER I.

To Mrs. Chambers.

MADAM, *Paris, Oct.* 21, 1738, *N. S.*

I DID not think to have given you the trouble of a letter till I had something agreeable to write. You have had a sufficient share of illness yourself to exempt you from being harrassed with the complaints of others. But as you laid me under an engagement to write to you, I know not whether I can any longer fairly delay it. You will be surprized, when I tell you, that Paris seems to me the dullest place in

the world; and you will doubtless have more regard to my reputation than to tell any body I say so. For people disposed to go in search of pleasure, perhaps there is no place where they are like to meet with so much. But there is no medium; either you must engage heartily in the diversions of the place, or find yourself sunk in the vapours ten thousand fathoms deep. It is from a depth not less than this that I write the present letter; a depth to which a man could never reach in any place but where every body is gay about him, and where he has not only the load of his own melancholy to bear, but of other people's mirth. It is certain, however, Paris now appears under great disadvantages; the court is at a distance, and the people of quality mostly gone into the country; besides that, the fine season is over, and the beautiful gardens, walks, and woods, which make the chief beauty of it, lie in a sort of ruins, which makes autumn look in some respects more dismal even than winter. The favourite diversion of the French is walking, and taking the air, and the country about Paris is admirably laid out for that purpose. Here are the gardens of the Thuilleries and Luxemburg, the Course, the woods of Boulogne and Vincennes, the Avenues of St. Cloud and Meudon, which form a variety in this way vastly beyond any thing we have in England. This difference, I think, is observable between the two nations, that the French seek their chief pleasures without doors, and the English within. I know not whether this difference be owing to any diversity in the air of the two places; or to this, that the French are more in the air than we, which makes them alert and hardy, and gives them an appetite. It is certain, they are more familiar, and make more free with the air than we do. You see the public walking-places full from morning to night in the severest weather. They will sit for hours on the benches where an Englishman would be frozen to death. And, what is more, in the dampest weather, and even night, great numbers of them will be found sitting or lying on the bare ground. At first, one would be tempted to think, that, if there were not something less noxious in the air here than in that of England, half the inhabitants must be rotten. But I doubt whether there be much in this. The French are made familiar with the air betimes, so grow hardy and strong. They seem to feel no cold, when I am ready to starve: and though the winter here be colder than at London, I doubt whether there be half the fire burnt. You will perceive by this what way my thoughts have been employed at Paris. If you send a valetudinarian to travel, what else can you expect from him, but observations on

the wind? If you would have an account of their dress, their buildings, furniture, equipages, balls, intrigues, &c. you must send somebody else. There are indeed a thousand things of the kind, which even an indifferent spectator cannot help observing; but they hardly seem to me worth postage, though they may do well enough for chat round a winter's fire. I have been now near a month at Paris, which is much too long, considering what a journey I have still behind. To-morrow I set out for Lyons, in my way to Languedoc. I applied to a physician here for some advice about my journey; and was unfortunate enough to take some of his medicines, which have weakened and done me harm, so that I have been forced to lie by a week, to retrieve myself. I intend to travel on horseback, having found the conveyance by chaise or coach does not agree with me. If my strength holds out, I hope I may reach Montpellier in about twenty days. The distance is near 500 English miles. The expedition is hazardous enough; but my heart is pretty good, and that is all I have for it, excepting an easy horse and a careful servant. I want much to know how you do, and the rest of my friends: but in this vagrant state I know not when I shall be so happy. Possibly I may trouble some of you with a letter from Lyons, or even sooner, if any thing of consequence happens. I write by this post to Mr. Longman for another remittance of money, which I shall want much. Pray present my sincere respects to . . . and . . . I have not room to be more particular. For yourself, if you will forgive me the trouble of this letter, it will make me more than ever, Madam, your obedient humble servant,

EPH. CHAMBERS.

LETTER II.

For Mrs. Chambers.

Montpellier, Dec. 18, 1738, *O. S.*

MADAM,

I FIND you expect fine things from Montpellier, and that a letter written at my usual rate will hardly pass. So fine a climate, you think, ought not to be lost on me. Though I was permitted to be dull in England, yet a man, who claims the same privilege here, ought either to be sent home, or to the gallies. You have some reason in all this; and yet for once, I must beg leave to write like myself: my will is still English; I have yet received no extraordinary supplies

from the climate: when I do, you shall be sure to have the first sample. I have been here but a month, one half of which I have been confined by a cold, and the rest by the ill weather. Winter, I find, is winter every where, notwithstanding all that had been told me to the contrary. The people of England make themselves more uneasy than they need be as to the seasons and the weather; they seem not a whit worse off than the people of France, so far as I can judge from the three months I have been in this kingdom.—Both the colds and the heats, and the droughts and the rains, are certainly here greater and more frequent than with you. It is only in respect of the fogs that the French pretend to any advantage over you; and I doubt whether even this pretension be well founded. I have travelled three days on this side Lyons, through one perpetual fog, which did not clear up, as yours usually do, after a few hours, but grew thicker and thicker every day, till night: nor was this any thing accidental; since some gentlemen, who passed the same way a month before me, found the very same. Since my arrival here, where I expected nothing but clear skies and sun-shine, things have been still worse. One would swear that all the witches in Lapland had been at work, and that half of the ill weather bestowed over the face of the globe had been discharged here. For my part, the rains have been so continual, that, had not I had great faith in Moses and the rainbow, I should have feared another deluge. Indeed, between one run of terrible weather and another, they have now and then a fine summer's day; but these are only transient smiles, for which they are sure to pay dear: they serve for little but to make the rest more completely dismal. In the general, you may be assured, that the inhabitants of Montpellier see much less of the sun than those of London. Their streets are so excessively narrow, and their houses so high, that the sun can never enter them. It is only in the very extremities of the town that they can ever enjoy so agreeable a spectacle. Where I am quartered, which is towards the middle, the sun is about as much seen as in an English coal-pit. I have no less than twelve windows in my chamber; yet I have scarce light enough from them all to scribble this at noon-day without a candle. To know whether or no the sun shines, I am forced to go out of the cells; and have been sometimes surprized, the moment I passed the gates, to find myself step at once into a glorious summer's sun, out of a place dark and chilly as the shadow of death. You see, Madam, I am but where I was at Paris. I wrote to you there on the weather, and I am still thrum-

ming on the same string. If you will allow me to pursue the subject, it will be easy to furnish you a letter once a month. By that time I have been here a twelvemonth, my letters will make a kind of a calendar, and may be printed under the title of *The History of the Weather of Languedoc.* You tell me, indeed, you expect to find me quite changed; and, from my accustomed gravity, turned as gay and as alert as a Gascon. But metamorphoses, Madam, of this kind, do not use to be made in the winter. It is not till the spring that reptiles undergo their renovation; and that the butterfly begins to frisk about, which had lain dormant till then in the more sober state of a maggot. You must give me time till the beginning of May to get rid of all my English goods, of which number, I doubt, my cough will be the last.—If you expect any thing of news from this quarter, you will be greatly disappointed: one knows nothing here of what passes but a few leagues from the place: at least, you will have it at London long ere it reaches here. The news even of France comes to us chiefly by the way of Amsterdam. Two to one, you have already heard of what happened last Sunday se'nnight at Geneac, a village four leagues from hence, where, while the people were at vespers, the steeple fell down, broke through the roof of the church, and buried a great part of the congregation under its ruins; they had dug out 130 a week ago, of which number 15 were still alive.

For the transactions of Montpellier, they are summed up in a few words; at least all that come to the notice of a foreigner: here are fifteen or twenty English, Dutch, and Germans, who form a kind of separate commonwealth that has little intercourse with the natives. Cards seem to make the great business of the place. They are no longer a diversion, but are become an employment, as formal and serious as devotion itself. Pharo and Lansquenet are the only politics studied here; and Quadrille and Picquet serve for all the other arts and sciences. There have been two grand ceremonies since my arrival, which have engrossed all the attention of the place, viz. the opening of the assembly of the States of Languedoc, by the Duke de Richelieu; and the procession of the same States to accompany the Sacrament. If I had any talent at description, I should here have a fine field to entertain you. But fine sights are lost on me. All great assemblies appear to me much the same. They are only so many compositions of robes, furs, silks, and brocades, interlaced with point, powder, and paint. The very same materials, under a little different arrangement, would form a court of aldermen, a country assize, a coronation, or a

company of Hussars.—Montpellier, Madam, is one of the richest and most populous cities in France, and at the same time the dearest to live in. Few of the necessaries of life but are dearer here than at Paris.—Wine is the only thing that is cheap, being here sold for three half-pence or two-pence a bottle. But, to compensate for this, milk costs twice as much; which is no mighty advantageous consideration for valetudinarians, who use much milk and but little wine. In general, the eating would be very good, were it not for the want of butter, which makes a terrible drawback. Not only fowl of all sorts, but fish, and almost every thing else, is here served quite dry. If you demand sauce, all they can do is to give you oil; for, as to butter, the country produces none. The vine, olive, mulberry, and walnut-tree, have engrossed all the ground, and left no room for pasture and grazing: so that one is here stored with a great many of the superfluities of life, while the necessaries of it are wanting. I do not know how long I shall stay here, because I cannot foresee when I shall find weather to get away in; perhaps my next may be from Avignon, or Aix. But let not this hinder your writing. I never stood in such need of your letters as at this time. Your last came just time enough to save me from perishing miserably; for to die of the vapours in Languedoc, would be of all deaths the most extraordinary. You will remember me to all my friends, with that respect and affection that is due to such. It is only by being long absent, in a foreign country that a man learns their value. Your little daughter's escape gave me great joy. I never knew how much the loss of her would have affected me till I heard she had been in danger. She now appears dearer to me than even her sister; but it is only because I have had occasion to know the extent of my affection for the one, and not for the other. For yourself, Madam, neither absence nor danger can much increase that inviolable attachment with which I am your most humble and obedient servant,

EPH. CHAMBERS.

LETTER III.

For Mrs. Chambers.

MADAM, *Paris, Aug.* 30, 1739.

I RECEIVED your terrible letter without the least alarm. Neither the largeness of your paper, nor the racks and tortures you menace me with in your preamble, frighten me in

the least. Your letters are all good; and, if any of them be better than the rest, it is only because they are longer. By my good-will, I would never receive any thing from you but sheets of Elephant or Atlas paper. I arrived here, to my sorrow, just in the middle of the rejoicings for the marriage of Madame Premiere. They have unhinged me quite for writing. My head is full of nothing but fire-works.—Do you love gunpowder, Madam? If you do, I can give you a feast; not of ragouts and kickshaws, but of fiery dragons, dolphins of sulphur, burning crowns, and ship-of-lanthorns. What think you of five-and-twenty hundred rockets let fly at once, loaden with stars and serpents! There were more of these artificial stars seen glittering at once over Paris, than there are natural ones visible in the whole firmament. And for the noise, I think you are happy in having been so far from it. Seriously, half the people here seem to be distracted; and, though the fire-works have been over these twenty-four hours, they make as much noise as ever.—There are not, at this minute, less than 500,000 persons talking of them. In the streets, the coffee-houses, the public walks, in all companies, nothing else is heard. I went to the comedy, on purpose to get out of it, but was disappointed, for I had it on every side of me. I returned to my lodging, and shut myself up to write to you, but found squibs and crackers in possession of every corner of my head. I have no ideas left but what are tinged with fire and brimstone. I have no words left but such as *lampions, girandols a feu, pots d'aigrettes, gerbs d'artifice*, and the like.

Sept. 3.

I HAVE taken all this time to cool in, and come to myself, and can now talk to you with my usual *sang froid*.—I thank you for the promise you have made in my name, and will endeavour to acquit you of it with honour, whenever I am called to it. At first sight, I had determined to take post immediately; but, on a second reading of your letter, the terms in which you speak of the affair did not seem to require so much precipitation. I hope to be at London in about a fortnight. If my presence be any way necessary sooner, you will be so good to give notice. I am not yet prepared to satisfy your curiosity concerning the Queen of Spain and the Marquise de Mailly, but have employed an abbé to make inquiries, from whom I expect marvels.

As to my French frippery, I have followed your advice, and am disposing of it as fast as I can. My white shoes and feather I left behind me at Pezenas, my toupee at Tholouse,

and the rest of my French goods, if I have any, I shall drop here; so that you will see me reduced to my first principles, and find me so thoroughly an Englishman, that it shall not appear I have ever set foot in France. A man who comes from Languedoc ought to perform a sort of quarantine at Paris, to fit him for English company. Paris will take off his flights, and cure him of certain airs, which he is very apt to catch if he come near the Garonne. The Parisians, as to vivacity, differ more from the Gascons than they do from the English.

Remember me to all friends. I wrote to ——— from Blois,

Yours, &c.

EPH. CHAMBERS.

LETTER IV.

MADAM, *Canbury-house, April* 18.

A LAMENTABLE accident has befallen Madam de Sevigné. A pen-full of ink is fallen on her letters, which, though it has left every thing legible enough, has a little clouded her page. It is but an ill return for the amusement she has afforded me to bespatter her when I have done. But, you will believe me, it was not done out of design, though I have a little quarrel with her. You will hardly be able to guess for what. It is not for her being a French woman, or a courtier; though I don't like all the airs she gives herself on those accounts. My objection comes from another quarter. It is that very freedom and easiness, for which she has been so much applauded, that gives me offence; as it degenerates so often into downright tittle-tattle. I could have wished it had cost her more to deliver her thoughts, because then she would have kept some of them to herself. As fine a lady as she is, it would have been more prudent in her not to have shewn all. What I could best have spared, is about 50,000 formal professions of her love for Madam de Grignan, who, being her own daughter, might surely have been convinced of her motherly affection on easier terms. It is usually said, that letter-writing ought to be a picture of conversation, and that what suits the latter cannot be amiss in the former. I have some doubts about it. What passes in conversation has the advantage of look, gesture, and tone, to support and set it off. Besides, every thing there is fleeting, and in motion, one thought continually driving out another; so that arrant trifles may there pass undiscovered. But it is

otherwise in letters, which are read in cold blood, and often forced to stand a second or third perusal. Writing a letter is next of kin to publishing a book. You often don't know who are to be your readers, and had therefore need to be a little on your guard. After all, there are many fine things in Madam de Sevigné, who is likely to be the best model for ladies' letters, till you shall be prevailed on to publish your own.

I believe I have caught the rambling disease from Madam de Sevigné; for I find I am got out of sight of my first design, which was to be an apology for blotting your book.—Not that I pretend thus to excuse myself, or imagine that the loss of a line of her's could be atoned by a whole sheet of mine. Perhaps the best reparation I could have made had been to have said nothing; and that the next to this is, not to say a syllable more, but, Madam, your most obedient, most slovenly, and inky servant,

EPH. CHAMBERS.

LETTER V.

MADAM, *Colney-hatch, Monday, May* 10.

INSTEAD of writing you a letter, I send you a *how d'ye*. I contracted indeed with you, to furnish a letter *per* week: but the situation in which I last saw you rendered the performance impracticable. In reality, what can a man say to a person ill a-bed? To speak pertinently, it must be on matters either of diet or physic. But, alas! water-gruel and asses milk will make but poor entertainment! And, besides, you hear enough of those things from your physician and nurse. Should I endeavour to amuse you with flights of wit and fancy? it is not only vain and unreasonable, but out of my power. The concern I am under for your health damps the little genius I am possessed of. I must desire you therefore to make haste and get well again, or I shall be utterly insolvent. Till I hear of that, all I shall be able to write will be, *Pray let me know how you do.* Madam, your most obedient servant,

EPH. CHAMBERS.

LETTER VI.

MADAM, *Gray's-Inn, Saturday Morning.*

IF it be to old age and impertinence I owe the honour of your last commands, I am more indebted to those two ill

qualities, as they are commonly reputed, than I am to forty good ones. I could almost be tempted to wish you more of both of them, were it not that this might look a little too selfish as well as assuming: for, in reality, I do not wish you any other than as you are; and it might puzzle a better head than mine to find any thing to alter in you for the better, except—I mean your patrimonial malady. If Pollnitz may contribute any thing toward alleviating the least pains of your little toe, he will be very happy. He is dressing himself up fit to appear before you; but it will be Monday ere his clothes be quite ready. I am, &c.

1787, *April and May.* EPH. CHAMBERS.

LVIII. Letters from Dr. Young to Mr. Williams.

LETTER I.

To Mr. Williams at Lyons.

DEAR SIR, *Wellwyn, Feb.* 23, 1739.

NOTHING can be more kind than the continuance of your friendship; nothing more unjust than your suspicion of my backwardness to embrace it. I esteem you for yourself, and the good company you keep. Homer was a very honest gentleman, who talked of many gods, and believed but one. Horace says, *quanto tibi negaveris a Diis plura feres.* Fenelon was half an angel; and Newton looked so far and so clearly into nature, that he found himself under the necessity to clap a God at the head of it, in order to render any thing accountable. As to Voltaire, he is content with the contemplation of his own parts, without looking for any other immortality than they shall give him.

Thus, Sir, my sermon ends. But why this sermon? To shew myself qualified for the deanry or mitre you so kindly wish me. But these things are long in coming. If in your travels you should pick me up a little vacant principality, it would do as well; I am as well qualified for it, and as likely to succeed in it. Monaco would be a pretty sinecure, for, as I take it, the Most Christian King is so good as to do all the duty. I have brought you to the borders of Italy; I heartily wish you all pleasure in the land of Kantys. But before that I hope to be *censured* by you in another letter, which would give me great satisfaction.

You inquire after writers. Here is a libel lately published, called *Manners*, for which the author is fled, and the minister has been reprimanded: there are two or three things well enough said in it to balance a deal of gross abuse. The last publication I have read was about suicide, in which the author endeavours to persuade an Englishman not to hang himself when the wind is N.E. Mustapha, a new tragedy, is treading the stage with some applause. Nothing shoots in abundance this spring but divinity; a forward plant like the snow-drop, but of little flavour. I desire you to re-enter me into your little list of friends; and to be assured that, with the most sincere affection and good wishes, &c. &c. &c. &c.

E. YOUNG.

LETTER II.

To Mr. Williams at Nice.

DEAR SIR, *Wellwyn, Nov.* 25, 1739.

LETTERS from the dead are so entertaining, that many wits have lied their friends out of hell so agreeably, that mankind has forgiven the imposition, for the sake of the pleasure.

Next to letters from the dead, are those from the living at a great distance, and, in some sense, inhabitants of another world. But, as far as I can learn from your letter, *that other world* I mean is itself *dead* since I was there, at least, much *out of order*. Poor Sun! give him a glass of your pupil's October, to cure his November dumps; it will make him gay, and dance as in our Rehearsal; but leave a glass for his holiness the Pope; and, that it may go down with him the better, you may let him know it is prescribed by the Council of Nice. When I was there, I contracted a great intimacy with the Mediterranean. Every day I made him a solemn visit. He roared very agreeably; I hope our men of war will soon learn his art for the entertainment of his Spanish Majesty; this is a kind of opera that will receive no improvement from the loss of manhood. If here you are at a loss for my meaning (for I think I am a little obscure,) consult Mr. Patterson's little wife; she will let you into the secret; for I am mistaken, or our friend P. has taught her to look on all eunuchs with high disdain, and to detest music for the execrable damages it has done the whole sex.

If you visit my quondam habitation, you will pass a solemn assembly of cypresses; I have great regard for their memory and welfare; they took up my quarrel against the Sun, and often defended me from his insults, when he was much more furious than you now represent him. You are so kind as often to remember me with Mr. P. When you drink my health, regard your own. I would have you eat my health, and I will drink yours: the north wants spirits; and the south, flesh; but take care you get not more than your own. There is great plenty in Italian markets, and it comes cheap; if any thing can be called cheap which may possibly cost a whole Roman nose. I hope you have nothing of Rome about you but that noble feature; if you have, post away to his holiness. No man makes more Protestants than the pope, or more saints than the devil, when either of them is thoroughly known; for truth and virtue have no better friends upon earth than a near inspection and intimate acquaintance with the deformity and madness of their opposites. This, dear Sir, comes of your conversing with parsons; I forgot I was writing a letter, and was providing myself for next Sunday with a sermon against drinking, wenching, &c. &c. Pardon a friend's infirmity, and manfully bear your own calamity. May this be the greatest you meet with in your travels, and then you need not be in haste to return to your farm in Wales! My best wishes and services to Mr. P. &c. Lady Betty sends compliments to you and Mr. P. &c. &c.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate humble servant,

1787, *May.* E. YOUNG.

LIX. Letters from Mr. Pope and the Earl of Oxford.

LETTER I.

To the Rev. Mr. Wesley, at Tiverton, Devon.

DEAR SIR, *Twitenham, Oct.* 21.

YOUR letter had not been so long unanswered, but that I was not returned from a long journey of some weeks when it arrived at this place. You may depend on the money for the Earl of Peterborow, Mr. Bethel, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Echersall, which I will pay before-hand to any one you

shall direct; and I think you may set down Dr. Delany, whom I will write to. I desired my Lord Oxford, some months since, to tell you this; it was just upon my going to take a last leave of Lord Peterborow, in so much hurry that I had not time to write; and my Lord Oxford undertook to tell it you for me. I agree with you in the opinion of Savage's strange performance, which does not deserve the benefit of the clergy. Mrs. Wesley has my sincere thanks for her good wishes in favour of this wretched tabernacle my body; the soul that is so unhappy as to inhabit it deserves her regard something better, because it really harbours much good-will for her husband and herself: no man being more truly, dear sir, your affectionate and faithful servant,

ALEXANDER POPE.

LETTER II.

To the Rev. Mr. Wesley, School-master, Tiverton, Devon.

REV. SIR, *Dover-street, Aug.* 7, 1734.

I AM sorry and ashamed to say it, but the truth must come out, that I have a letter of yours dated June 8, and this is Aug. 7, and I have but now set pen to paper to answer it. I assure you, I was very glad to hear from you; and, since that you are much mended in your health, change of air will certainly be of great service to you, and I hope you will use some other exercise than that of the school. I hear you have had an increase of above forty boys since you have been down there. I am very glad, for your sake, that you are so well approved of; I hope it will in every respect answer your expectation: if your health be established, I make no doubt but that all parts will prove to your mind, which will be a great pleasure to me. There is very little news stirring; they all agree that the Bishop of Winchester is dying. They say Hoadly is to succeed him; and Potter, Hoadly; but how farther I cannot tell, nor does the town pretend, which is a wonderful thing.

I am very glad you was reduced to read over Hudibras three times with care; and I find you are perfectly of my mind, that it much wants notes, and that it will be a great work; certainly it will be, to do it as it should be; I do not know one so capable of doing it as yourself. I speak this very sincerely. Lily's Life I have; and any books that I have you shall see, and have the perusal of them, and any

other part that I can assist. I own, I am very fond of the work, and it would be of excellent use and entertainment.

The news you read in the papers of a match with my daughter and the Duke of Portland was completed at Mary-le-bone Chapel; I think there is the greatest prospect of happiness to them both; I think it must be mutual; one part cannot be happy without the other. Here is a great harmony of temper, a liking to each other; which is, I think, a true foundation for happiness. Compliments from all here attend you.

I am, Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

OXFORD.

The two boys are well.

Pray let me hear from you soon, and let me know, under your own hand, how you do.

1787, *July.*

LX. Letters from Zachary Williams, on the Longitude, some of them corrected, and others written, by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

LETTER I.

To the Earl of Halifax.

MY LORD, 1751.

PERMIT an old man, in the 82d. year of his age, one who has long been the sport of fortune, to address your lordship. Though distressed and mal-treated, he is extremely unwilling to carry with him, where it must be buried in eternal oblivion, the effects of more than thirty years study, as well as very considerable expence. He flatters himself the long-wished for and desired discovery of the longitude may be fully supplied by due observations of the variations of the magnetic needle. To this he has applied his care; and should esteem it the highest honour to have an opportunity of submitting his labours to your lordship's consideration, a specimen whereof is with all submission inclosed.

How far these calculations may be rendered expedient to the trade and navigation of these kingdoms would not become him to say to a nobleman of your lordship's judgment and penetration. His only ambition is to be useful to

his country; and, if he should be so happy as to obtain your lordship's patronage, humbly hopes his grey hairs may descend into the silent grave with peace and satisfaction. From your lordship's most dutiful and obedient servant,

Z. WILLIAMS.

LETTER II.

To the Lords of the Admiralty.

MY LORDS, *Oct.* 9, 1751.

PERMIT me to signify to your lordships, that I have a very useful secret, which is as yet unknown to the learned world, for perfecting the hitherto imperfect art of navigation; and might have been long ere this time sufficiently experimented, and many disasters been happily prevented, which have since happened at sea for want of their having a better knowledge of the true longitude and variations of the compass-needle.

I have often, from time to time, proposed this useful secret to this right hon. board for above these twenty years last past; but the true merit of the proposal has not hitherto been justly and fairly examined.

As therefore I do now confidently presume that, by the method which I am ready to propose, I have a just claim to the benefit and reward granted by act of parliament for discovering and determining the longitude at sea; I humbly request that your lordships will be pleased to appoint such of the commissioners, or other skilful and learned persons as you shall judge meet and able, to examine into, and judge of, the true merit thereof; and that your lordships will please to fix a certain and convenient time and place at which the said persons and myself shall meet together, in the presence of your board, for the examination thereof, to the end that they may there, without prejudice, declare their judgment concerning the same, being willing that this valuable secret, which so much tends to the advancement of navigation, be first promoted here in England, to the lasting fame and renown of our nation, rather than be received and first promoted by a foreign power.

I earnestly beg your lordships final determination and answer by a line from your lordships board.

I remain, with all due regard, your lordships' most obedient, and humble servant,

Z. WILLIAMS.

LETTER III.

To Doctor Bradley.

SIR, *Admiralty-Office, Oct.* 10, 1751.

THE bearer, Mr. Zachariah Williams, having represented to my lords commissioners of the admiralty, that he has found out a very useful secret for perfecting the art of navigation, and for the better coming at the knowledge of the longitude, and variation of the compass-needle; I am commanded by their lordships to recommend it to you, to examine into what he hath to offer, and to report your opinion thereupon to them.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

S. CLEVELAND.

LETTER IV.

To Doctor Bradley.

SIR, *Oct.* 25, 1751.

I TROUBLED you lately with a letter, to acquaint you, that I have been favoured by the lords of the admiralty with a commission to be delivered by me to your own hand; and now write again, to intreat the favour of an interview either at Greenwich, or when your affairs call you to town. I have forborn to wait on you at Greenwich, till I know what time will suit you best, lest you should either be not at home, or not at leisure, for my age makes me very fearful of any fruitless fatigue.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Z. WILLIAMS.

LETTER V.

To the Right Hon. Lord Anson.

MY LORD, *Oct.* 25, 1751.

As the benefit of a right knowledge of the longitude, and variations of the compass-needle at sea, has been thought

an object worthy of the public attention and encouragement, many have applied their studies and endeavours to discover that great and important secret.

Having acquired a competent skill in the grounds and principles that led thereto, and humbly presuming that, through God's blessing on my long study and application, I have found out, by certain tables and calculations, such a method as may render it not only practicable, but intelligible to common understandings; I pray leave to lay the same before your lordship.

And as your lordship must be acknowledged the best judge of the justness as well as use of what I have to offer, I shall humbly presume to submit the same to your lordship's examination; and to entreat your protection and patronage, if it shall appear to be deserving of that honour.

I am now in the last stage of life, being above 80 years of age; and can hardly expect to live long enough to see the success, should the scheme, through your lordship's approbation, be carried into execution. But it is no small concern to me to think a secret of so general use should die with me, and be lost to my own country, or that, after my decease, it should be communicated to foreign nations, in case it meet not with a favourable reception here; and so all that labour and pains be lost which for so many years I have been taking, to promote the benefit and advantage both of his majesty's navy, and the whole British navigation in general.

I pray leave to inclose the printed proposals; and humbly presume to hope I may be admitted to the honour of your lordship's presence, in order to answer or explain such inquiries as your lordship may think proper to make; and, in the mean time, I flatter myself with hopes, that your known candour and goodness will receive with favour the well-meant endeavours, as well as person, though almost worn out with age and the want of the necessaries and comforts of life, of, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

Z. WILLIAMS.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. Zach. Williams, at the Rainbow Coffee-house on Fleet-Bridge, London.

SIR, *Greenwich Park, Nov.* 5, 1751.

DR. BRADLEY has ordered me to let you know that he

will meet you at the Rainbow coffee-house, on Fleet-Bridge, between eleven and one o'clock on Thursday next, if he is not prevented; but if you do not see him then, he will let you know further.

I am your humble servant,

JOHN BRADLEY.

LETTER VII.

To Doctor Bradley.

REV. SIR, *Nov.* 11, 1751.

I HAD not the good fortune to receive Mr. Bradley's letter of the 5th. instant till to-day, though I did not miss to inquire daily at the coffee-house; therefore hope you will pardon my not keeping the appointment, which gives me the more uneasiness, as I am informed that you took the trouble of calling upon me there. Let me then again beg the favour that you will appoint another meeting, either there or elsewhere, and you shall be duly waited upon by,

Rev. Sir, &c.

You will oblige me very much, Sir, by sending me a line in answer by the bearer.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. Zachary Williams.

DR. BRADLEY intends to call at the Rainbow coffee-house about eleven o'clock on Thursday next, viz. Nov. 21.

LETTER IX.

To Doctor Bradley.

SIR, *Nov.* 26, 1751.

THE lords of the admiralty have been pleased to refer my system of the variations to your examination; and you have now in your hands the final event of the study and labour of a long life, lost, without your candour, in a fruitless application. I am not soliciting you, by this warm address, to any favour inconsistent with honour, with science, or with truth; nor intreat any thing farther than such expedition as my age now makes necessary, and such a representation to their lordships as may incline them to consider my scheme as worthy of their attention, and to favour me, like others

who have laboured in the same design, with such encouragement, patronage, and assistance, as may enable me to prosecute my experiments and complete my tables.

Z. W.

LETTER X.

To the Lords of the Admiralty.

MY LORDS, *Dec.* 10, 1751.

As my proposal for settling the variation has had the honour to attract the notice of your lordships, and to be referred to the professor of astronomy, I presume to intreat one more act of indulgence; which I flatter myself that your lordships known skill in philosophy and navigation, and that curiosity which science always produces, will incline you to grant.

I have, by the industry of many years, prepared an instrument which may be called an epitome or miniature of the terraqueous globe. It shews the variation of the variations for two hundred years, and consequently resolves by inspection, without any calculus or table, all questions relating to the sailor's needle. If the year for which the variation is required, with the longitude and latitude of the place, be given me, I can immediately shew the variation; if the year, latitude, and variation, be given, I can shew the longitude. As I am conscious to myself of no fraud, I would not decline the severest trial before men who know to how much uncertainty the utmost accuracy which experiment and observation have yet attained is exposed, and who can make the just allowances for the slowness and hesitation of a man now sunk with disappointments, and overborne with more than eighty years. I, therefore, humbly petition for the privilege of exhibiting before your lordships the effects of my instrument, and intreat that such questions may be prepared as shall seem to your lordships sufficient for a trial.

I shall gladly attend at any time and at any place; but hope that your lordships will pardon me, if, in my eighty-third year, I am desirous that nothing which I am to perform may be long delayed. I am, my lords, with great submission and respect, your lordships most humble and most obedient,

Z. WILLIAMS.

LETTER XI.

To the Lords of the Admiralty.

MY LORDS, *Jan.* 2, 1751-2.

I HAVE again taken the liberty to attend your lordships, to return you thanks for the notice with which you have been pleased to honour my proposal, and to intreat the continuance of your favour.

I beg leave to remind your lordships, that the only test of my tables, and of the system on which they are formed, is experience. Mathematicians, mere mathematicians, are apt to be misled by the prejudices of theory, and perhaps sometimes by those of rivalship. They have no immediate interest in the discovery unless it be made by themselves, and therefore are not very forward to find it in the hands of another. For these reasons, I entreat your lordships to take it into your own examination, or to refer it to some able and candid navigators, that I may have the honour of the highest approbation, or at least the satisfaction of being condemned by unexceptionable judges.

I am, my lords, &c.

LETTER XII.

To the Lords of the Admiralty.

MY LORDS,

I HAVE been long hindered by sickness from attending on your board; but presume to hope that your lordships are not now less willing than before to examine and consider my scheme of the variation, and therefore once more implore the favour of a candid trial. If I might be allowed to propose my own judges, I should desire to be tried only by navigators, as the only persons interested in the success of such undertakings, or rather almost the only persons capable of judging, who have not an interest in opposing every scheme but their own. I am, my lords, your lordships most obedient and most humble servant,

Z. WILLIAMS.

LETTER XIII.

To Lord Anson.

MY LORD,

I PRESUME once more to entreat your lordship's attention to my scheme of the variation of the compass.

As all the means hitherto offered for the discovery of the longitude are evidently defective, and all the hypotheses of the magnetic variation, yet proposed, confessedly erroneous; I cannot but hope that your lordship will be pleased to favour a scheme, by which it is conceived that the variation will be complete, and the longitude, by easy deduction, ascertained; since you know, not only by theory, but by long hazardous experience, how much would be added by this improvement to the safety of navigation.

My scheme is easily examined. By an instrument which I have constructed, I shew the variation of any given latitude and longitude; and, as I proceed systematically, a short trial will be sufficient to decide the merit of the performance; for, if the instrument is found to agree with such observations as your lordship shall think worthy of credit, at a few places remote from each other, it may be credited for the interjacent places; it being scarcely to be imagined that an instrument can be constructed upon principles so as to be right in some places without being right likewise in others; as a clock, which we find right at seven and nine, can hardly be conceived wrong at six, eight, or ten.

I humbly entreat that your lordship will be pleased to allow me to attend you with my tables and instrument, which many gentlemen of eminence, both in the theory and practice of navigation, have thought worthy of their notice, for the curiosity of its construction; but which, I believe, your lordship will find to answer more important purposes. I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

Z. WILLIAMS.

P. S. My lord, I have taken the liberty to trouble your lordship with a copy of my last letter directed to the Hon. Board of Admiralty, which has not yet been honoured with any notice.

LETTER XIV.

Dr. Bradley's Report.

DOCTOR BRADLEY says, that he had compared Mr. Williams's tables with the best observations; that, in some cases, they agreed pretty exactly, but, in others, the difference amounted to ten, fifteen, or twenty degrees; that Mr. Williams shewed him a magnetical instrument, by which, as he supposed, the tables were constructed; that Mr. Williams concealed the principles upon which it was made, nor would allow him to see the internal construction of it; that, upon the whole, as his tables can only be proved by comparing them with observations, and in several cases the difference was so very great, he did not think that the instrument, in its present state, could be relied upon at sea.

1787, *Sept. and Dec.*

LXI. Letters from Cowley and Dryden to Dr. Busby.

MR. URBAN, *Oct.* 13.

FROM a collection of letters to Dr. Busby, which I lately purchased, you receive one written by Cowley, undoubtedly original. It is undated; but probably accompanied a present of his two first books of Plants in 1662. For the next month, you shall have two letters from Dryden, and one from Dryden's wife.

Yours, &c.

J. N.

"SIR,

"I should have made you this mean present before, but that I have been out of town; and as some things are too great, soe this is too little to bee sent farre. If I were not well acquainted with your candour, and your particular favour to mee, it would be madnes to venture this criminal in the presence of soe great and soe long-practised a judge of these matters. It may be a fitter entertainment for some of your schollars than for yourself, and is a more proportion-

able companion for the hysop than the cedars of Lebanon. I ask, therefore, your pardon for this liberty, and am, with great respect, Sir, your most humble and most faithful servant,

A. COWLEY."

MR. URBAN, *Oct.* 27.

THE three letters herewith sent you are autographs, the first from the wife of Dryden, the other two from that great poet himself. They are addressed (in 1682 and 1683) to the famous Dr. Busby.

Yours, &c.

EUGENIO.

"HONNORED SIR, *Ascension-day*, 1682.

"I HOPE I need use noe other argument to you in excuse of my sonn for not coming to church to Westminster then this, that he now lies at home, and therefore cannot esilly goe soe farr backwards and forwards. His father and I will take care that he shall duely goe to church heare, both on holydayes and Sundays, till he comes to be more nearly under your care in the college. In the mean time, will you pleas to give me leave to accuse you of forgeting your prommis conserning my eldest sonn, who, as you once assured me, was to have one night in a weeke alowed him to lie at home, in considirasion both of his health and cleanliness; you know, Sir, that prommises mayd to women, and espiceally mothers, will never faill to be cald upon; and thearfore I will add noe more but that I am, at this time your remembrancer, and allwayes, honnard Sir, your humble servant,

E. DRYDEN."

"HONOURD SIR, *Wednesday Morning*, [1682.]

"WE have, with much ado, recovered my younger sonn, who came home extreamly sick with a violent cold, and, as he thinks himselfe, a chine-cough. The truth is, his constitution is very tender; yet his desire of learning, I hope, will inable him to brush through the college. He is allwayes gratefully acknowledging yowr fatherly kindnesse to him; and very willing, to his poore power, to do all things which may continue it. I have no more to add, but only to wish

the eldest may also deserve some part of your good opinion, for I believe him to be of vertuous and pious inclinations; and for both, I dare assure you, that they can promise to themselves no farther share of my indulgence then while they carry themselves with that reverence to you, and that honesty to all others, as becomes them. I am, honourd Sir, your most obedient servant and scholar,

JOHN DRYDEN."

"SIR, [1683.]

"IF I could have found in myselfe a fitting temper to have waited upon you, I had done it the day you dismissed my sonn from the college; for he did the message; and, by what I find from Mr. Meredith, as it was delivered by you to him; namely, that you desired to see me, and had somewhat to say to me concerning him. I observ'd likewise somewhat of kindnesse in it, that you sent him away that you might not have occasion to correct him. I examin'd the business, and found it concern'd his haveing been Custos foure or five dayes together. But if he admonished, and was not believed, because other boys combined to discredit him with false witnesseing, and to save themselves: perhaps his crime is not so great. Another fault it seems he made, which was going into one Hawkes his house, with some others; which you hapning to see, sent your servant to know who they were, and he onely returned you my sonn's name: so the rest escaped. I have no fault to find with my sonn's punishment, for that is, and ought to be, reserv'd to any master, much more to you who have been his father's*. But your man was certainly to blame to name him onely; and 'tis onely my respect to you that I do not take notice of it to him. My first rash resolutions were, to have brought things past any composure, by immediately sending for my sonn's things out of the college; but, upon recollection, I find I have a double tye upon me not to do it: one, my obligations to you for my education; another, my great tendernesse of doeing any thing offensive to my Lord Bishop of Rochester†, as cheife governour of the

* Our poet, John, was elected from Westminster-school to Trin. Coll. Cambridge, in 1650; his cousin, Jonathan, in 1656. Of the "two sons" mentioned in this letter, Charles admitted to the school in 1680, went off to Christ Church in 1683; John, admitted in 1682, to Trin. Coll. in 1685. J. N.

† Dr. John Dolben.

college. It does not consist with the honour I beare him and you to go so precipitately to worke; no, not so much as to have any difference with you, if it can possibly be avoyded. Yet, as my sonn stands now, I cannot see with what credit he can be elected; for, being but sixth, and (as you are pleased to judge) not deserving that neither, I know not whether he may not go immediately to Cambridge, as well as one of his own election went to Oxford this yeare by youre consent. I will say nothing of my second sonn, but that, after you had been pleased to advise me to waite on my Lord Bishop for his favour, I found he might have had the first place if you had not opposed it; and I likewise found at the election, that, by the pains you had taken with him, he in some sort deserved it. I hope, Sir, when you have given yourselfe the trouble to read thus farr, you, who are a prudent man, will consider, that none complaine, but they desire to be reconciled at the same time; there is no mild expostulation at least, which does not intimate a kindness and respect in him who makes it. Be pleased, if there be no merit on my side, to make it your own act of grace to be what you were formerly to my sonn. I have done something, so farr to conquer my own spirit as to ask it: and, indeed, I know not with what face to go to my Lord Bishop, and to tell him I am takeing away both my sonns; for, though I shall tell him no occasion, it will looke like a disrespect to my old Master, of which I will not be guilty if it be possible. I shall add no more, but hope I shall be so satisfyed with a favourable answer from you, which I promise to myselfe from your goodnesse and moderation, that I shall still have occasion to continue, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

1787, *Oct. and Nov.* JOHN DRYDEN."

LXII. Extracts of Letters from Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Watkins.

London, Sept. 30, 1721.

PRIOR has had a narrow escape by dying; for, if he had lived, he had married a brimstone bitch, one Bessy Cox, that keeps an alehouse in Long-acre. Her husband died about a month ago; and Prior has left his estate between his servant Jonathan Drift and Bessy Cox. Lewis got drunk with punch with Bess night before last. Do not say where

you had this news of Prior. I hope all my mistress's ministers will not behave themselves so.

London, Oct. 10, 1721.

THERE is great care taken, now it is too late, to keep Prior's will secret, for it is thought not to be too reputable for Lord Harley to execute this will. Be so kind as to say nothing whence you had your intelligence. We are to have a bowl of punch at Bessy Cox's. She would fain have put it upon Lewis that she was his Emma; she owned, Flanders Jane was his Chloe. I know no security from these dotages in batchelors, but to repent of their mis-spent time and marry with all speed. Pray tell your fellow traveller so.

1787, *Dec.*

LXIII. Letters from Richard Savage*, a few weeks before his death.

LETTER I.

MR. STRONG, *Bristol, June* 19, 1743.

I AM heartily glad all things are safe with you as to your place.

I received yours, dated June 6, ten days after date. I wish I knew whether this was owing to the fault of Mr. Pyne. You delayed writing so long, that I began to imagine I should never hear of you, or at least from you, again. Mr. Dagget was near a fortnight in London. He tells me you sent to him at his inn (by which I knew you had received my letter,) to know when he could be at leisure to see you. He sent you a kind invitation by your messenger; but never saw or heard from you, to his great surprize, afterwards. He would have been very glad to have seen you. Mrs. Harris is at London, in Newgate. There has happened so great a quarrel between her and Mr. Dagge, that she called him murderer,

* They were addressed "to Mr. Strong, at the General Post-Office;" the friend, of whose name Dr. Johnson has given only the initial, in the letter to Mr. Cave, which he has preserved in the "Life of Savage." N.

† "The tender gaoler," to whose "humanity" Dr. Johnson bore "public attestation." N.

before the judges of the King's Bench, in open court. I am sure he used her very kindly here to the very last. The news-papers never mention her, and we have heard nothing of her since her commitment there. Let me know if you hear any thing concerning her. She was always obliging to me, and I heartily wish her life safe. You may venture to call on her on a Sunday, and remember me to her kindly.

As for Mr. Wever's affair, what he desired you to do, was done for him by Mr. Dagge when in London. Mr. Nash* (though I wrote to him since) has never once wrote or sent to me.

I received a letter from my sister†, and one from my niece†, the very post after my writing to you. My sister's I answered in a long letter of three sides of paper. I am amazed at not hearing from you that she has received my answer: surely Mr. Pyne would not dare to intercept it. I take it very kind that you called on her. I directed mine to her exactly according to her own direction; and would not, on any consideration, it should miscarry.

Mr. Crozier is dead, and his widow will not renew her action against me. As for Madam Wolf Bitch‡, the African monster, Mr. Dagge, unknown to me, offered her, before he went to London, three guineas to release me. She asked time to consider of it; and, at his return to Bristol, sent him word, that she was determined to keep me in confinement a twelvemonth: however, she will soon be perhaps sick of her resolution. Through Mr. Ward's means, I was last court-day but one sent for up by *habeas corpus* to the Guildhall, where a rule, on my appearance there, was entered, to force her to proceed to execution; which if she does not by the next court-day, her action will be superseded; and if she does, then Madam Wolf Bitch must allow the two shillings and four-pence per week§. However, as I was standing at our door in the street (which I am allowed to do alone whenever I please,) who should be passing by one evening but Mr. Becket? He was reduced so thin by a fever, which lasted him ten weeks, that I scarce knew him. In

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* Beau Nash gave him five guineas when first taken into custody, and promised to promote a subscription for him at Bath with all his interest. N.

† Who and what were this sister and niece of Savage? N.

‡ He was arrested for eight pounds at the suit of a Mrs. Read, who kept a coffee-house. N.

§ This confirms what we are told by Dr. Johnson, that "he took care to enter his name according to the forms of the court, that the creditor might be obliged to make him some allowance, if he was continued a prisoner." N.

he came, and we drank in Mr. Dagge's parlour one negus and two pints of wine. He told me, the city were highly exasperated at my Satire*, and that some of the merchants would, by way of revenge, subscribe the two and four-pence to confine me still. But this I looked on as bravado, and treated it with contempt. One day last week Mr. Dagge, finding me at the door, asked me to take a walk with him, which I did a mile beyond Baptist Mill, in Gloucestershire; where, at a public-house, he treated me with ale and toddy. Baptist Mill is the pleasantest walk near this city. I found the smell of the new-mown hay very sweet, and every breeze was reviving to my spirits. I had forgot, when I mentioned Crozier, to tell you, that, when he was alive, Mr. Dagge offered him to take the note he charged me with, in lieu of a debt which Crozier owed him, in order that the said Crozier might have been no bar to my release, had Madam Wolf Bitch been pleased to consent to it as far as it related to her ladyship. This Mr. Dagge offered of his own accord, which made it still a more generous action. When I appeared at the Guildhall, the court paid me great deference and respect. Is the devil always to possess that worthless fellow Saunders? can he never open his mouth in conversation, but out of it must issue a lie? can he never set to writing a letter, but immediately a lie must drop from his pen upon the paper? I have a copy of what I wrote to him, taken by Mr. Weaver; and I shewed the original to the two reverend gentlemen, Mr. Price and Mr. Davies, before I sent it, who can all three attest that I have not mentioned you as my author for one of those facts for which the dog says I have mentioned you. As for the impudent manner in which he says I wrote to him, those words shall cost him dear, unless he retracts them, and asks my pardon under his own hand-writing. He sent me an answer to mine, stuffed with prevarication, poor weak reasoning, and false facts; beginning in the haughty style of an emperor, and ending in the low fawning, fearful air of a spaniel. I intend very shortly to expose him in print, as he deserves, and paste him up at the Tolzey, as he has done Mr. Hooke before; and I shall let him know by a message he may depend upon this, unless he pays you the note he owes you, with legal interest and asks of me forgiveness.

Mr. Davies is frequently here. Mr. Price visits me in a friendly manner, and not long ago sent me a present of

* "London and Bristol delineated."

four pint-bottles of excellent rum, and two of as fine shrub, for punch. I am sincerely your well-wisher and servant,

R. SAVAGE.

P. S. For God's sake, call on my dear sister, and let her know the state of my affairs.

R. SAVAGE.

LETTER II.

To Mr. Strong, at the Post-Office.

June 21, 1743.

I SENT your letter to Mrs. Dowding by Mr. Barret, who says he delivered it safe. Saunders has published another Dialogue in Mr. Cave's Magazine for last month, and it is a most wretched performance. When he attempts poetry without assistance, he exposes himself more than any enemy can expose him. Pray mention not Newgate on the direction of any letter to me; there is no occasion for it, and it may hurt me. Pray tell my sister the same, and desire her only to put Bristol in her direction; and, to avoid miscarriages, let her (which she never does) add my christian-name to my sur-name. I wrote to my niece this post.

I was yesterday, in the afternoon, out upon a field-walk again with Mr. Dagge, and we also regaled ourselves at a public-house in the city.

Pray lose not a post in letting me know whether the judges have decided Mrs. Harris's case; and if so, how it is determined. It will oblige Mr. Dagge, who, with Mrs. Dagge and Mortimer, desire to be remembered to you.

I broke this letter open since it was first sealed in order to write this Postscript. Pray call on my sister.

I cannot but smile at Saunders—he calls you "poor creature!" he stole that very expression out of my letter to him, where, with great propriety, it was applied to himself.

1787, *Dec.* R. SAVAGE.

LXIV. From Thomas Hearne to Lord Harley on the Alexandrian MS. of the New Testament.

MR. URBAN, *Nov.* 26.

IT afforded me great pleasure, upon looking over some MSS. in the British Museum, to find, among a collection

of letters from Mr. Hearne to Edward Lord Harley, one which I could not help particularly noticing. It contains an anticipated encomium on the truly learned Dr. Woide, to whom the Republic of Letters is so justly indebted, for his laborious undertaking—of publishing a fac-simile of the famous Alexandrian Manuscript.—I trust his reward has been more than adequate to his labours,—for empty honours are of poor avail.—The encomium, however just, might appear indelicate, did it not appear in the writing of a stranger, as well as having been written very nearly seventy years since.

MSS. Harl. 1757, *fol. H.*

"My Lord, *Oxon, Jan.* 3, 1715-16.

"Upon the receipt of your Lordship's very kind letter of the 27th. of last month, I waited upon Dr. Stratford, who hath undertaken the trouble of returning me the five guineas, after he hath seen your Lordship at London. In the mean time I renew my thanks for this designed present, and for your Lordship's generous offer of the use of any MSS. that are to be met with in your own collection. I was never yet in London; but, if I should happen to come thither, I should take the opportunity of noting down whatever curious MSS. (particularly such as concern our own history and antiquities) I should find, that are not to be met with in this place. I shall be very glad if I can satisfy any query of your Lordship's. I have no copy of the better paper of Leland's Itinerary. That which I designed to keep for myself, was long since disposed of by me to Sir Thomas Sebright. 'Tis a great satisfaction to me, that your Lordship is pleased with my edition of the Acts of the Apostles. I wish we had more of the old version besides that which is published with this edition. 'Twould be a great piece of service to the public, if the Alexandrian MS. were printed in the same manner; that is, letter for letter, as it is written, without any alteration. Improvements might be made afterwards, either by the publisher, or by other learned men. 'Tis pity Dr. Grabe had not taken this method: he might have finished the work before he died. There is as much reason for printing MSS. in capital letters (provided they are written in such characters,) as there is for printing inscriptions in that manner. The only objection I can see is, that the exact bigness and figure of the letters cannot be retained, unless letters be cast on purpose. But the same may be also offered with respect to inscriptions. 'Tis

sufficient that a specimen of the letter is given at the beginning, the make of the letters in these MSS. seldom or never varying; at least the variations are not momentous. I wish your Lordship many happy new years; and am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged, humble servant,

THO. HEARNE."

"*For the Rt. Honble. the Lord Harley, at Wimple, near Cambridge.*"

1787, *Dec.*

LXV. David Hume to Sir John Pringle, M. D. on the Pretender's being in London.

St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, Feb. 10, 1773.

MY DEAR SIR,

THAT the present Pretender was in London in the year 1753, I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Marechal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge.—Two or three days after his lordship gave me this information, he told me, that the evening before he had learned several curious particulars from a lady (who I imagined to be Lady Primrose,) though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room when she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name: she thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him; but she had presence enough of mind to call him by the name he assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the prince's picture which hung on the chimney-piece in the very room in which he entered.—My lord added (I think from the authority of the same lady,) that he used so little precaution, that he went abroad openly in day-light in his own dress, only laying aside his blue ribband and star; walked once through St. James's, and took a turn in the Mall.

About five years ago, I told this story to Lord Holderness, who was Secretary of State in the year 1753; and I

added, that I supposed this piece of intelligence had at that time escaped his lordship. By no means, said he; and who do you think first told it me? It was the king himself; who subjoined, "And what do you think, my Lord, I should do with him?" Lord Holderness owned that he was puzzled how to reply, for if he declared his real sentiments, they might favour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by adding, "My Lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England, he will go abroad again."—I think this story, for the honour of the late king, ought to be more generally known.

But what will surprise you more, Lord Marechal, a few days after the coronation of the present king, told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the shew of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. Why, says he, a gentleman told me so that saw him there, and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words: "Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here." "It was curiosity that led me," said the other; "but I assure you," added he, "that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence, is the man I envy the least." You see this story is so near traced from the fountain-head, as to wear a great face of probability. Query, what if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?

I find that the Pretender's visit in England in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites; and some of them have assured me, that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the New Church in the Strand! and that this is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the court of Rome. I own that I am a sceptic with regard to the last particulars.

Lord Marechal had a very bad opinion of this unfortunate prince, and thought there was no vice so mean or atrocious of which he was not capable; of which he gave me several instances.—My lord, though a man of great honour, may be thought a discontented courtier; but what quite confirmed me in that idea of that prince, was a conversation I had with Helvetius at Paris, which I believe I have told you. In case I have not, I shall mention a few particulars. That gentleman told me that he had no acquaintance with the Pretender; but some time after that prince was chaced out

of France, a letter, said he, was brought me from him, in which he told me, that the necessity of his affairs obliged him to be at Paris, and as he knew me by character to be a man of the greatest probity and honour in France, he would trust himself to me if I would promise to conceal and protect him. I own, added Helvetius to me, although I knew the danger to be greater of harbouring him at Paris than at London; and although I thought the family of Hanover not only the lawful sovereigns in England, but the only lawful sovereigns in Europe, as having the free consent of the people; yet was I such a dupe to his flattery, that I invited him to my house, concealed him there, going and coming, near two years, had all his correspondence pass through my hands, met with his partizans upon Pont Neuf, and found at last that I had incurred all this danger and trouble for the most unworthy of all mortals; insomuch that I have been assured, when he went down to Nantz to embark on his expedition to Scotland, he took fright, and refused to go on board; and his attendants, thinking the matter gone too far, and that they would be affronted for his cowardice, carried him in the night-time into the ship, *pieds et mains liés.* I asked him, if he meant literally. Yes, said he, literally: they tied him, and carried him by main force. What think you now of this hero and conqueror?

Both Lord Marechal and Helvetius agree, that with all this strange character, he was no bigot, but rather had learned from the philosophers at Paris to affect a contempt of all religion. You must know that both these persons thought they were ascribing to him an excellent quality. Indeed both of them used to laugh at me for my narrow way of thinking in those particulars. However my dear Sir John, I hope you will do me the justice to acquit me.

I doubt not but these circumstances will appear curious to Lord Hardwicke, to whom you will please to present my respects. I suppose his lordship will think this unaccountable mixture of temerity and timidity in the same character not a little singular.

I am yours very sincerely,

1788, *May.* DAVID HUME.

LXVI. The Rev. Dr. Free to Archbishop Moore.

MY LORD, *Feb.* 9, 1788.

I BEG leave to present your grace with the fourth edition of my History of the English Tongue, begun by the permission of his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, for the use of his eldest son, now King George the Third, which honour was communicated to me by Mr. Drax, Secretary to his Royal Highness; but the prince dying before it was printed, I missed of my reward, and with it my future hopes of preferment.

For though there could not be in my station a better subject, to one of the best of princes King George the Second, as your grace will see by the papers which accompany this book; yet I found my services overlooked, or obstructed, by the Duke of Newcastle and his adherents:—Of this I was convinced once for all, by the unsuccessful application of a great man abroad, who was much a favourite of King George the Second, and chancellor of his University of Gottingen, Baron Mosheim, with whom I kept a Latin correspondence, and who, out of friendship, immediately took a journey from Gottingen to Hanover, where the king was at that time, to solicit a prebend of Bristol for me, which was then vacant; but meeting there the Duke of Newcastle, he was told that it was disposed of.

During the administration of my Lord Bute, I presented my petition to the king, a copy of which accompanies this book; by which your grace will see, that by some misrepresentation I was again disappointed.

My dependencies upon churchmen, were altogether as delusive as those which were founded upon the favour of ministers of state. I have been connected with three bishops as my diocesans, esteemed by them all, but never preferred by any.

The first was Bishop Peploe, when I was vicar of Runcorn in Cheshire: his politics and mine agreed. I associated with him in the rebellion, for the defence of the king and royal family; but, having relations, he could not gratify me with a prebend of Chester, the height of my request. Upon my return from Cheshire to Oxford, the rebels were advanced as far as Derby, when I preached at St. Mary's, the famous 5th. of November, a sermon, which procured the curses of the other party, who abused me in every Jacobite paper through England; and the then minis-

try, through fear of displeasing them, consented to such a sacrifice; robbed of my pupils by the party, I left the University, and went to teach school in Southwark.

Here I had hopes at this time from Dr. Willes of Bath and Wells, the second bishop under whom I served:—His name appears amongst my father's friends, who was a sufferer for the royal cause, in the rebellion of the year 1715, as may be seen in my petition to the king. Dr. Willes was under promise of providing for me, which was made to the warden and fellows of Merton College in Oxford, where I was disappointed of a fellowship, to make room for one of his friends. Being removed from Runcorn in Cheshire, to East Coker, a vicarage of the same mean value, which was in his diocese—every body imagined that I should be a prebendary of Wells and so forth; but the bishop died before he could provide for me. The third diocesan is the present bishop of that see [Dr. Moss,] a very worthy gentleman, with whom I have lived upon very good terms; but places in his cathedral would be too long to expect, and the charge of a parish I would not now undertake.

For, during these periods, I am advancing to the age of 77 years; had been a public preacher, at the time I left the pulpit, 54 years; a doctor in divinity 44, without any share of preferment from the patronage or patrimony of the church, but a vicarage about 70*l.* the year, to struggle with the world and bring up a family:—Reduced by this situation, I am obliged to the charity of the laity to make up deficiencies. *Emeritus Miles Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, a worn-out invalid, who has served in 54 campaigns, and finds himself in a worse situation than a Chelsea pensioner; for they are supported by the military establishment, whilst a clergyman, whose writings, preaching, and behaviour, have been irreproachable, is turned over to another profession—to ask for bread.

While I am giving this detail, my lord, I would not have it thought, though it looks suspicious, that I am applying to your grace for your personal charity for my subsistence.—No; it is the church that I demand it of:—These are the ὑστερήματα Χριστοῦ, which, by St. Paul's leave, I choose to construe the arrears of the church, which I demand for the loss of my time and labour, to be brought to an account, and see it settled before I go hence. I beg leave to deposit these demands in your grace's hands, not doubting but, when you have power and opportunity, your grace will do me justice.

In the late scramble for preferment, I had thoughts once more of applying to the minister, in the throng of the

clergy attending his levee as minister for church and state, that while the rest were striving to gratify that ambition, I might meet with some of the fragments of the loaves and fishes; for there were many to be fed; but then it occurred, that I might not be quick enough; being old, the young ones would out-run me, or I might be thrown down in the scuffle. This shewed that on such an occasion I ought to have an advocate more powerful than myself.

But where should I find a person in power of that affability and freedom of access, to receive a petition from the disappointed; of that humanity, as well from their disposition as from experience, to pity their sufferings; of that activity in their high station to endeavour their relief; of that compass of thought as a politician, to look upon it as a bad symptom in a state to see a good subject distressed in and by the community, which he all his life-time faithfully served, and moved thereby from the love and credit of his country to seek for their redress?

Upon reflection, I could not find another person of high rank with whose character this description so well agrees as with that of his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; and from this persuasion, I make bold to beg the favour of your grace to be my advocate, and represent my case to Mr. Pitt, who is generally well spoken of for his good disposition, and whose sentiments may be the same with your own. His father, Lord Chatham, professed an esteem for me: I have received compliments from Hayes on account of some of my works which he approved; and that he regarded my politics, I have an evident proof from his adopting my plan of invading Normandy, first published in the 58th. Monitor, Saturday, September 1756, which paper is luckily preserved, notwithstanding the violent removal of my writings, and is requested to be returned when seen by Mr. Pitt; for this descent upon Normandy, was followed by the reduction of Cherburg, and the conquest of Bellisle, which if not given up at the peace, would have been of the same advantage to England, as the possession of the Isle of Wight would be to France.

These are some of the services I have rendered my country, both in church and state, for which I do not expect at this time such a reward as my long residence in the University, and the expences of my four degrees, might in equity and ancient custom require, because of late those emoluments have gone to people of another stamp, who have never seen an University; but as matters now stand, and for present use, that Mr. Pitt would be so good as to

give me a small pension to enable me to buy my own bread as I used to do, and, that I may not be altogether another Aristides, to provide me a coffin when I make my exit.

I am, my Lord &c.

[To this his grace said, that it was a melancholy thing for a person who had been so long in the profession, and so active in it, to have his bread to seek at this time; and that he would represent the case to Mr. Pitt. His grace afterwards did him signal service.]

1788, *May.*

LXVII. The Rev. S. Pegge to the Rev. Charles Hope, Minister of All Saints, Derby, relative to the subscription for the reparation, &c. of the Cathedral Church of Lichfield.

DEAR SIR, *Whittington, May* 10.

AS the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield are at this time promoting a subscription throughout the diocese of Lichfield and Coventry, with the approbation and good wishes of the Honourable and Right Reverend the Bishop, for the purpose of making certain repairs, alterations, decorations, and improvements, in the Cathedral of Lichfield, it may not be improper to inquire into the ground and foundation of such their application, and to shew, in few words, that it is a requisition neither unreasonable nor novel.

The fabric of this Cathedral, Sir, is ancient and elegant, inferior to very few in this kingdom; but, by length of time, and through the inability of the Dean and Chapter, who have but a scanty fund for its support, is grown much out of order, and in some parts ruinous. One material inconvenience, to mention no others, nor the want of a general repair, attends it, which is, that the congregation, by reason of the smallness and incommodiousness of the choir, are obliged to remove, whenever there is a sermon, into the nave or body of the church; a circumstance very awkward, disagreeable, and troublesome.

The Dean and Chapter, Sir, have no fund, as was observed, adequate even to the common and necessary reparation of their Cathedral, and much less competent for undertaking a work of such magnitude as that now intended, which, according to the estimate of Mr. James Wyatt, the Architect, amounts to the sum of 5950l. and upwards.

Now, Sir, in regard to the step which the Dean and Chapter are taking, of soliciting donations from the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese, for the purpose of gaining aid and assistance towards accomplishing the arduous, and necessary, and honourable enterprise, it may be observed, that at the foundation of this Cathedral in the middle of the seventh century, the Cathedral was esteemed to be the Mother Church of the whole Diocese, and that the Parochial Churches were altogether dependent upon it; that the Clergy, who then resi led with the Bishop, issued from the Cathedral to serve and officiate at the several Churches in the Diocese, and that the Diocese for that reason was commonly called *Parochia*, as if the few Parish Churches existing in those times were to be considered as but so many Chapels of Ease to the Cathedral. Hence it came to pass, that, for many ages after the country congregations made annual processions to the Cathedral as to their Mother Church, that the Parochial Clergy fetched the Chrism from thence, and that their parishioners made a yearly payment to the Cathedral for the sustentation and maintenance thereof; this went under the name of *Pentecostals*, or *Whitsun Farthings*, because usually paid at that season of the year; and, in the case of Lichfield in particular, was termed *Chad-Pennies*, or *Chad-Farthings*; the Cathedral there being dedicated to St. Chad, and put under his more immediate patronage and protection.

This payment of Pentecostals, Sir, or *Chad-Farthings*, the Bishop, John Hacket, probably had in his eye, when, after the horrible havock and devastation committed in the Cathedral of Lichfield by the Oliverians, he, at the Restoration, sent about his circular letters to the Clergy and Gentlemen of his Diocese, to beg money for the reparation, beautifying, and restoring of his Church to its pristine splendor. These letters succeeded admirably, and certainly are a fair precedent for the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield to follow in the present exigence, as it may serve to convince every one, that it is no novel or unreasonable mode of raising money which they are pursuing, but that they may have the example and sanction of former times, and consequently Gentlemen and others may be induced by it to contribute the more liberally.

I am, Sir,
Your affectionate brother,
And most obedient servant,

1788, *June.* SAMUEL PEGGE.

LXVIII. Letters from Mr. Henderson to Dr. Priestley.

MR. URBAN, *April* 18.

AS one of your correspondents has expressed a desire of having some information concerning the late Mr. Henderson's pretension to intercourse with spirits, &c. I send you two of his letters to me, which are curious in themselves, and may throw some light on the subject. They will likewise give a better idea of the man than any thing written by another person concerning him can do. Also, as I imagine it is generally supposed that I am the person intended by the *Doctor*, whom the writer of Mr. Henderson's life represents as believing he had this power, the reader may be able to judge from the second letter of the probability of this circumstance.

When I lived at Calne, and presently after the publication of my *Disquisitions relating to Matter and Spirit*, I received an anonymous letter from Bristol about some intercourse with spirits; and hearing that Miss Hannah More had said that the letter probably came from Mr. Henderson, I wrote to him about it; and as the letter was carried by a friend who was going to Oxford, I told Mr. Henderson, that, if he could call up any spirit, my friend was willing to be disposed of as he should think proper for the purpose. In what manner I expressed myself I do not now recollect; but it is evident that Mr. Henderson did not consider me as very credulous on the subject.

J. PRIESTLEY.

"SIR, *Hanham, Aug.* 29, 1774.

"I HOPE your goodness will pardon this presumption from a stranger unworthy your notice; and likewise my not franking this letter, as I have no franks, and can get none. If you can condescend thus much, I have one request more, that you would answer me.

"I was brought up with some prejudices of education, which I hope I have now got over. This I owe in no small measure to the candour of my father, who, though he inculcated his own principles on me, left me to my own judgment. At first I received these principles without hesitation, and soon became acquainted with the best arguments for them. I had no opportunity for a long time to converse with judicious men of contrary sentiments, so that I easily vanquished those who contradicted me. But yet my mind suggested

many difficulties which I could not solve. Hence I began to doubt. Imparting my doubts to some friends, I was told there were mysteries in Religion; that I should take God's word for them, and pry no further. This satisfied me for a while, but not long: for I considered, let a mystery be what it may, God would not deliver absurdities. Again, it does not follow that all our Bible is divine because some is. And if any part of our Bible contain absurdities, &c. that part is not divine. I could not get books on any subject. I wanted instruction on Predestination, Remission of Sins, Assistance of the Spirit, Eternity of Hell Torments, and various other points. My friends could not satisfy me. At length I surmounted these difficulties, wading through many doubts, and little less than infidelity. I now believe that the prophecies in our Bible were given by God; that the Gospels are true; that whatever we believe should accord with the speeches of Christ therein recorded. I believe the doctrine of original sin to be absurd. I believe the spirit of God only assists our apprehension. I believe the fore-knowledge of God, held by the Arminians, to be equal to the decree of God held by the Calvinists; that they are both wrong; and the truth is, the pains of hell are purgatory. These I believe; and have reasons, which I think substantial, for them. Many things I yet doubt of; among these, are the Trinity and the Mediation of Christ.

"I am in such a state of mind as to be shocked at no assertion, and to submit to any argument which I cannot answer.

"I beg that you would be pleased to assist me in the Mediation of Christ: for I own I do not like the doctrine of his being a sacrifice; yet he is so represented by Paul and John. And, though I am not certain of the infallibility of the Epistles, yet I do not chuse to contradict them, lest they may be true.

"JOHN HENDERSON.

"P. S. Please to direct for me at Mr. Wait's, grocer, in Castle-street, Bristol."

LETTER II.

"I HOPE you will not take it ill, when he informs you that I have not seen your friend. I was from my rooms (for a few hours) when he came to seek me. I staid at home all the following day, but found no more of him. Had I known

where he lodged in Oxford, I should have visited him. Excuse me then that I must take the other communication you proposed, and send this by post.

"Of the anonymous letter from Bristol, which you mention, I know nothing. It was, probably, written by some one, I hope well-meaning, who wished to check your philosophic Disquisitions of Matter and Spirit. That such information should excite the curiosity, especially of one so incredulous, I cannot wonder. But such curiosity I neither blame nor neglect.

"That I may satisfy you, I will tell you, 1. who I am: 2. whether I believe those things: 3. whether I be willing to demonstrate their truth sensibly; 4. what good ground that information had.

"I. As to myself, I shall only write what I think pertinent to this purpose. I had a small school-education. I loved reading, and thought from my earliest years. Peculiarly I was attached to religious, and, though at first I knew not the term, metaphysic studies. These (both in the *authors* and *systems*, or courses of learning), having no teacher, meeting with none but such as slighted, blamed, pitied my turn of thinking, or only wondered at it—these I pursued not *regularly*, but as they occurred to a boy discountenanced, uninformed, with scattered intervals of scanty leisure, and a very few, unselect, out-of-the-way books. As one thought introduces another, so does a book. Both increased to me in time. So did some kind and degree of seeming knowledge. Opinions multiplied and varied; but doubts exceeded. Sceptical as those made me, they did me good; 1. in making me never positive; 2. nor unwilling to change; 3. nor a despiser of those who thought otherwise than I. I mention my being very doubtful, the rather because you will agree with me, that, when one thinks no certainty is to be found, one will be less nice in assenting to insufficient evidence. Perhaps I am an instance. I have nothing to add of myself, but to thank you for your kind attention to letters of mine (some years ago,) for your hints, and the books you lent and gave to me. Do not you recollect it?

"II. Do I believe those things? 1. I have no reason to think them absurd or impossible. 2. They are commonly asserted in all ages; 3. and generally believed. 4. I find myself more at ease in believing them; my notions are suitable. Thence, it may be on bad proof, I assent that there are such things. You will the less wonder at such a belief, when I add, that I not only assent to spirits, apparitions, magic, and witchcraft, but that I allow Behmen's philosophy, and

Swedenborg's visions. Yea, I deny hardly any thing of that sort. So you will perceive that I easily believe, and require not too much demonstration.

"III. Whether I be willing to demonstrate their truth sensibly? 1. I do not know that I can give any such exhibition. 2. The faith itself is not interesting, nor have I the least wish to convince any. 3. My conscience is not clear that such acts are innocent. 4. They would not be, at least may not, demonstrations. A sensible man, when I had asked, "Would you be convinced if I shewed you a spirit?" answered, "No; I should grant any thing at the time, but afterward I should think you had frighted me out of my senses and then you could make me believe any nonsense."

"IV. What good ground had that information? I will tell you all I know. I have asked Miss More. She says, had you asked her, she would have told you that she knew nothing of the matter. Many people have known that I studied astrology, geomancy, and magic, and was of an abstract mind. They surmised. Common things looked extraordinary. Little things were greater. I was reported a conjuror. I was teased to tell fortunes, raise spirits, and sometimes to cast out a devil. Some pretended to a graver curiosity, and asked me for a positive answer to, 'Have you not seen and raised a spirit?' I always replied, 'I will tell you any thing about them out of books, but as to my own experience I will not say,' 'Can you deny it?' I said, 'I will not deny it.' Thence they affirmed it abroad. To sum up all: 1. I believe. 2. I think I have reason. 3. No one was ever witness to any appearance with me. 4. I never told any one that ever I raised a spirit. 5. I will not deny it, I have said sometimes, that I thought I had seen a spirit.

"As I take it, your main wish is to know, 1. If I believe such an exhibition possible? I do. 2. If I have done it? I never did say, nor mean to say, that I have; but (for some reason) I will not deny it. 3. If I can do it? I do not know that I can. 4. If I be willing to try? I had rather be excused.

"I have now answered your letter as satisfactorily as I can. You see you need not be in any apprehensions for your philosophy on account of any experimental knowledge of mine. If I can say any thing more that is worth the while on this subject, or a better, I shall be glad of an epistle from you.

"Farewell. I esteem you; and opinions I regard little. I am obliged by your friendly expressions in the letter. I wish you all good and success in doing it. I should have

answered sooner, but for bad eyes, and the company of strangers.

JOHN HENDERSON,
Pembroke College, Oxford; or at
Hanham, near Bristol, when in that country."

1789, *April.*

LXIX. From Dr. Johnson.

MR. URBAN, *May* 1, 1789.

THE original letter, of which I here send you a copy, is in the possession of Richard Beatniffe, Esq. the recorder of Hull, and relates to a person who is much distinguished in most of the late publications concerning Dr. Johnson.

Yours, &c.

W. R.

SIR, *Bolt-court, Fleet-street, Feb.* 14, 1782.

ROBERT LEVET, with whom I had been connected by a friendship of many years, died lately at my house. His death was sudden, and no will has yet been found; I therefore gave notice of his decease in the papers, that an heir, if he has any, may appear. He has left very little; but of that little his brother is doubtless heir, and your friend may be perhaps his brother. I have had another application from one who calls himself his brother; and I suppose it is fit that the claimant should give some proof of his relation. I would gladly know, from the gentleman that thinks himself R. Levet's brother,

In what year, and in what parish, R. Levet was born?
Where or how was he educated?
What was his early course of life?
What were the marks of his person; his stature; the colour of his eyes?
Was he marked by the small-pox?
Had he any impediment in his speech?
What relations had he, and how many are now living?

His answer to these questions will shew whether he knew him; and he may then proceed to shew that he is his brother. He may be sure, that nothing shall be hastily wasted or

removed. I have not looked into his boxes, but transferred that business to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, of character above suspicion.

SAM. JOHNSON.

LXX. Bishop Newton to a Gentleman at Lichfield.

MR. URBAN, *May* 2.

THE inclosed is the original of a letter from the late very learned Bp. Newton, addressed to a worthy divine at Lichfield, since also deceased; and will doubtless be acceptable to your readers.

Yours, &c.

EUGENIO.

Grosvenor-street, March 29, 1759.

MUCH am I obliged to my good friend for his accurate perusal and candid approbation of my Discourses on the Prophecies. Of all books the Revelation will admit of the greatest variety of interpretation. If I have succeeded in all the material parts, it is commendation sufficient. It is difficult, as I say, to trace out every minute resemblance. The full and perfect comprehension of this book will make part of the happiness of the glorious millennium. I can only exhibit what appears to me most probable; and my interpretation of the 14th chapter still appears to me more probable than yours.—The clue that has principally conducted me through both parts of the Revelation, has been following the series of history and the successive order of events. After the description of the two beasts, secular and ecclesiastical, whose power was established, according to my opinion, in the 8th century, but, according to most other commentators, much sooner, there would be a very long chasm, without the prediction of any memorable events, if the 14th chapter, as you say, relates to the time immediately preceding the first resurrection, or the millennium. What a long interval would that be without any prophecy! and how thick the events would follow afterwards! For all the particulars, not only of the 14th, but also of the 16th, 18th, and 19th chapters, must all be fulfilled before the commencement of the millennium. I can hardly frame, even, in imagination, any events that can answer more exactly to the proclamations of

the three angels than the three principal efforts towards a Reformation. Charlemain, Valdo, Luther, and their followers, certainly deserve as exalted characters as are here given them; and it would be very strange, that there should be so many prophecies relating to the downfall of Popery, and yet none concerning the Reformation. The church of this period is not represented in that state of triumph and jubilation as you seem to imagine; there are hints of their suffering persecution in this very chapter: but if it was, as you imagine, yet why may not the true church be represented like the apostles and first Christians, "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," as "glorying in tribulation," as being "exceeding joyful in tribulation," &c? If the dead are "blessed from henceforth," because they shall remain a shorter time in the separate state, and be sooner raised again, why is not that reason assigned, but quite different ones, "that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them?" These are reasons for "the blessedness of the dead, who die in the Lord," which hold equally at all times, and cannot be restrained and limited to any particular time; and therefore, I conceive, the words "from henceforth" refer not so much to "the blessedness of the dead," which is always the same, as to the writing and promulgating of this doctrine. I have expressed a doubt, whether those prophecies of Ezekiel (chap. xxxviii. and xxxix.) and that of St. John (chap. xx.) may not relate to the same event; but I rather incline to think, that they relate to different events, for the reasons I have given. I believe those prophecies of Ezekiel to synchronize with the latter part of the 11th chapter of Daniel, and to relate to the fall of the Othman empire, which includes Gomer and many Europeans, as well as other nations. If Gog and Magog in the Revelation are the same, and are not *mystic names*, as I say, then we must suppose the Othman empire to subsist throughout the millennium, which I can never believe, nor reconcile with other prophecies. We shall have opportunities, I hope, of talking over these and other topics more at large, when I come to Lichfield this summer; and then I will moderate, if you please, between you and Charles Howard. If he was no better an advocate than he seems a divine, I should be sorry for his clients, provided you do, as I suppose you do, represent his arguments fairly. You who live in the country have fine time to prosecute your studies, and to exercise and amuse yourselves with literary disputations; but we, who live in town, at least I can speak for myself, have so many interruptions and avocations, that it is not easy to find

opportunities to express how truly I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and obliged humble servant,

1789, *May.* THOMAS NEWTON.

LXXI. Dr. Benjamin Franklin to John Alleyne, Esq.

DEAR JACK, *Craven-street, Aug.* 9, 1768.

YOU desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage, by way of answer to the numberless objections which have been made by short-sighted people to your own. You may remember, when you consulted me upon the occasion, that I thought youth on both sides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages which have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think that early ones stand the best chance of happiness. The tempers and habits of young people are not yet become so stiff and uncomplying as when more advanced in life: they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are removed. And if youth has less of that prudence which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of young married persons are generally at hand, to afford their advice, which amply supplies that defect; and by early marriage youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life, and possibly some of those accidents or connections that might have injured the constitution or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented. Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but, in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature's favour, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended too with this further inconvenience, that there is not the same chance the parents shall live to see their offspring educated. Late children, says the Spanish proverb, are early orphans; a melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be! With us in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life, our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of chearful leisure to ourselves, such as your friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blest with more children: and from the mode among us, founded in nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own

child, more of them are raised. Thence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe!—In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen, and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life, the fate of many here who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find at length that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value.—An odd volume of a set of books, you know, is not worth its proportion of the set: and what think you of the odd half of a pair of scissars?—it cannot well cut any thing—it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should, ere this, have presented them in person. I shall make but small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends.—Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not from her only, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest.—Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy, at least you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both! being ever your truly affectionate friend,

1789, *May.* B. F.

LXXII. Bishop Sherlock to Dr. R. Grey.

DR. GREY, *Temple, June* 27, 1749.

I CAME this morning out of the country, and am here only for two or three days, in my way to Tunbridge.

I have published a new edition of the book of *Prophecy*, and have added the new Dissertation I mentioned to you. I will order my bookseller to send you a complete copy. As to the particular texts from Genesis and the Psalms, I had rather have seen them under your name than my own; but you will judge how necessary a part they are of the new Dissertation, which I had promised, and was expected. I have

borrowed from you a reference to Boerhaave, which you will find at the bottom of one of the pages.

Before August is quite spent, I hope to be at Fulham; and nobody will be more welcome there than yourself. I find there is a very old, bad house; I must repair a great deal of it, and, I am afraid, rebuild some part. It is late for me to be so employed, but somebody will be the better for it. I write with difficulty; I wish you can read.

I am, Sir, your very affectionate brother, and humble servant,

1790, *July.* THO. LONDON.

LXXIII. From General Wolfe.

MR. URBAN, *Feb.* 25.

THE following is an authentic copy of a letter written by Gen. Wolfe, which was communicated to me some time since by a friend of mine, who took it from the original. As it contains much useful instruction for those (especially the junior part) in the military line, who form a very considerable and honourable part of the community, I hope it may be found of *use* to this class of readers, and a matter of curiosity to those whom it may not so intimately concern.

C. T.

"DEAR SIR, *Devizes, Sunday, 18th July,* 1756.

"You cannot find me a more agreeable employment than to serve or oblige you; and I wish with all my heart, that my inclinations and abilities were of equal force. I do not recollect what it was I recommended to Mr. Cornwallis's nephew; it might be the Count de Turpin's book, which is certainly worth looking into, as it contains a good deal of plain practice.

Your brother, no doubt, is master of the Latin and French languages, and has some knowledge of the mathematics; without this last he can never become acquainted with the attack and defence of places; and I would advise him by all means to give up a year or two of his time, now while he is young (if he has not already done it), to the study of the mathematics, because it will greatly facilitate his progress in military matters. As to the books that are fittest for his pur-

pose, he may begin with the King of Prussia's Regulations for his horse and foot, where the economy and good order of an army in the lower branches is extremely well established. Then there are the "Memoirs of the Marquis de Santa Cruz, Feuquiere, and Montecuculi;" Tollard's "Commentaries upon Polybius;" the "Projet de Tactique;" "L'Attaque et la Defence des Places, par le Marechal de Vauban;" "Les Memoires de Goulon;" "L'Ingenieur de Campagne." Le Sieur Renie, for all that concerns artillery. Of the ancients, Vegetius, Cæsar, Thucydides, Xenophon's "Life of Cyrus," and the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks." I do not mention Polybius, because the Commentaries and the History naturally go together. Of later days, Davila, Guicciardini, Strada, the "Memoirs of the Duke de Sully." There is abundance of military knowledge to be picked out of the Lives of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the 12th, King of Sweden, and of Zisca the Bohemian; and if a tolerable account could be got of the exploits of Scanderbeg, it would be inestimable, for he exceeds all the officers, ancient and modern, in the conduct of a small defensive army: I met with him in the Turkish History, but no where else. The Life of Suetonius too contains many fine things in this way. There is a book lately published that I have heard commended, "Art de la Guerre Pratique;" I suppose it is collected from all the best authors that treat of war; and there is a little volume, intituled, "Traité de la Petite Guerre," that your brother should take in his pocket when he goes upon out-duties and detachments. The Marechal de Puysegur's book is in esteem. I believe Mr. Townsend will think this catalogue long enough; and, if he has patience to read, and desire to apply (as I am persuaded he has), the knowledge contained in them, there is wherewithal to make him a considerable person in his profession, and of course very useful and serviceable to his country. In general, the lives of all the great commanders, and all good histories of warlike nations, will be very instructive, and lead him naturally to imitate what he must necessarily approve of.

"In these days of scarcity, and in these unlucky times, it is much to be wished that all our young soldiers of birth and education would follow your brother's steps; and, as they will have their turn to command, that they would try to make themselves fit for that important trust; without it, we must sink under the supreme abilities and indefatigable industry of our restless neighbours.

"You have drawn a longer letter upon yourself than per-

haps you expected; but I could hardly make it shorter without doing wrong to a good author.

"In what a strange manner have we conducted our affairs in the Mediterranean! quelle belle occasion manquée!

I am, with perfect esteem, dear Sir,

Your most humble servant,

1791, *March.* JAM. WOLFE."

LXXIV. Dr. Kennicott to Mr. Daddo.

REV. AND HON. SIR, *Wadh. Coll. Mar.* 30, 1744.

GRATITUDE to benefactors is the great Law of Nature, and lest I should violate what was ever sacred, I presume to lay the following before you.

There are, Sir, in the world, gentlemen who confine their regards to self or the circle of their own acquaintance; and there are (happy experience convinces me) who command their influence to enlarge and exert itself on persons remotely situate both by fortune and habitation. To you, Sir, belongs the honour of this encomium, to me the pleasure of the obligation; and as I am now first at leisure in the place whither your goodness has transplanted me, I lay this acknowledgment before you, as one of the movers in this system of exalted generosity; for, when I consider myself as surrounded with benefactors, there seems a bright resemblance of the now-exploded system of Ptolemy, in which, Sir, (you know) the heavenly bodies revolved around the central earth, which was thus rendered completely blest by the contribution of their chearing and benign influences.

And now, Sir, the sentiments of duty rise so warm within me, that every expression of thanks seems faint, and I am lost in endeavours after a suitable acknowledgment of my obligations.

But I know, Sir, whom I am now addressing; I know those who most deserve can least bear praise, and that your goodness is so great, as even to reject the very thanks of the grateful; like the sun in its splendour, which forbids the eye that offers to admire it.

That Heaven may reward yourself and Mrs. Daddo with its best favours, and console you under your parental sorrows, is my daily and fervent prayer; and I shall esteem it

one of the great honours of my life to be favoured at your leisure with any commands or advices you shall condescend to bestow on, Rev. Sir, your dutiful and obliged servant,

BENJ. KENNICOTT.

To the Rev. Mr. Daddo,* in Tiverton, Devon.

1791, *March.*

LXXV. From Bp. Horne, a Letter of Consolation.

MR. URBAN, *North of Ireland, March* 21.

I WAS much gratified by reading in your Obituary, your very just character of that most respectable and learned man, the late Bp. of Norwich; I had the happiness of being acquainted with his lordship, and while I live I shall consider the friendship he honoured me with as a blessing. Never did I know a more exalted character! How should I mourn his death, were I not sure, that to him death has opened the gates of everlasting felicity.

I shall make no apology for sending you a copy of a letter from his lordship to a particular friend of mine (who has obligingly given me leave to transmit it) upon the death of her father. His friendship for the worthy character, whose death he so pathetically laments, displays at once the tenderness of his feelings, and the goodness of his heart. I must add, from my own knowledge of this excellent man, that his lordship's portrait of him, though painted by the hand of friendship, was a just resemblance.

ANNA.

The Dean of Canterbury† to Miss ——.

"MY DEAR MADAM, *Canterbury, Nov.* 11.

"LITTLE did I think a letter from —— would afflict my

* Mr. William Daddo was, for many years, master of Tiverton school, where Kennicott received the rudiments of his classical education. Mr. Daddo having acquired a considerable fortune from the emoluments of his school, quitted Tiverton, and retired to Bow-hill House, in the neighbourhood of Exeter, and there died many years ago, leaving a daughter and only child, who afterwards was married to the Rev. Mr. Terry.

† His lordship was at that time Dean of Canterbury.

soul, but yours received this morning has indeed done it. Seeing your hand, and a black seal, my mind foreboded what had happened: I made an attempt to read it to my wife and daughters, but—it would not do—I got no further than the first sentence, burst into a flood of tears, and was obliged to retreat into the solitude of my study, unfit for any thing, but to think on what had happened; then to fall upon my knees, and pray, that God would evermore pour down his choicest blessings on the children of my departed friend, and as their "father and their mother had forsaken them," that he would "take them up," and support them in time and eternity. Even so! Amen.

"You ask comfort of me, but your truly excellent letter has suggested comfort to me, from all the proper topics; and I can only reflect it back to you again. All things considered, the circumstance which first marked the disorder may be termed a gracious dispensation. It at once rendered the event, one may say, desirable, which otherwise carried so much terror and sorrow in the face of it. Nothing else in the world could so soon, and so effectually, have blunted the edge of the approaching calamity, and reconciled to it minds full of the tenderest love and affection. To complete the consolation that only remained, which we all know to be the fact, Mr.—— stood always so prepared, so firm in his faith, so constant in his christian practice of every duty, that he could not be taken by surprise, or off his guard: the stroke must be to himself a blessing, whenever, or however, it came. His death was his birth-day: and, like the primitive Christians, we should keep it as such, as a day of joy and triumph. Bury his body, but embalm his example, and let it diffuse his fragrance among you from generation to generation. Call him blessed, and endeavour to be like him: like him in piety, in charity, in friendship, in courteousness, in temper, in conduct, in word, and in deed. His virtues compose a little volume which your brother should carry in his bosom; and he will need no other, if that be well studied, to make him the gentleman and the Christian. You, my dear Madam, will, I am sure, go on with diligence to finish the fair transcript you have begun, that the world around you may see and admire.

"Do not apologise for writing; but let me hear what you do, and what plan of life your brother thinks of pursuing. With kindest compliments from the sympathising folks here, believe me, ever, my dear Madam, your faithful friend and servant,

1792, *April.* G. HORNE."

LXXVI. From Dean Stanhope, containing advice to a Young Clergyman.

DEAR COUSIN,

AT your father's request, to whom I can deny nothing, and (as he tells me) at your desire also, I trouble you with this letter of advice relating to your studies in divinity. A good deal of pains might perhaps be saved to both of us, by my receiving first an account of the entrance and progress you have already made since your thoughts were turned to this profession. You will, therefore, pardon me, if I suggest several things which your own proficiency, or the advice of other friends, had made unnecessary.

The first care of a divine should be to make himself well skilled in the Bible; which is not to be done without the help of good commentators. But, in regard to what Solomon says of books in general is as true of this as of any other sort, that of many of them there is no end, and that much study of them is a weariness to the flesh, I will point you out a few, in which you will find the substance of a great many.

These are, Bishop Patrick's Commentaries, which will lead you a great way, even from Genesis to Isaiah; Day upon that Prophet; Pocock, on those of the minor Prophets, which he has undertaken; Hammond and Whitby on the New Testament; and the incomparable St. Chrysostom, both for his explications and moral improvements of Scripture. With these, and the help of Pool's Synopsis, or the great critics, for those parts of Scripture not before named, it might be well to go through a whole course of the Bible with great attention and care, wherein it may be fit to take along with you Archbishop Usher's Annals, Prideaux's Connection of the Old and New Testament, the Works of Lightfoot, and Mr. Mede. But in regard the Bible is to be a constant study, and it would be too troublesome, upon every reading of it, to turn to so many expositors, I advise by all means, that you would get the Old and New Testaments in quarto, doubly interleaved with blank paper, a page for each column, and divided into nine or ten volumes. Thus, as you go along, you may enter such remarks as you think useful, and such references to authors as may occasionally be consulted; which, when done, will save you the trouble of reading more than your own notes as often as you shall go over the Bible afterwards. This I have found of great use to myself, and herein can speak of my own experience.

As to other books which may fit you for the discharge of your duty, Mr. Hooker, Bp. Sanderson, Bp. Pearson, Bp. Stillingfleet, Dr. Jackson, and Archbishop Tillotson, cannot be read too often. Happy is the man that can form his style upon the last of these; and, in plain practical preaching, upon the rational, instructive, and familiar way of the Whole Duty of Man, and Bishop Blackall. I had rather you should be told by any other person, that the time may not be quite lost which is employed in casting an eye now and then upon my Boyle's Lectures, my volume of Sermons, printed 1700, and Comments upon the Epistles and Gospels, for the course of the whole year. I am sure, at least, that will be well spent which you bestow on Scot's Christian Life, and Lucas's Inquiry after Happiness, and Sherlock's Treatises of Death, Judgment, and Providence.

There is a French Testament, in 4 volumes 8vo. the very book of Quesnell, which hath made such a bustle of late, by giving rise to the famous Bull Unigenitus, which, if you are not master of the French, may be had translated into English. This abounds with many excellent reflections, both moral and devotional; and though some there might better have been saved (which a person of your parts and attainments will find no difficulty to distinguish from the rest,) yet upon the whole the book may do great service to a discerning reader, both for framing in himself a religious temper of mind, and for instructing others in their duty.

Your country, I know, swarms with Papists and Dissenters. For maintaining your ground against the former, I know not a shorter or more effectual way than to make yourself master of the tracts written against them in the reign of King James II. and for the latter, besides Hooker and Sanderson, the London Cases against the Dissenters, and Bishop Stillingfleet's Unreasonableness of Separation, as to the Discipline part; and as to the Doctrinal, besides Dr. Jackson, Bishop Bull of Justification, Clagett upon the Operations of the Spirit, and the Collection of Tracts concerning Predestination and Providence, printed at Cambridge 1719, are excellently good. I mention only these several authors above, as fit to be studied, without enlarging upon Ecclesiastical History, Fathers, or Casuistical Divinity, which will naturally hereafter fall into your way, because at present I design to recommend what may soon lay a sure foundation for a true Church of England divine. And supposing you think, as I do, that it is high time to have done, I will only add one word more about preaching, which, is, that you would not disdain to do it in as low and familiar, pro-

vided always it be in a clear and proper, language as you can possibly contrive. The more you converse with the common people, the more you will find the necessity of this advice, and depend upon it, the more intelligible to the meanest, the more acceptable you will be to the best and most judicious of your hearers.

I take for granted you will expound the Catechism frequently; and if you suffer yourself, after having digested the heads of what you would say, to enlarge extempore, this perhaps may be better both for you and those you instruct than a set and elaborate discourse.

The same way of talking off-hand will be likewise necessary in your visits to the sick, for which you may reap some benefit from a little book written in Latin by Dr. Stern of Ireland. Many things more might probably occur, had I opportunity of conversing with you.

In the mean time I only add, that you will do well so to demean yourself in all the offices of your function, that your people may think you are in very good earnest, and so to order your whole conversation, that they may be sure you are so. To which purpose, as you will have my hearty prayers, so I beg yours for your most affectionate cousin,

1792, *May.* GEO. STANHOPE.

LXXVII. Bp. Horne to a Young Clergyman.

DEAR ——,

I AM much pleased to hear you have been for some time stationary at Oxford; a place where a man may best prepare himself to go forth as a burning and shining light into a world where charity is waxed cold, and where truth is well-nigh obscured. Whenever it pleases God to appoint you to the government of a parish, you will find work enough to employ you; and therefore, before that time comes, you should be careful to provide yourself with all necessary knowledge, lest, by-and-by, when you should be building, you should have your materials to look for, and bring together; besides, that the habit of studying and thinking, if it be not got in the first part of life, rarely comes afterwards. A man is miserably drawn into the eddy of worldly dissipation, and knows not how to get out of it again, till, in the end, for want of spiritual exercises, the faculties of the soul are benumbed, and he sinks into indolence,

till *the night cometh, when no man can work.* Happy, therefore, is the man who betimes acquires a relish for holy solitude, and accustoms himself to bear the yoke of Christ's discipline in his youth; who can sit alone, and keep silence, and seek wisdom diligently where she may be found, in the Scriptures of faith, and in the writings of the Saints. From these flowers of Paradise he extracts the honey of knowledge and divine love, and therewith fills every cell of his understanding and affections. The winter of affliction, disease, and old age, will not surprise such an one in an unprepared state. He will not be confounded in the perilous time; and in the days of dearth he will have enough to strengthen, comfort, and support him and his brethren. Precious beyond rubies are the hours of youth and health! Let none of them pass unprofitably away, for surely they make to themselves wings, and are as a bird cutting swiftly the air, and the trace of her can no more be found. If well-spent, they fly to Heaven with news that rejoices angels, and meet us again as witnesses for us at the tribunal of our Lord. When the graces of time run into the glories of eternity, how trifling will the labour then seem that has procured us (through grace) everlasting rest, for which the Apostles toiled night and day, and the Martyrs loved not their lives unto death!

These, my dear ——, are my sentiments; would to God my practice were more conformable to them than it is, that I might be less unworthy to advise and exhort others! But I trust the persuasion I have of the truth of what is said above (which every day's experience more and more confirms) will influence my conduct in this particular, and make me more watchful in time to come. In the mean season, I cannot forbear pressing the same upon you, as I should do with my dying breath; since upon the due proportioning and employing our time all our progress in grace and knowledge depends.

If there be any thing with regard to the choice or matter of your studies in which I can assist you, let me know, as you can have no doubt of my being, in all things, most affectionately yours,

1792, *July.* G. HORNE.

LXXVIII. From Bp. Horne.

MR. URBAN, *Nayland, Aug.* 21, 1793.

A GENTLEMAN with whom the late Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich, kept up a literary correspondence for many years, has preserved a very large and valuable collection of his letters. The following, which was written near thirty years ago, was the first we laid our hands upon by accident: but, being so remarkable in itself, and so suitable to the present times (for it is actually prophetical of the present state of France,) we send it as a specimen of the style and manner of his private correspondence, and of the great subjects which were always uppermost in his mind. By giving it a place in your valuable Miscellany, you will probably gratify many of your friends, and oblige your constant reader,

W. J.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, *Coll. Mag. June* 6, 1764.

"HAVE you heard yet from the Abbé Nolet? A friend saw, the other day, a letter from Sir James Macdonald, now at Paris with Lord Hertford, in which Sir James informed his correspondent, that the French philosophers liked Mr. Hume (secretary to the British ambassador) in the main very well; but disapproved of certain religious prejudices not yet shaken off, which hindered him from aspiring to perfection. This at first seems an irony, and a pretty strong one. But Sir James explains himself by adding, that the great men in France were, most of them, deep in Materialism, and had discarded the belief of God, which our worthy Scottish philosopher refused to do: "so that poor Hume," says Sir James, "who on your side of the water was thought to have too little religion, is here thought to have too much." Is not this a very amazing anecdote? Yet upon inquiry, I am apt to fear there is too much truth in the representation. D' Alembert, they tell me, is such a character. The Czarina sent for him to educate her children; but he would not go: he is a great favourite with the Prussian hero. Maupertuis was of the same sort. In short, so far as I can find, infidelity and republicanism have crossed the straits of Dover, and are more likely to subdue France than any other of her enemies. A young gentleman wrote to his father from Paris, that a notion prevailed, of

the government ere long intending to seize the religious houses, and send the monks after the Jesuits. And now we talk of Jesuits, an Englishman of that order, Thomas Phillips, has just published a quarto volume, being the first part of the Life of Cardinal Pole, printed here by Jackson. He is a writer of great learning and elegant taste. The character of his hero is a very amiable one; and he has introduced us to most of the celebrated Italian wits of that age, with whom Pole was intimate, as Sadolet, Bembo, Longolius, Contarini, &c. Sir Thomas More, and Bishop Fisher, appear with great lustre. K. Henry VIII. Vicar-general Cromwell, poor Nanny Boleyn, Luther, Calvin, and the reformers, cut very sorry figures indeed. Erasmus has justice as a scholar, but is pronounced an Arian, a scoffer, a blasphemer. The last section, and it is the longest in the book, contains the proceedings and decrees of the council of Trent, where for some time Pole presided as legate. That council, Mr. Phillips gives us to understand, was composed of the most learned and holy fathers, who exhibited to mankind the most perfect plan of Christian doctrine and discipline, without advancing any thing but what had been in the church from the beginning. It was, in his opinion, a council which bore the nearest possible resemblance to that which met at Jerusalem. I observe, he denies the Pope's deposing power, and pleads, as Pole himself ever did, against all sanguinary methods of propagating the Catholic religion. The book, I think, must make a great noise in the world, and is, at this time of day, a pretty extraordinary performance to be published in England with the author's name.

"I have just finished my comment on the 92d. Psalm; I am getting some of the work transcribed, to carry with me into Kent, by way of specimen. We must have much talk on the subject there, where I hope to find you comfortably settled in six weeks or two months. O! may the day come when we shall think no more of journeyings and removals, but sit down with the once-sojourning Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God! for whose blessing on you and yours, now and ever, most fervently prayeth,

G. H."

P. S. To this letter give me leave to subjoin the following anecdote:—Two French noblemen were dining lately with a worthy baronet in this country; when one of them took the

liberty of conversing loosely on some subjects of religion; the other reproved and said, "Pray, Sir, forbear; this is the sort of conversation which has been our ruin."

1793, *Aug.* W. J.

LXXIX. From Col. Stedman to his Son.

MR. URBAN, *Aug.* 20.

THE following letter, which I met with by accident, was written by J. G. Stedman, a military gentleman, when dangerously ill, to be delivered after his death to his son. I have communicated it to you, knowing your readiness to insert in your valuable Repository whatever is useful. The author of it survived, contrary to all expectation, and is about to publish an expedition of five years to Surinam.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR JOHN, *Jan.* 14, 1787.

"As the last good I can do for you in this world, I join, to the trifles I leave to you, these few directions, which I beg of you to read for my sake, who always loved you. Above all things, fear God, as the supreme author of all good; love him with all your heart, and be religious, but detest every tincture of hypocrisy. Regard your neighbour, that is, all mankind, of whatever nation, profession, or faith, while they are honest; and be ever so yourself; it is the best policy in the end, depend upon it. Guard against indolence, it is the root of every evil; to which bad company gives the finishing stroke. Love economy without avarice, and be ever thyself thy best friend. Fly from intemperance and debauchery, they will rot thy body while they will be a canker to thy mind: to keep both sound, allow thyself never to be behind-hand with thy correspondents, with thy creditors, with thy daily occupation, and thy soul shall enjoy peace. By using moderate diet, exercise, and recreation, thy body shall possess health and vigour. Dear John, should Fortune frown, which, depend upon it, she sometimes will, do then look round on thousands more wretched than thyself, and who, perhaps, did less deserve to be so, and be content—contentment is better than gold. Wish not for death, because it is a sin; but scorn to fear it:

be prepared for it each hour, since come it must; while the good mind smiles at its sting, and, defies, through Christ, its point. Beware of passion and cruelty; the bravest men are always the most humane. Rejoice in good-nature, not only to man, but to the meanest insect, yea, to the whole creation; scorn to hurt any living being but for thy food or thy defence. To be cruel is the portion of the coward; while to be brave and humane goes hand-in-hand, and pleases God. Obey as your duty those who are set over you; since, without knowing how to be obedient, none never knew how to command.

"Now, dear boy, love Mrs. Stedman and her little children from your heart, if ever you had a love for your dead father, who made this request. She has most tenderly proved a help in thy infant state; whilst thou art a brother to her helpless little ones, prove also a parent and guardian by your kindness and conduct. Let your good sense keep peace and harmony in my dear family; then shall the blessing of Almighty God overspread you and them, and we, together with your beloved mother, my dear Johanna, have a chance once more to meet; when, in the presence of our Heavenly Father and merciful benefactor, our joy and happiness shall be eternal and complete, which is the ardent wish, the sincere prayer, and only hope, of your once loving father, who, my dear child, when you read this, shall be no more, and rests, with an affectionate heart to eternity, yours,

J. G. STEDMAN.

"P. S. Let not your grief for my decease overcome you. Let your tears flow with moderation, and trust that I am happy."

1793, *Sept.*

LXXX. Letters from Charles II. and Lord Lauderdale to the Earl of Northesk, relative to the Marriage of Lord Northesk's Daughter.

MR. URBAN, *Winchester, Jan.* 20.

I SEND you the copies of two original letters which I have lately met with, and which the subject, the style, and the authors of them, will recommend, as matter of curiosity, to many of your readers. The former of these letters is in

the hand-writing of Charles II. the latter, in that of his minister, Lord Lauderdale. They are both addressed to an ancestor of the present Earl of Northesk, at whose seat, in this county, called Rose-hill, they are now preserved. It was with the permission of that noble personage that I procured the present copies to be made for your use; in which the orthography and abbreviations of the originals are strictly preserved. I have only to add, that the spirited lady who refused to take a husband at the royal recommendation, as soon as that was withdrawn, married him for his own merits; and it is believed that the present noble governor of Jersey, is in a direct line, the fruit of that union.

Yours, &c.

J. M.

LETTER I.

"*Whitehall, Nov.* 20, 1672.

"My lord Noothesk, I am so much concerned in my lord Balcarress, that heareing he is in suite of one of your daughters, I must lett you know, you cannot bestow her upon a person of whose worth and fidelity I have a better esteeme; which moves me hastily to recommend to you, and your lady, your franck compliance with his designe, and as I do realy intend to be very kinde to him, and so do him good as occasion offers, as well for his father's sake as his owne, so if you and your lady condescend to his pretention, and use him kindly in it, I shall take it very kindly at your hands, and reckon it to be done upon the accounte of,

Your affectionate friende,

CHARLES R."

LETTER II.

"MY LORD, "*Whitehall, Jan.* 18, 1672-3.

"YESTERDAY I received yo'rs of the 7th instant, and according to yo'r desire I acquainted the King with it. His Maj'ty commanded me to signify to you that he is satisfyed, for as he did recom'end that marriage, supposing that it was acceptable to both parties, so he did not intend to lay any constraint upon you; therfor he leaves you to dispose of yo'r daughter as you please. This is by his Maj'ties com'and signified to your lordship by, my lord, your lordship's most humble servant,

1794, *Jan.* LAUDERDALE."

LXXXI. From Dr. Johnson on the Death of his Wife.

MR. URBAN, *Bath-Row, Worcester, Feb.* 14.

THE following letter of Dr. Johnson to a friend, upon the death of his wife, Mr. Boswell, in his biographical account of that truly great man, supposes to be, and laments as lost. "The dreadful shock of separation," says he, "took place on the 8th. and he (Dr. Johnson) immediately dispatched a letter to his friend the Rev. Dr. Taylor, which, as Taylor told me, expressed grief in the strongest manner he had ever read; so that it is much to be regretted it has not been preserved."

I cannot help expressing a wish, that Mr. Boswell's sentiments respecting the fate of this letter had been more generally known, as I have no doubt but that he would have received copies of it from various hands. But, though it has hitherto eluded his researches, and the discovery of its existence will be made too late to obtain a place in the present edition of its author's life, that distinction, perhaps, may be conferred upon it hereafter in the next. Till it shall be wanting for that, or some other literary purposes, you will oblige me by assigning to it a place in the archives of the Gentleman's Magazine.

Yours, &c.

WILL. FAULKNER.

To the Rev. Dr. Taylor.

DEAR SIR, *March* 17, 1752, *O. S.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the warnings of philosophers, and the daily examples of losses and misfortunes which life forces upon us, such is the absorption of our thoughts in the business of the present day—such the resignation of our reason to empty hopes of future felicity;—or such our unwillingness to foresee what we dread, that every calamity comes suddenly upon us, and not only presses us as a burthen, but crushes as a blow.

There are evils which happen out of the common course of nature, against which it is no reproach not to be provided. A flash of lightning intercepts the traveller in his way. The concussion of an earthquake heaps the ruin of cities upon their inhabitants. But other miseries time brings,

though silently, yet visibly forward, by its own lapse, which yet approach unseen, because we turn our eyes away, and seize us unresisted, because we could not arm ourselves against them, but by setting them before us.

That it is in vain to shrink from what cannot be avoided, and to hide that from ourselves which must sometimes be found, is a truth which we all know, but which all neglect, and perhaps none more than the speculative reasoner, whose thoughts are always from home, whose eye wanders over life, whose fancy dances after meteors of happiness kindled by itself, and who examines every thing rather than his own state.

Nothing is more evident than that the decays of age must terminate in death. Yet there is no man (says Tully) who does not believe that he may yet live another year; and there is none who does not, upon the same principle, hope another year for his parent or his friend; but the fallacy will be in time detected; the last year, the last day, will come; it has come, and is past.—"The life which made my own life pleasant is at an end, and the gates of death are shut upon my prospects."

The loss of a friend on whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wish and endeavour tended, is a state of desolation in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itself, and finds nothing but emptiness and horror. The blameless life—the artless tenderness—the pious simplicity—the modest resignation—the patient sickness, and the quiet death,—are remembered only to add value to the loss—— to aggravate regret for what cannot be amended——to deepen sorrow for what cannot be recalled.

These are the calamities by which providence gradually disengages us from the love of life. Other evils fortitude may repel, or hope may mitigate; but irreparable privation leaves nothing to exercise resolution, or flatter expectation. The dead cannot return, and nothing is left us here but languishment and grief.

Yet such is the course of nature, that whoever lives long must outlive those whom he loves and honours. Such is the condition of our present existence, that life must one time lose its associations, and every inhabitant of the earth must walk downward to the grave alone and unregarded, without any partner of his joy or grief, without any interested witness of his misfortunes or success. Misfortunes indeed he may yet feel, for where is the bottom of the misery of man? But what is success to him who has none to enjoy it?

Happiness is not found in self-contemplation;—it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

We know little of the state of departed souls, because such knowledge is not necessary to a good life. Reason deserts us at the brink of the grave, and gives no farther intelligence. Revelation is not wholly silent. "There is joy in the angels of heaven over a sinner that repenteth." And surely this joy is not incommunicable to souls disentangled from the body, and made like angels.

Let the hope, therefore, dictate what revelation does not confute--that the union of souls may still remain; and that we, who are struggling with sin, sorrow, and infirmities, may have our part in the attention and kindness of those who have finished their course, and are now receiving their reward.

These are the great occasions which force the mind to take refuge in religion. When we have no help in ourselves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and a greater power? and to what hope may we not raise our eyes and hearts, when we consider that the greatest power is the best?

Surely there is no man who, thus afflicted, does not seek succour in the Gospel, which has brought life and immortality to light! The precepts of Epicurus, which teach us to endure what the laws of the universe make necessary, may silence but not content us. The dictates of Zeno, who commands us to look with indifference on abstract things, may dispose us to conceal our sorrow, but cannot assuage it. Real alleviation of the loss of friends, and rational tranquillity in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promise of him in whose hands are life and death, and from the assurances of another and better state, in which all tears will be wiped from our eyes, and the whole soul shall be filled with joy.—— Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but religion only can give patience.

1794, *Feb.* SAM. JOHNSON.

LXXXII. Dr. Benjamin Franklin to the Earl of Buchan.

MR. URBAN, *Drybrgh Abbey, July* 12.

THE very long intermission of my correspondence with you, has been owing to my particular engagements in

literature, which have prevented me from contributing to your useful undertaking. Being of opinion, that the wide dissemination and extention of useful knowledge in both sexes, in all ages and ranks, ought to be the primary object of every friend to humanity, I have uniformly, with my illustrious friend the great Washington, been a promoter of cheap and well-digested periodical publications. I have, for three or four years past, furnished a good deal of matter for Dr. Anderson's Journal in Scotland, called the Bee; which, from some difficulties in the circulation of it, has been lately suspended by the Editor. Just attachment to my own country induced me to give a preference to that Journal; but now, finding myself disengaged, I chearfully reassume my literary connexion with the Gentleman's Magazine, that truly chaste and respectable Repository of erudite and useful information.

As a beginning, I send you a truly interesting letter of the worthy Dr. Franklin. Nothing, in my opinion, can more surely tend to produce peace, industry, and happiness, in Britain, than an interchange of citizens with congenial America; and whoever discourages that interchange must be considered as no friend to the happiness of either side of the Atlantic, or the interests of humanity at large.

America presents a country founded upon pure principles of Christian charity, and untainted morality as flowing from that charity, such as the world never before exhibited. She, therefore, offers to the reflecting and inquisitive mind considerations and hopes that enter deep and far into a happier futurity. I am, Sir, with esteem, your obedient humble servant,

BUCHAN.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Minister Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to France, to the Earl of Buchan.

"MY LORD, *Passy, March* 17, 1783.

"I RECEIVED the letter your Lordship did me the honour of writing to me the 18th past; and am much obliged by your kind congratulations on the return of peace, which I hope will be lasting.

"With regard to the terms on which lands may be acquired in America, and the manner of beginning new settlements on them, I cannot give better information than may be found in a book lately printed at London, under

some such title as "Letters from a Pennsylvanian Farmer," by Hector St. John. The only encouragement we hold out to strangers are, *a good climate, fertile soil, wholesome air and water, plenty of provisions and fuel, good pay for labour, kind neighbours, good laws, and a hearty welcome.* The rest depends on a man's own industry and virtue. Lands are cheap, but they must be bought. All settlements are undertaken at private expence; the public contributes nothing but defence and justice. I have long observed of your people, that their sobriety, frugality, industry, and honesty, seldom fail of success in America, and of procuring them a good establishment among us.

"I do not recollect the circumstance you are pleased to mention, of my having saved a citizen at St. Andrew's by giving a turn to his disorder; and I am curious to know what the disorder was, and what the advice I gave which proved so salutary*. With great regard, I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

1794, *July.* B. FRANKLIN."

LXXXIII. From Dr. Doddridge to Bishop Hildesley.

MR. URBAN, *Chelsea, April* 22.

THROUGH the kindness of my valued relation, Mr. Giberne, the following letter has fortunately been rescued from oblivion. He found it by accident, amongst various other papers that fell to him of Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Mark Hildesley, late bishop of Sodor and Man. At the time when the letter was written, it appears, that Mr. Hildesley was the rector of Holwell, in Bedfordshire, a living presented to him by R. Radcliffe, Esq. who had a singular respect for his many amiable and engaging qualities, and always called him *Father Hildesley.*

The character, both of the excellent prelate and of his most respectable correspondent, Dr. Philip Doddridge, can never fail to be esteemed, so long as piety and sound learning retain their just value in our land.

The autograph of the letter is inclosed, for your satisfac-

* It was a fever in which the Earl of Buchan, then Lord Cardross, lay sick at St. Andrew's; and the advice was, not to blister according to the old practice and the opinion of the learned Dr. Thomas Simson, brother of the celebrated geometrician at Glasgow. B.

tion; and you are requested to return it to me at your leisure. I make it an offering to your Miscellany, as the best means of rendering it permanently useful; and allow me to add, that the task of communicating to the literary and pious world so acceptable a tribute gives no small pleasure to

Yours, &c.

WM. BUTLER.

Northampton, Oct. 12, 1749.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

How shall I sufficiently thank you for the candor, condescension, and friendship, you have been pleased to express to me, in that very obliging letter which the last post brought me? Straitened, as I always am, for time, I could not persuade myself to delay acknowledging it by the first opportunity. Accept, I beseech you, the tribute of a grateful heart,—which finds itself sensibly cheared by such expressions of your regard,—from your poor fellow-servant, who does not esteem you the less his brother, nor feel the less of a fraternal love to you, on account of any diversity of forms, and what are called party distinctions. But I rejoice to be assisted and supported by gentlemen of your character and station, in my cordial though feeble endeavours to spread the spirit of true, catholic, vital Christianity; and to root out, as much as possible, that sour leaven of bigotry and faction, which is, under all denominations, too ready to insinuate itself, to the dishonour of our great Master, and the lamentable detriment of his family. But, blessed be God! I hope it begins to be expelled; and many excellent persons, in the establishment as well as the separation, have shewn so amiable a disposition to unite in bonds of mutual respect and friendship,—while diversity of forms continues,—that I look upon it as a happy proof of the prevalency of real religion, in some considerable degree, and a blessed omen of it- more abundant prosperity.

I think it a great honour to my writings to have been approved by so ingenious and worthy a person as Mr. Hildesley; an honour which I desire to lay down, with all humble gratitude, at the foot of him from whom every capacity of service, and every instance of acceptance and success proceeds. When I consider—I speak it from my heart—how very much inferior I am in all kinds of knowledge and furniture to many of my contemporaries, among different bodies of men, I have often wondered at the kind reception my writings have received in one place and another; and

have been astonished to observe the hand of providence raising up friends and patrons to them where I could not at all have expected or imagined it. You, dear Sir, are one instance of this; there are others in the Established Church at home, and some abroad, in Holland and Germany, as well as our Plantations; and this to such a degree, as to have produced, what no man ever less dreamt of,—eleemosynary editions of some, and translations of others. And, if I know my own heart, it is not from the little vanity of having an insignificant name repeated sometimes, by I know not whom, but from better principles, that this has been and is the joy of my heart, and a great encouragement to go on with my endeavours, such as they are. And oh, that Divine Grace may take occasion to glorify itself in the weakness and unworthiness of the instrument! In this view, my generous friend,—for so I will presume to call you,—I earnestly entreat your prayers; and will detain you no longer than while I answer that part of yours, in which you are so good as to inquire what I have written, and what I am now about.

The pieces, of any size, that I have published are, the three volumes of "The Family Expositor;" four sermons on Education; seven to Young Persons; ten on the Power and Grace of Christ, and Evidences of the Gospel; ten on Regeneration; "The Rise and Progress of Religion;" and the "Memoirs of Colonel Gardiner:" translations of all which are chiefly by means of one man,—who, till of late, never saw me,—either published in some foreign language, or ready for the press. To these have been added the following detached pieces, several of which are now out of print, and probably will continue so: "Free Thoughts on the State of the Dissenting Interest;" three Letters to the author of "Christianity not founded on Argument;" two sermons on Salvation by Grace; single sermons, or tracts, on the following subjects, viz. the Funeral of Colonel Gardiner, and of Mr. Norris (the last on Enoch's translation); the Deaths of Children; the Care of the Soul; against Persecution; the Character of a Gospel Minister, at Mr. Johnston's ordination; the Evil of neglecting Souls, at Kettering; Charge at Mr. Tozer's ordination; ditto at Mr. Jennings's; Fast Sermon, at the beginning of the War; Thanksgiving, for the retreat of the Rebels; Thanksgiving, for the Peace; Letter to Soldiers; Sermon on Compassion to the Sick; Account of Mr. Steffe's Life; Funeral Sermon for Mr. Shepherd; Christ's Invocation; Speech at Mr. Newman's Grave; Sermon on the fire at Wellingborough; and Principles of Religion, in verse, for the use of children.

And I will venture to mention to you two letters to the Protestants of the United Provinces, just at the crisis of their affairs, which were published in French, but never in English. Perhaps I never wrote any thing with so much effect as the former of them.

As to works now in hand, the chief, beyond comparison, is, the three last volumes of the Expositor; the first copy of which is prepared, and, should I die, would probably be printed, having been reviewed and corrected by me; though I intend to transcribe it, and hope to have finished the fair copy of the first volume, *i. e.* the fourth of the work, by Midsummer; a large collection of Scriptural Hymns; a volume of Sacramental Meditations; four dissertations on critical subjects, viz. Jewish Proselytes, Sin Offerings, Trespass Offerings, and the Cherem. Besides some little pieces; such as, a Letter on Family Prayer, which I am just sending to the press; two Sermons on Union among Christians, from Phil. ii. 1, 2; Sermons on working out our Salvation with Fear and Trembling; and some others, which may, perhaps, if I live to dispatch what I have mentioned, make two octavos. And it is probable, that, after my death,* there will be published my course of pneumatological, ethical, and theological lectures; and, perhaps, lectures on preaching, and the pastoral care.

Thus, Sir, you have the most particular plan that any man has, of my intended labours for the press; and I beseech you to pray, that, if the execution of these designs may be for the glory of God, and the good of the Church, it may please God to spare my life, and confirm my health, that I may be able to finish them; and that whatever has been done, or may be done, may be crowned with his blessing, on which all depends. To that, Sir, I most cordially recommend you, in your important sphere; heartily praying that God may animate, direct, and succeed you in all your attempts to promote religion in the large, and, I persuade myself, very happy, society under your care. And I conclude with assuring you, that, should Providence ever bring you into these parts, your company will be esteemed a great favour by, Reverend and dear Sir, your affectionate though unworthy brother, and much obliged, humble servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

* This happened at Lisbon, whither he went for the recovery of his health, on the 26th of October, 1751, at the age of 49 years and 4 months, about two years from the date of the above letter.

I shall always be glad to hear of so kind a friend; but hope you will pardon me, if, amidst my various engagements, I prove, as I do to the best friends I have in the world, a very bad correspondent.

1794, *May.* P. D.

LXXXIV. Letters from Doctors Hildesley, Hales, Leland, and Mr. Samuel Richardson.

MR. URBAN, *Chelsea, June 30.*

THE ready attention with which you inserted in your Magazine Dr. Doddridge's letter to Dr. Hildesley, is not unnoticed. My friend Mr. Giberne, no less than myself, feels encouraged to add the following, which he reserved from amidst many others: and to see them in the list of your permanent publication will be a circumstance of satisfaction to us both.

To collect a set of medals, or of ancient portraits, has, at times, been the eager pursuit of ingenious and good men. What I now forward to you are not unworthy of the like regard; and to class on the same line a Hildesley, a Richardson, a Hales, and a Leland, is to form a constellation of no ordinary lustre. They were all of the benign aspect; they did not live in vain; they speak forcibly, and from the heart; and thus once more exhibit a proof of the old and animating adage:

> Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
> Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

The good bishop's two letters, and the narrative of his last illness and decease, seemed too interesting to be omitted. Such of these papers as you prefer, or all of them, if approved, are at your service. They are genuine; the originals are here inclosed for your inspection; and I give them to your readers, that, like my relation and myself, they may be at once amused and advantaged.

Yours,

WM. BUTLER.

LETTER I.

Dr. Hildesley to the Miss Ithells.

Hitchin, 13 *Dec.* 1754.

NOTHING could excuse the liberty I take of intruding a book upon the ladies at the Temple—who, I doubt not, are amply furnished with choice of the best of every kind—but my thorough persuasion, that what I here presume to recommend to their perusal will be quite acceptable to them.

If this be looked upon as a compliment, I can only say, it is a just one. It is too sure, that, in this age of variety of self-flying engagements, there are not many to be found who have a relish for such sublime and spiritual enjoyments as these "Meditations" are capable of affording. It gives me great pleasure to think how much you will both rejoice in them; and how ready you will be to say, with Dr. Young, and some others who admire them, that "they should never be far out of our reach."

Were this world and its contents designed for our chief end and happiness, right it might seem to be as anxious, and solicitous, and eager, as we see the generality of its votaries are,—to obtain and pursue the gratifications peculiar to our animal frame and mortal condition. But, if our true and permanent felicity is to be had and sought elsewhere, namely, in a state as different as earth is from heaven, and time from eternity; if the close of a few more revolutions of the same sort of unsatisfying days, months, and years, we have already past, will instantly convince us of this difference, when it will avail us little to remember what degree or station of life we have filled here, but what we have known, and done, of the will of him that placed us in it; [then] from these considerations we are naturally led to think, farther, that, as sure as God is a spirit, the joys of heaven must be spiritual; that even our bodies, with which we are to arise, are to be spiritualised,—for, flesh and blood cannot inherit, cannot partake, or have any sense of, the delights of the kingdom purchased by the blood of Christ.

What, then, must needs be the truest wisdom of a rational thinking creature, but to provide in earnest for this certain inevitable change! that it may be, with all advantage, to eternity? But alas! how few are there so wise

and so thinking! If those I am now writing to are,—as I conceive they are,—of the number of the few, I have my end in, and shall need no apology, for this address. My incapacity, which has of late increased, of being so useful to, and conversant with, the family I the most revere of any under my charge, has been one inducement to this unusual manner of application to them, of which I promise myself their candid and favourable acceptance; and subscribe, with my earnest prayers for their improvement and perseverance in whatever may tend to their everlasting welfare, Mr. and the Miss Ithell's sincerely obedient and obliged humble servant,

M. HILDESLEY.

*** The above letter, or perhaps the unknown volume referred to, is thus superscribed:

To
my worthy
and
highly-esteemed parishioners,
Mrs. { Elizabeth and Martha } Ithell,
these Meditations
are humbly presented
by
their obedient and faithful pastor,
M. H.

LETTER II.

Mr. S. Richardson, author of Clarissa, Grandison, and Pamela, to a Lady.

MADAM, *London, Jan.* 10, 1757.

I AM very sorry that the bishop says, "He dare not call me his friend." No one living could value the good Vicar of Hitchin more than I did, for the sake of his character, before I had the pleasure of being visited by him as Bishop of Man; and most heartily I congratulated in my mind the people committed to his charge, on their happiness not suffering by their change.

To myself, in the letters he favoured me with, I always thought him too condescending, too humble; and is he not so,

in the notice he takes of me in the paper before me? I thought myself very happy in meeting, at the same inn at Barnet, the good Mr. Hildesley, on his return from Kent. Dr. Young dined with me there; and it was with regret that I could not engage him to do so too: but he had too good reasons to deny me that pleasure. My business lay always heavy upon me. I never, in two or three years could make a visit to Dr. Young of more than three or four days, out and in; but, had I known that the good Vicar of Hitchin had formed but half a wish to see me there, I would have got Dr. Young (both gentlemen respecting each other greatly) to have shewed me the way.

I had the favour of a visit, at my house in town, from his lordship; and, meeting him afterwards in the street, I knew that he was in town preparing for his diocese; and if I forget not, I was led to hope for another visit before his departure. But little did I know that his lordship was six whole weeks in town, while my business led me so near him; if I had, I should have held myself inexcusable not to have paid my duty to him in all that time.

I have a very sincere respect for this worthy prelate. He has an amiable aspect, and a chearfulness in his manner, that seemed to me an assurance that all was right within. I had interested myself in his welfare, and should have rejoiced in an account of it, in his new settlement. His lordship is very good to me, in his kind promise not to free me, in future, occasionally, from what he calls his intrusions. He has not, any where, a more sincere well-wisher. I should take it for a favour to be considered by so worthy a divine as more than an acquaintance.

Many happy returns of the season attend your ladyship, and all you love, prays, madam, your most faithful and obliged servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

LETTER III.

Dr. Stephen Hales* to Bishop Hildesley.

MY GOOD LORD, *Teddington, May* 16, 1758.

I AM much obliged to you for your kind letter of April 11,

* Written, at fourscore! in a clear, but s...kin, hand. "Blest with serenity of mind, and an excellent constitution, he attained to the age of 84 years, and died, after a short illness, Jan. 4, 1761." See Biogr. Dict. in 12 vols. 8vo.

and for the favourable reception of my book; in which I hope there are many things of so great benefit to mankind as will hereafter have a considerable influence on the affairs of the world for the better, especially in relation to those mighty destroyers, drams; and that, not only of the lives, but also of the morals of mankind. With a view to which I have sent sixteen of this book, with its first part, to several nations of Europe, especially the more northern, as far as to Petersburg; and am just going to reprint the first part, so much abbreviated as to bind up well with the second part in one six-shilling book; principally with a view to send two or three hundred of them, at the first opportunities, to all our colonies in America, from the southern to the most northern.

As the late occasional partial restraint took its rise from the great scarcity of corn, I cannot forbear looking upon it as a great blessing from *him*, who *in the midst of judgment remembers mercy*; for, the happy event has been the almost half curing of the unhappy drammists. The reason why self-abuse of every kind seems to be paramount to the power of human laws is, that we have lost all discipline in church and state, as the late excellent Bishop of London observed in his last charge to us clergy in St. Martin's church; whence he inferred, that the parochial clergy ought therefore to exert themselves with the more zeal in their parochial duties.

As to your observation, that I have lived to 80 without drams, it puts me in mind of an observation of the late Bishop Berkeley, viz. that "there was, in every district, a tough drammist, who was the *devil's decoy*, to draw others in."

Upon the whole, the open public testimony that I have for thirty years past borne against drams, in eleven different books or newspapers, has been matter of greater satisfaction to me than if I were assured, that the means I have proposed to avoid noxious air should occasion the prolonging the health and lives of an hundred millions of persons.

I have here inclosed a very useful receipt for making yeast, which Mr. Pringle, surgeon to the first regiment of Guards, gave me, which I published in the newspapers the beginning of last March, and which is probably in the Magazines, where I guess you may have seen it. But, for greater certainty, I send it, and, with it, what I did not see till I was cutting the receipt out of Lloyd's Chronicle, viz. the query, "Whether it be right for truly serious persons to visit on Sundays?"

As to your queries on the causes of the scurvy, as we are wrought out of materials that have a strong tendency to putrefaction, and as the scurvy is a putrid malady, the principal causes of it in ships are the very putrid air and water which they there breathe and drink. Another cause is the long-salted flesh which they eat; which, though it does not appear putrid to the taste and smell, yet is just on the borders of putrefaction, as appears by the following judicious experiment, which Dr. Addington told me he had made, viz. he put into a glass of water a piece of salted beef fit to boil; and, into a like quantity of water, he put a piece of fresh, raw, unsalted beef, when he observed the salted beef to stink first; which shews that it was very near a state of putrefaction, though the salt concealed it from the taste and smell. And when such salted flesh is, in eating, mixed with our drink, and other juices of the body, and withal heated in the body, no wonder that it should tend to breed the scurvy, which salt from the salt-seller cures and prevents.

I look on sea air to be very wholesome, unless near muddy shores, where the vapours, being putrid, make the air unwholesome, as is evident on some parts of our shore; but, where that shore is sandy, it is constantly healthy. If sea air were unwholesome, the sea-port towns would be most sickly when the wind blew from the sea; which I never heard to be so.

The too great quantity of flesh which we eat in this island is, doubtless a principal cause of the prevalence of the scurvy among us, which is the reason why I always begin dinner with plain pudding, to prevent my living on all flesh, of which I never eat any at night, but milky spoon-meat, which occasions me much sweet sleep.

Cold, damp, inclement air, may probably occasion the scurvy, by checking too much the perspirable vapour, which has a strong tendency to putrefaction, and which may also be the reason of the cutaneous disorders to which the more northern countries are observed to be subject. There is also another reason why they are so subject to the scurvy in very cold northern countries, viz. the shutting themselves much up in close rooms, where they breathe very putrid air. As a remedy for this, I propose the having small trunks pass up through the roof, with turning copper cows at the top, for the most putrid, and therefore lightest, air continually to pass off.

I guess the strong winds are hurtful to your trees, &c. on account of the great quantity of marine salt with which the

air is impregnated, which is a common case on our sea shores. However, I find your climate is in the main temperate.

This is a long letter for me; but my sincere desire to do what I guess will be most acceptable to you has urged me to lengthen it. I am, my lord, with the greatest esteem, your lordship's obliged humble servant,

STEPHEN HALES.

P. S. I had forgot to mention a thing which I have long intended to write to you about, viz. whereas you complained that the duty of your large church and congregation had incommoded your voice; it has been found, by the experience of many, that drinking tar-water very much deterges and opens the lungs, and thereby gives a very sensibly greater ease in speaking. If you shall think fit to try it, you may use the common tar, which is sold in every town for the use of farmers; which I have known used with as good effect as any.

The Bishop's [Berkeley] prescription is, a quart of tar stirred six minutes in a gallon of water; but, if there be somewhat less tar, it may do as well, especially at first, to try how it sits on you.

You may take about one-fourth of a pint, at four several times, at a due distance from meals. It will be a good time to begin in fourteen days. You may continue it for six or eight weeks, as you find. I took it thus in the early spring with good effect, and intend to begin again in 14 days.

LETTER IV.

Dr. Leland to Bishop Hildesley.

MY LORD, *Dublin, June* 27, 1764.

I HAVE received your most obliging letter of May 11, together with the three guineas you so generously sent me. The expressions of your esteem and regard are very acceptable to me, as they come from a person of your lordship's real worth and excellent character; though I must confess it humbles me to reflect how much I fall short of what your lordship and others of my friends are apt to conceive of me. I hope, however, I can truly say my intentions were upright; and, if I have been in any degree instrumental to serve the interests of religion, to God be all the glory.

I am informed that a club of Deists have been busily employed in drawing up an answer to some part of my "View of the Deistical Writers." It was designed to be published this last spring; but they have thought proper to defer it. Whatever becomes of any attempts of mine, I am satisfied that our holy religion, as delivered in the scriptures, is established on solid and immovable foundations, which all the malice and subtilty of its adversaries shall never be able to subvert. But it is a thing I can hardly account for that any persons, who would be thought to have a regard for the interests of virtue, and the good of mankind, should labour, with an indefatigable zeal and industry, as far as in them lies, to banish Christianity out of the world, and to set men loose from the sacred obligations it lays them under.

I wish your lordship all manner of success in the execution of the excellent design you have formed of getting the holy scriptures, or some portions of them, rendered into the vulgar tongue of that people whom providence has put under your pastoral care. This is the most likely means of leading them into the right knowledge and practice of religion.

That the God of all grace may bless your pious and benevolent intentions and endeavours for the edification of his church, and render you eminently useful in that part of his vineyard in which he has placed you, is the sincere and earnest prayer of, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and obliged humble servant,

JOHN LELAND.

LETTER V.

Bishop Hildesley to Dr. Scott, his Physician.

DEAR SIR, *Bishop's-Court, March* 27, 1772.

I AM now come to ask your advice concerning the present state of my health; though, at the same time, I am doubtful of the propriety of inquiring what is to be done with or for an old man of 73. However, you will permit me to tell my story. You must know then that, about three weeks since, I was seized with a debility of body; I say of *body*, because I had no particular defect in any limb or joint more than a general weakness, so as to be unable to carry myself upright; insomuch as twice to fall from my chair, and once from my bed, but without any paralytical symptoms, or the least disorder in my head.

This was my state for about a fortnight, when I began to mend, so as to be left to walk out by myself, which I could not do for some days.

I hope as the summer rises I shall rise with it; but I really began to think I was upon my last legs. I sleep well, and eat a tolerable meal; I take, &c. &c. and, notwithstanding this alarming circumstance of bodily infirmity, I have some thoughts, God willing, of visiting my Sherburn demesnes about midsummer,—if nothing extraordinary happens to hinder me.

Some of my friends in England urge me to go to Bath; I suppose on account of my colicky disorder: but I imagine those waters will not suit me. Tunbridge and Scarborough I have found benefit from; Harrowgate I have more fancy too; but those cold springs, at my time, some are utterly against; and I am less disposed to them myself, as my old scorbutic complaint is in great measure gone. Scarborough I have but one objection to; and that is, the intolerably steep hill to walk up from the spring. Which of all the abovementioned I should be glad of your direction about.

That I might not disappoint you of the satisfaction of your gratuitous act of voluntary friendship, communicated through Mr. Wilks, I intend the guinea I put into Mr. Dury's hands as a compensation for what I now send for; and which I hope you will accept from, dear sir, your obliged friend, and thankful humble servant,

M. SODOR AND MANN.

A Narrative of the Bishop's last Illness and Death.

IT is remarkable that, for a fortnight before he died, he was apparently in better health and spirits than he had been for some months before. This is what they here call a lightning before death; for, on the very day before he was taken ill, Sunday, the 29th of November, 1772, he performed the whole duty of the day in his chapel, seemingly with much ease and pleasure to himself as well as to the great satisfaction of all his hearers; went through his domestic duties of devotion in the same manner; and, as usual, spoke for an hour in the evening to his servants and the family on religious duties and subjects; which was his constant custom.

The next day, Nov. 30, being a holiday (St. Andrew's,) he read the service of the day in his chapel equally well and clear as the day before; but, it being a wet stormy day,

instead of his usual morning's walk, he took several turns the length of his hall and parlour for above an hour, talking to his sister of various matters, and about his intended journey to Sherburn and London next summer: and, on her observing to him, that he would require a judicious servant to attend him, on account of his but indifferent state of health at times, he said, "any servant would do for him; and that he should have been well enough, had he not been plied with too much laudanum in his former illness at Ballamore."

As he walked to and fro he sometimes took up a Spectator that his sister had been reading, and cast his eye over it for a few minutes, and so continued his walk; then took it up again, till he had read it through*.

He this day had a neighbouring clergyman to dine with him. Dined with a tolerably good appetite; sat conversing with him till between three and four o'clock; rose from his chair without much effort; saw his guest to the hall; and returned to the parlour, but with a tottering hasty kind of gait, which sometimes took him since his former illness. On this his sister begged him to sit down, but he did not; asked if Mr. Corbet was gone, for that there were two letters which might be sent by him, and took them out of his case. Mr. Corbet was called, and came in with his sister, and found him in his chair. He took no notice of them, but seemed intent on reading, or looking for something; on which the gentleman went away without the letters. In less than two minutes his sister returned, and found he had fallen off his chair, but had fast hold of a moulding under the window-seat, which he had pulled off in attempting to rise. On his sister's approach he turned round, and, looking up in her face, said with a smile, "Hetty, I cannot rise." How she got him up and seated him in his chair she knows not, for they were alone, and she much frightened. He had still the two letters in his hand, which his sister took, and sent them after Mr. Corbet to the stables; still imagining this would go off like something of the same kind that had alarmed them about a fortnight before. On one of the servants coming in with a petition relative to a suit in the Bishop's Court, his sister found that he had lost his speech,

* It is a striking circumstance, that the passage read was in Saturday's paper for July 26, in vol. VI. written by Addison; and most peculiarly applicable to the prelate's character and present state.

and the use of one hand, indeed of one side, entirely. But, thinking this might rouse his attention, she put the petition into his hand, which he read through; and it plainly appeared that he understood it, as he repeatedly afterwards mentioned, though with much difficulty, the petitioner's place of abode. He then had the sheet turned, and seemed still to read where nothing was written; made some sign, by pointing, as if he wanted an almanack, which his sister opened to him in December; and he ran his finger forward upon it till about the seventh or eighth day.

A letter coming in from Ramsay was read to him; but he took no notice of it, and seemed quite insensible of any thing; and in this condition he was carried to his bed, when Mr. Wilks arrived about five the same evening, and Dr. Scott, being sent for from Douglas, got to Bishop's Court the same night. Before the Doctor came, the Bishop had got some warm claret and currant jelly, and would have his sister take a cup of the same. In the mean time, his stupor and insensibility increasing, all that could be done in the medicinal way proved ineffectual. He seemed to make some attempts to speak at times, but hardly any thing intelligible. And thus he continued till the Sunday night following, December 6, and expired quietly about one in the morning of the 7th. much and greatly lamented by his whole diocese, who have lost in him a most affectionate and faithful pastor, ever attentive to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people committed to his care.

His zeal and piety in getting the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, together with the Book of Common Prayer, printed and published in the *Manks* tongue for the use of his diocese, is, above all others, the strongest and most lasting proof that can be given of his ardent love and concern for the good of his spiritual charge. And these he carried with him *to* the grave, and even *into* the grave, as he had by his will directed, that the funeral office and sermon should be all in *Manks*, which was performed accordingly.

Dr. Hildesley left a donative of corn to the amount of some four, some five pounds apiece to every parish and town in the isle; three hundred pounds to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge towards a future edition of the Manks Bible, &c. together with some handsome legacies to his relations and particular friends; who, exclusive of this tender evidence of his esteem, will have reason

to remember him with that gratitude and respect which were most justly due to so revered and respectable a character.

Ω.

1794, *July, Aug. Sept.*

LXXXV. From Dean Swift to Mr. Windar.

MR. URBAN,

THE two following letters, which, it is believed, are not to be found in any collection of Swift's Works, bear undoubted marks of his peculiar turn of thought, and style of writing. Although the matter of both be familiar and trivial, they may serve to throw some new light on the two periods of his life to which they relate.—Swift was 31 when the first was written. The second was addressed to the same gentleman, after an interval of 33 years. He was then in his 64th year. The lady he alludes to under the name of Eliza was probably Miss Jane Waring, of Belfast, to whom an excellent letter from Swift appears in his Works. The Mr. Windar to whom this letter is addressed succeeded Swift in the prebend of Kilroot, and was grandfather of Lord Macartney, whose mother, Elizabeth, was the youngest daughter of Mr. Windar.

LETTER I.

For the Rev. Mr. Windar, Prebendary of Kilroot.

[*To be left at Belfast, in the county of Antrim, Ireland.*]

Moor-Park, Jan. 13, 1698.

I AM not likely to be so pleased with any thing again this good while as I was with your letter of December 20th; and it has begun to put me into a good opinion of my own merits, or at least my skill at negociation, to find I have so quickly restored a correspondence that I feared was declining; as it requires more charms and address for women to revive one fainting flame than to kindle a dozen new ones. But, I assure you, I was very far from imputing your silence to any bad cause (having never entertained one single ill thought of you in my life), but to a custom which breaks

off commerce between abundance of people, after a long absence. At first one omits writing for a little while,—and then one stays a while longer to consider of excuses,—and at last it grows desperate, and one does not write at all. At this rate I have served others, and have been served myself.

I wish I had a Lexicon by me, to find whether your Greek word be spelt and accented right, and am very sorry you have made an *acutum in ultima,* as if you laid the greatest stress upon the worst part of the word. However, I protest against your meaning, or any interpretation you shall ever make of that nature out of my letters; if I thought you deserved any bitter words, I should either deliver them plainly, or hold my tongue altogether; for, I esteem the custom of conveying one's resentment by hints, or inuendos, to be a sign of malice or fear, or too little sincerity: but I have told you, *coram et absens,* that you are in your natu e more sensible than you need be; and I find it is with repu ation as with all other possessions, that those who have the greatest portion are most covetous of it. It is hard you cannot be satisfied with the esteem of the best among your neighbours, but lose your time in regarding what may be thought of you by one of my privacy and distance. I wish you could as easily make my esteem and friendship for you to be of any value, as you may be sure to command them.

I should be sorry if you have been at any inconvenience in hastening my accompts; and I dare refer you to my letters, that they will lay the fault upon yourself; for, I think I desired, more than once, that you would not make more dispatch than stood with your ease, because I was in no haste at all.

I desired of you, two or three times, that when you had sent me a catalogue of those few books, you would not send them to Dublin till you had heard again from me. The reason was, that I did believe there were one or two of them that might have been useful to you, and one or two more that were not worth their carriage. Of the latter sort were an old musty Horace and Joley's book. Of the former were Reynold's Work; Collection of Sermons, in quarto; Stillingfleet's Grounds, &c. and the folio paper book, very good for sermons, or a receipt-book for your wife, to keep accounts of mutton, raisins, &c. The Sceptis Scientifica is not mine, but old Mr. Dobbes's; and I wish it were restored. He has Temple's Miscellanea instead of it, which is a good book, worth your reading. If Sceptis

Scientifica comes to me, I will burn it for a fustian piece of abominable curious virtuoso stuff. The books missing are few and inconsiderable, not worth troubling any body about. I hope this will come to your hands before you have sent your cargo, that you may keep those books you mention; and desire you will write my name and *ex dono* before them in large letters. I desire my humble service to Mrs. Windar, and that you will let her know I shall pay a visit at Carmoney some day or other, how little soever any of you may think of it; but I will, as you desire, excuse you the delivery of my compliments to poor H. Clements, and hope you will have much better fortune than poor Mr. Davis, who has left a family that is like to find a cruel want of him. Pray let me hear that you grow very rich, and begin to make purchases. I never heard that H. Clements was dead; I was at his mayoral feast. Has he been mayor since, or did he die then, and every body forgot to send me word of it?

These sermons you have thought fit to transcribe will utterly disgrace you, unless you have so much credit that whatever comes from *you* will pass. They were what I was firmly resolved to burn, and especially some of them; the idlest, trifling stuff that ever was writ, calculated for a church without company, or a roof like our ..... at Oxford. They will be a perfect lampoon upon me, whenever you look on them and remember they are mine.

I remember those letters to Eliza; they were writ in my youth. You might have sealed them up, and nobody of my friends would have opened them. Pray burn them.

There were parcels of other papers that I would not have lost, and I hope you have packed them up, so that they may come to me. Some of them were abstracts and collections from reading.

You mention a dangerous rival for an absent lover. But I must take my fortune. If the report proceeds, pray inform me; and, when you have leisure and humour, give me the pleasure of a letter from you: and, though you are a man full of fastenings to the world, yet endeavour to continue a friendship in absence; for, who knows but Fate may jumble us together again; and I believe, had I been ..... of your neighbourhood, I should not have been so unsatisfied with the region I was planted in.

I am, and will be ever, entirely yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

Pray let me know something of my debt being paid to Tailer, the inn-keeper of ..... I have forgot the name of the town—between Dromore and Newry.

LETTER II.

To the Rev. Mr. Windar, at Belfast.

SIR, *Dublin, Feb.* 19, 1731-2.

I HAD the favour of yours of the 6th instant. I have been above a fortnight confined by an accidental strain, and can neither ride nor walk, nor easily write, else you should have heard from me sooner. I am heartily sorry for your disorder, and am the more sensible by those I have myself, though not of the same kind, but a constant disposition to giddiness, which I fear my present confinement, with the want of exercise, will increase. I am afraid you could not light upon a more unqualified man to serve *you* or my nearest friends, in any manner, with people in power: for, I have the misfortune to be not only under the particular displeasure both of the king and queen, as every body knows, but likewise every person, both in England and Ireland, who is well with the court, and can do me good or hurt. And although this and the two last lieutenants were of my old acquaintance, yet I never could prevail with any of them to give a living to a sober grave clergyman, who married my near relation, and has been long in the church, so that he still is my curate; and I reckon this present governor will do like the rest. I believe there is not any person you see from this town who does not know that my situation is as I describe. If you, or your son, were in favour with any bishop or parson, perhaps it might be contrived to have them put in mind, or solicited; but I am no way proper to be the first mover, because there is not one spiritual or temporal lord in Ireland whom I visit, or by whom I am visited, but am as mere a monk as any in Spain; and there is not a clergyman on the top of a mountain who so little converses with mankind, or is so little regarded by them, on any other account except shewing malice. All this I bear as well as I can; eat my morsel alone, *like a king*; and constantly at home, when I am not riding, or walking, which I do often, and *always alone.*

I give you this picture of myself, out of old friendship; whence you may judge what share of spirits and mirth are now left me; yet I cannot read at night, and am therefore

forced to scribble something, whereof nine things in ten are burned next morning. Forgive this tediousness in the pen, which I acquire by the want of spending it in talk. And believe me to be, with true esteem and friendship, your most obedient, humble servant, &c.

1794, *July.* [No signature.]

LXXXVI. From the Rev. Dean Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, to Mr. Nicholas Hunt, of that City, while labouring under a Cancer, of which he died A. D. 1687.

SIR,

I AM sorry to understand by Mr. Janeway's letter that your distemper grows upon you, and that you seem to decline so fast. I am very sensible how much easier it is to give advice against trouble in the case of another, than to take it in our own.

It hath pleased God to exercise me with a very sore trial in the loss of my dear and only child; in which I do perfectly submit to his good pleasure; firmly believing that he does, always, that which is best: and yet, though Reason be satisfied, our passions are not so soon appeased; and, when Nature hath received a wound, time must be allowed for the healing of it.

Since that, God hath thought fit to give me a nearer summons, and a closer warning of my own mortality, in the danger of an apoplexy; which yet, I thank God for it, hath occasioned no very melancholy reflections. But this, perhaps, is more owing to natural temper than philosophy and wise considerations.

Your case is very different, who are of a temper naturally melancholy, and under a distemper apt to increase it: for both which great allowances ought to be made. And yet, methinks, both Reason and Religion do offer us considerations of that solidity and strength as may very well support our spirits under all frailties, and infirmities of the flesh. Such as these: that God is perfect love and goodness; that we are not only his creatures, but also his children, and are as dear to him as to ourselves; that he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men; and that all evils of affliction are intended for the cure and prevention of the greater evils of sin and punishment: and, therefore, we ought not only to submit to them with patience, as being deserved by

us, but to receive them with thankfulness, as being designed by him to do us that good, and to bring us to that sense of him, and of ourselves, which perhaps nothing else would have done; that the sufferings of this present life are but slight and short compared with those extreme and endless miseries which we have deserved, and with those exceeding weights of glory which we hope for in the other world. If we be careful to make the best preparation for death and eternity, whatever brings us nearer to our end brings us nearer to our happiness; and, how rugged soever the way, the comfort is, that it leads to our Father's house, where we shall want nothing that we can wish for.

Now we labour under a dangerous distemper that threatens our life, what would we not be contented to bear in order to a perfect recovery, could we be but assured of it? And should we not be willing to endure much more in order to happiness and that eternal life, which God, who cannot lie, hath promised?

Nature, I know, is fond of life, and apt to be still lingering after a long continuance here; and yet, long life, with the usual burthens and infirmities of it, is seldom desirable. It is but the same thing over again, or worse; so many more nights and days, summers and winters; a repetition of the same pleasures, but with less pleasure and relish every day is turned off; the same and greater pain and trouble, but with less strength and patience to bear them.

These and the like considerations I use to entertain myself withal; not only with content but with comfort, though with great inequality of temper at several times, and with much mixture of human frailties, which will always stick to us whilst we are in this world. However, by this kind of thoughts death seems more familiar to us; and we shall be able, by degrees, to bring our minds close up to it without starting at it.

The greatest tenderness I find in myself is in regard to some relations, especially the dearest and constant companion of my life: which, I must confess, doth very sensibly touch me. But when I consider—and so, I hope, will they also—that separation will be but a very little while; and, though I shall leave them in a bad world, yet under the care of a good God, who can be more and better to them than all other relations, and will be certainly so to all them that love him, and hope in his mercy, I shall not need to advise you what to do, and what use to make of this time of your visitation.

I have reason to believe you have been careful, in the

time of your health, to prepare for the evil day; and have been conversant in those books which give the best directions to this purpose; and have not, as too many do, put off the greatest work of your life to the end of it: and then you have nothing left but, as well as you can, under your present weakness and pain, to review all the errors and miscarriages of your life; and earnestly to beg God's pardon and forgiveness of them, for His sake who is the propitiation for our sins.

Comfort yourself in the goodness and promises of God, and the hope of that happiness into which you are ready to enter: and, in the mean time, exercise faith and patience for a little while, and be of good courage, since you see land. The storm you are in will soon be over, and then it will be as if it had never been; or, rather, the remembrance of it will be a pleasure.

I do not use to write such long letters; but that I do heartily compassionate your case, and should be glad if I could suggest any thing that might help to mitigate your trouble, and make the sharp and rugged way, through which you are to pass into a better world, a little more smooth and easy. I pray God fit us both for that great change which we must one day undergo; and, if we be in any good measure fit, sooner or later makes no great difference. I commend you to the good Father of Mercies and God of all Consolation, beseeching Him to increase your faith and patience, and to stand by you in your last and great conflict! that, when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you may fear no evil; and, when your heart fails you, and your strength fails, you may find Him the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever!

Farewell, my good friend; and, whilst we are here, let us pray one for another, that we may have a joyful meeting in the other world. So I rest your truly affectionate friend and servant,

1795, *April.* JOHN TILLOTSON.

LXXXVII. From Lewis Morris, Esq. to his Brother, William Morris, Comptroller of the Customs, Holyhead, on Mine-knockers.

DEAR BROTHER, *Oct.* 14, 1754.

PRAY let me know the truth of the report, that Huw

Llwyd (Hugh Lloyd) throws sticks at Newhaven; pray inquire closely into the affair: I do not think it impossible but the äerial part of such a fellow may be condemned to act like a fool who so long acted the knave. I have heard it affirmed by very sober men in Merionethshire, that Mr. Wynne, of Ystumllyn, can do some surprising things, which we call *supernatural*, by producing the appearances of distant persons; not that they are, perhaps, really *above nature*, but that they are done by some means that are not commonly known, or that can be accounted for; as electricity and magnetism are secrets of that kind, though really natural. Be so good as to let me know the common opinion of people in your parts about Mr. Wynne, and whether he really performed those things before sober, sensible, sedate men. I am not over credulous about those things; and scepticism is madness; for, we really know (in general) very little or nothing in comparison to what is to be known. The great Lord Bacon owns it; and that temper of mind in him brought him to inquire into the depth of Nature beyond any man that was born before him. People who know very little of arts or sciences, or the power of Nature (which, in other words, are the powers of the Author of Nature), being full of conceit of their own abilities and knowledge, will laugh at us Cardiganshire miners, who maintain the existence of knockers in mines, a kind of good natured impalpable people, but to be seen and heard, and who seem to us to work in the mines; that is to say, they are types, or forerunners of working in mines, as dreams are of some accidents which happen to us. The barometer falls before rain and storms. If we did not know the construction of it, we should call it a kind of a dream that foretells rain; but we know it is natural, and produced by natural means comprehended by us. Now how are we sure, or any body sure, but that our dreams are produced by the same kind of natural means? There is some faint resemblance of this in the sense of hearing; the bird is killed before we hear the report of the gun. However this is, I must speak well of these knockers, for they have actually stood my very good friends, whether they are äerial beings called spirits, or whether they are a people made of matter not to be felt by our gross bodies, as air and fire and the like. Before the discovery of Esgair y Mwyn mine, these little people (as we call them here) worked hard there day and night; and there are abundance of honest sober people who have heard them, and some persons who have no notion of them or of

mines either; but, after the discovery of the great ore, they were heard no more. When I began at Llwyn Llwyd, they worked so fresh there for a considerable time, that they even frightened some young workmen out of the work. This was when we were driving levels, and before we had got any ore; but, when we came to the ore, then they gave over, and I heard no more talk of them. Our old miners are no more concerned at hearing them *blasting*, boring holes, landing *deads*, &c. than if they were some of their own people; and a single miner will stay in the work, in the dead of night, without any man near him, and never think of any fear or harm that they will do him; for, they have a notion that the knockers are of their own tribe and profession, and are a harmless people who mean well. Three or four miners together shall hear them sometimes; but, if the miners stop to take notice of them, the knockers will also stop; but, let the miners go on at their own work, suppose it is *boring*, the knockers will go on as brisk as can be in landing, blasting, or beating down the *loose*; and they were always heard a little way from them before they came to ore. These are odd assertions, but they are certainly facts, though we cannot and do not pretend to account for them. We have now very good ore at Llwyn Llwyd, where the knockers were heard to work, but have now yielded up the place, and are no more heard. Let who will laugh, we have the greatest reason to rejoice, and thank the knockers, or rather God, who sends us these notices.

This topic would take up a large volume to handle properly; and I wish an able hand would take the task upon him to discuss the point, perhaps some extraordinary light into Nature might be struck out of it. The word *supernatural*, used among us, is nonsense; there is nothing supernatural; for, the degrees of all beings, from the vegetative life to the archangel, are natural, real, absolute creatures, made by God's own hand; and all their actions, motions, and qualities, are natural. Doth not the fire burn a stick into ashes as natural as the air or water dissolve salt; and yet fire, when out of action, is invisible and impalpable; but where is the home or country of fire; where also is the home and country of knockers? I am, dear brother, yours affectionately,

LEWIS MORRIS.

1795, *July.*

LXXXVIII. From Dr. Young to the Rev. Thomas Newcombe.

MR. URBAN,

THE following excellent letter of the great Dr. Young, will doubtless be an acceptable present to your readers. It is probably one of the last he ever wrote.

E. H.

"To the Rev. Mr. Tho. Newcombe at Hackney near London.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, *Wellwyn, Nov.* 25, 1762.

"AND now my only dear old friend, for your name-sake Colborn is dead; he died last winter of a cold, caught by officiating on the Fast-day: he has left one daughter, I believe, in pretty good circumstances; for a friend of his, some time ago, settled upon her twenty-pounds a year; and he, no doubt, has left her something considerable himself.

"I am pleased with the stanzas you sent me; there is nothing in them of eighty-seven; and if you have been as young, in your attempt on the Death of Abel, it will do you credit. That work I have read, and think it deserves that reception it has met withall.

"The libel you mention, I have not seen: but I have seen numberless papers, which shew that our body politic is far from being in perfect health. As for my own health, I do not love to complain; but one particular I must tell you, that my sight is so far gone, as to lay me under the necessity of borrowing a hand to write this. God grant me grace under this darkness, to see more clearly things invisible and eternal, those great things, which you and I must soon be acquainted with; and why not rejoice at it? There is not a day of my long life that I desire to repeat; and at fourscore it is all labour and sorrow. What then have we to do? But one thing remains, and in that one blessed be God, by his assistance, we are sure of success. Let nothing therefore lye heavy on your heart; let us rely on him who has done so great things for us; that lover of souls, that hearer of prayers, whenever they come from the heart; and sure rewarder of all those who love him, and put their trust in his mercy.

"Let us not be discontented with this world; that is bad, but it is still worse to be satisfied with it, so satisfied, as not

to be very anxious for something more. My love and best wishes attend you both, and,

I am,

My good old friend,

Sincerely yours,

E. YOUNG."

"P. S. I am persuaded that you are mistaken as to your age. You write yourself 87, which cannot be the case; for I always thought myself older than you, and I want considerably of that age. If it is worth your while, satisfy me as to this particular."

1797, *Feb.*

LXXXIX. Letter of John Locke.

MR. URBAN,

THE following letter of the great and good Mr. Locke, is in the possession of Mrs. Frances Bridger, of Fowlers in Hawkherst, Kent, a lineal descendant of John Alford, Esq. son of Sir Edward Alford, Knt. of Offington-place, near Arundel, Sussex, to whom it was addressed.

D. J.

"SIR, *Ch. Ch.* 12° *Jun.* 66.

"I have not yet quite parted with you; and though you have put off your gowne, you are not yet got beyond my affection or concernment for you. 'Tis true you are now past masters and tutors, and it is now therefore that you ought to have the greater care of yourself; since those mistakes, or miscarriages, which heretofore would have been charged upon them, will now, if any, light wholly upon you, and you yourself must be accountable for all your actions; nor will any longer any one else share in the praise or censure they may deserve. 'Twill be time, therefore, that you now begin to think yourself a man, and necessary that you take the courage of one. I mean not such a courage as may name you one of those daring gallants that stick at nothing; but a courage that may defend and secure your virtue and religion; for, in the world you are now looking into, you will find perhaps more onsets made upon your innocence than you can imagine; and there are more dangerous thieves than those that lay wait for your purse,

who will endeavour to rob you of that virtue which they care not for themselves. I could wish you that happyness as never to fall into such company. But I consider you are to live in the world; and, whilst either the service of your country, or your own businesse, makes your conversation with men necessary, perhaps this caution will be needful. But you may withhold your heart where you cannot deny your company; and you may allow those your civility, who possibly will not deserve your affection. I think it needlesse and impertinent to dissuade you from vices I never observed you inclined to. I write this to strengthen your resolutions, not to give you new ones. But let not the importunities or examples of others prevail against the dictates of your own reason and education. I doe not in this advise you to be either a mumbe or morose; to avoid company, or not enjoy it. One may certainly with innocence use all the enjoyments of life: and I have beene always of opinion, that a virtuous life is best disposed to be the most pleasant. For, certainly, amidst the troubles and vanitys of this world, there are but two things that bring a reall satisfaction with them, that is, virtue and knowledge. What progress you have made in the latter, you will doe well not to lose. Your spare hours from devotion, business, or recreation (for that too I can allow, where employment, not idlenesse, gives a title to it,) will be well bestowed in reviewing or improving your University notions; and if at this distance I could afford your studies any direction or assistance, I should be glad, and you need only let me know it. Though your ancestors have left you a condition above the ordinary rank, yet it's yourself alone that can advance yourself to it: for it's not either your going upon two legs, or liveing in a great house, or possessing many acres, that gives one advantage over beasts or other men; but the being wiser and better. I speake not this to make you carelesse of your estate; for, though riches be not virtue, it's a great instrument of it, wherein lyes a great part of the usefullnesse and comfort of life. In the right management of this lyes a great part of prudence, and about mony is the great mistake of men; whilst they are either too coviteous, or too carelesse of it. It you throw it away idlely, you loose your great support, and best friend. If you hugge it too closely, you lose it and yourself too. To be thought prudent and liberall, provident and good-natured, are things worth your endeavour to obtain, which perhaps you will better doe, by avoiding the occasions of expences than by a frugall limiting them when occasion hath made them necessary. But I

forget you are neere your lady mother whilst I give you these advises, and doe not observe that what I meant for a letter begins to grow into a treatise. Those many particulars that here is not roome for, I send you to seeke in the writings of learned and sage authors. Let me give you by them those counsells I cannot now. They will direct you, as well as I wish you, and I doe truly wish you well. You will therefor pardon me for thus once playing the tutor, since I shall hereafter always be,

Sir, your faithful friend and servant,

1797, *Feb.* JOHN LOCKE."

XC. From John Evelyn, on the Culture and Improvement of the English Tongue.

MR. URBAN,

INCLOSED you receive an original letter from John Evelyn, Esq. the celebrated author of "Sylva," to a Fellow of the Royal Society.

T. A.

"SIR, *Sayes Court, Jan.* 28.

"On contemplation of your laudable designe of reviving the comittee formerly appointed by the R. S. to consider of the culture and improvement of the English tongue; I here, to make good my promise, send you what suggestions I had once prepared in order to it; and, if you could engage my Lord Arlington, and the politer greate men to favour it, they would easily obtaine of his Majesty some conveniency of meeting in the Court itself; which might not only prove an ornament to it, but render it a profitable diversion, perhaps emulous of the stage, not to say the pulpet, and, by degrees, introduce likewise a greater kindness towards the R. Society in general, as to their philosophical concerns, and place it beyond the power of that envy and detraction, under which it has so long labour'd, for want of those influences, and it's being better understood. But of these topiqs—upon some other occasion. I proceed to the subject in hand. And, first,

"I conceive the reason both of *additions* to, and the *corruptions* of, the *English language* (as of most other tongues),

has proceeded from the same *causes*; namely, from *victories*, *plantations* or *colonies*, *frontiers*, staples of *commerce*, *pedantry of schules*, affectation of *travellers*, *translations*, *fancy*, and *style of court*, *vernidity* and *mincing* of *citts*, *pulpits*, *theaters*, the *bar*, and from *shops*, &c.

"The parts affected with it we find to be the *accent*, *analogie*, direct *interpretation*, *tropes*, *phrases*, and the like. I should, therefore, humbly propose, 1. that there might first be compil'd a *gram'er* for the *precepts*, which (as it did the Roman, when Crates transferr'd the art to Rome, follow'd by Diomedes, Priscian, and others, who undertook it) might only insist on the *rules*, the sole and adequate meanes to render it a *learned*, as well as *learnable*, *tongue*.

"2. That, with this, a more certain *orthography* were introduced, as by leaving out superfluous letters, &c. such as (o) in *women*, *people*; (u) in *honour*; (a) in *reproach*; (ugh) in *though*, &c.

"3. That there might be excogitated some new *periods* and *accents*, besides such as our *gram'arians* and *critics* use, to *assist*, *inspirit*, and *modifie*, the *pronuntiation* of *sentences*, and to stand as marks before hand, how the voice and tone is to be govern'd in reading or reciting, and for varying the *tune* of the *voice* as the subject is affected. This would be of great use in the reading or pronouncing of verses, and of no small importance to the stage, the pulpet, and the barr.

"4. To this might follow a *lexicon*, or collection of all the *pure* and *genuine* English words by themselves; then, those that are *derivative* from others, with their prime, certain, and *natural*, signification; then the *symbolical*; so as no *innovation* might be used or favour'd, at least, till there should arise some necessity of providing a new *edition*, and of amplifing the *old* upon mature advice.

"5. That, in order to this, some were appointed to collect all the *technical words*, especially those of the more generous and *liberal* employments, as the author of the "*Essaies des Merveilles de Nature, et des plus nobles Artifices*," has don for the French; Francis Junius, and others, have endeavour'd for the *Latine*; and as Mr. Philips has lately attempted in his English dictionary, and an ingenious divine (a friend of mine) is about upon the above-mention'd "*Essaies des Merveilles*," &c. But this must be glean'd from *shops*, not *books*.

"6. That things *difficult* to be *translated* or *express'd*, and such as are, as it were, *incom'ensurable* one to another, as *determinations* of *weights* and *measurs*, *coines*, *honors*, *national-habits*, *armes*, *dishes*, *drinks*, *municipal constitutions* of *courts*,

old and *abrogated costomes*, &c. were better interpreted than as yet we find them in *dictionaries*, and noted in the *lexicon*.

"7. That a full catalogue of *exotic words*, such as are minted by our *logo-dedali*, were exhibited; and that it were resolved on what should be sufficient to render them *current*, *ut civitate donentur*; since, without restraining that same *indomitam novandi verborum licentiam*, it will in time quite disguise the language. There are some *elegant words* introduced by *physitians*, chiefly, and *philosophers*, worthy to be retained; *others* it may be fitter to be abrogated, since there ought to be a *law* as well as a *liberty*, in this particular, to allay the itch of being the *author* of a new, but *abortive*, *word*. And in this choyce there would be some reguard to the well *sounding* and more *harmonious*, and such as are numerous, and apt to fall *gracefully* into their *cadences*, and *periods*, and so recommend themselves at the very *first sight*, as it were. Others, which (like false stones) will never *shine* or give lustur, in what ever day they be placed; but *embase* the rest. And here, I observe, that such as have convers'd *long* in *universities*, &c. do greatly affect words and expressions, no where in credit besides, as may be noted in Cleaveland's Poems for Cambridg; and there are also some Oxford *words* us'd by others, as I might instance if needfull.

"8. Previous to this enquiry would be, what particular *dialects*, *idioms*, and *proverbs*, were in use in every several county of England; for the *words* of the *present age* being properly the *vernacula*, or *classic* rather, especial reguard is to be had of them, and this consideration admits of infinite *improvements*, though Mr. *Ray* has lately published a good *specimen* for the references; and our new *etymologicon* much adorn'd this disiderat. *Chaucer*, *Leland*, and especially some of our *antienter Saxon* writers, have some words and expressions of greater *comprehension*, and not to be contem'd were we not exceedingly given sometimes to *change for the worse*.

"9. Happly it were not amiss that we had a better collection (than is in the *Schole of Compliments*, *Helpe to Discourse*, and other ridiculous books) of the most *quaint* and *courtly expressions*, by way of *Florilegium*, *Copia*, or phrases, distinct from the province, and yet *un-affected*; for, we are infinitely to seek, in our *civil addresses*, *excuses*, and *formes* upon suddaine and unpremeditated (though ordinary) *encounters*, &c. in which the *French*, *Italians*, and *Spanyards*, have a kind of *natural* grace and talent, which furnishes the conversation, and renders it very agreeable. Here then

may come in *synonimes*, *homonymias*, &c. and for the more usefull periods in writing and expression of things difficult, the *varieties* and *changes* you suggested the other day, which would be of wonderfull use.

"10. And since there is likewise a manifest *rotation* and circling of *words*, which *go in* and *out* like the mode and fashion (and are for the time as greate tyrants), bookes would be consulted for the *reduction* of some of the *old words* and expressions, had formerly *in deliciis*; for, our *language* is in many places *sterile* and *barren* by reason of this *depopulation* (as I may name it), and therefore such fields should be new *cultivated*, and *enriched*, either with the *former* (if more *significant*) or some other: for example, we have hardly any word that dos so fully expresse the French *clinquant*, *naiveté*, *ennüy*, *concert*, *chicanerie*, *consume*, *emotion*, *defer*, *effort*, &c. Italian *garbato*, *svelto*, *bizzarro*, &c. Let us therefore (as the Romans did the Greeks) make as many of these *do homage* as are like to prove good *citizens*; but concerning this, I have sayd something in article 8.

"Something might likewise be well *translated* out of the best *orators* and *poets*, Greek and Latin, and even out of the *modern languages*; that so a *judgement* might be made concerning the *elegancy* of the *style*; and so a laudable and *unaffected imitation* of the best (by way of *prolusion*) recommended to writers. I am persuaded, if these particulars were well cultivated, and that a collection of ingenious persons did make it a serious business, as the French and Italians have don, under the auspices of Cardinal Richlieu, our *language* might in a short time reach to the noblest *heights*, and equally obtaine amongst our more spreading neighbours.

"But first, sir, there must be a *stock of reputation* gained by some *public writings* and compositions of the *members* of such an *assembly*, or the *king* must *com'and* and *favour* it, that *maliceous men* do not put it out of countenance, by calling them *comedianti*, and *fopps* (as you know who has don); that so they may not think it a *dishonor* to submit to the test, and reguard them as judges and competent *approbators*.

"Thus far were that worthy designe of yours advanced. I conceive a very small matter would dispatch the *art* of *rhetoric*, which the French proposed as one of the *first* things they recommended to their famous academitians.

"To give a tast what might possibly be don by the only assistance of the English and some neighbour tongues, I did (not long since) at the request of my *Lord Howard of Norfolk*, and which might happly gratifie some very *greate persons*

that have excellent understandings (but who it is not necessary should undergo the pedantry and tyrannie of letters and deep *erudition,)* write an *essay, how far a man might become learned by the only assistance of the modern languages,* and which few of our greate men but understand.

"But this was meerly for his *private use,* and to obey his pleasure; and though I could bravely *defend* the designe, yet our *malicious pedants* would laugh at it. It would passe acceptably in any nation but ours.

"I have also selected some English *letters,* &c. and written a *tragy-comedy,* which are all *impertinences* not to have been named to any but a very *obliging and friendly intimate,* and since I penned them, as the orator says,

"*Non tam perficiendi spe, quam experiundi voluptate.*"

"Your most faithfull servant,

"J. EVELYN.

"Sir, pardon my ill character, and other defects: I am heartily weary and half blind, having this day written the whole packet which I now send you (containing 17 pages fol.) besides other worke."

1797; *March.*

XCI. From the Rev. Thomas Seward.

MR. URBAN,

NO apology will be necessary to your learned readers for the insertion of the following original and truly-classical epistle.

ALUMNUS.

"Vivo reverendo doctissimoque Andreæ Mario Chappo, D.D. &c. salutem plurimam dicit Thomas Seward, A.M. canonicus Lichfeldensis.

"Epistola tua, vir doctissime, jamdudum erratica, ad me tandem delata est, septuagenarium, et ægrum, inhabilemque sane ad explendum animum tuum, qui in antiquitatibus perscrutandis inexpertus et rudis sum, et Latine loqui vel scribere diu desuetus. Sed cum cœnobium Coventrense cum monachis ejus olim dissolutum est et obrutum, ædesque

eorum, et palatium episcopale, et ruinæ ipsæ omnes perierunt, vix operæ pretium videtur te, et tua splendidiora studia obscurorum virorum nominibus solis detinere; præsertim, cum vix liber, nedum brevis epistola, ad respondendum quæstionibus tuis sufficiat. Historiam autem ecclesiarum harum concathedralium breviter perstringam. In Saxonum Heptarchia, amplissimum erat et ditissimum regnum Merciæ. Oswius autem Northumbriæ rex hoc subegit, et ex tenebris hyberboreis ad Christianam fidem redemit. Hic ecclesiam Lichfeldiæ erexit circa annum 657, quæ fere omnes Mediterraneas Angliæ partes in ditione episcopali tenebat. Episcopus enim quamplurimos sacerdotes laborum participes secum habuit, qui vicatim et vicissim missi ambirent regnum, nondum enim in parochiis divisum fuit. Anno 800 rex Merciæ Offa fuit, qui aut collapsam restaurabat, aut parvam ampliavit ecclesiam Lichfeldensem adeo ut fundator alter interdum vocaretur. Hic a Papa Hadriano impetravit, ut Lichfeldiæ sedes archiepiscopalis fieret. Adulphus consecratus est, qui rexit provinciam annos sex et triginta. Illo defuncto, nulli successorum pallium archiepiscopale concessum est. Post longam episcoporum seriem, anno millesimo sexagesimo sexto fundatum est cœnobium Coventrense per Leofricum, comitem Merciæ potentissimum ditissimumque, atavis forsan regibus Merciæ editum; sed heptarchia tunc dissoluta, in unum regnum Saxonum occidentalium redacta fuit. Major autem honos conjugi ejus Godivæ attribuitur, pulcherrimæ, castissimæ, et monachorum ordinibus devotissimæ. Illa importune conjugem diu sollicitaverat ut cœnobium hoc fundaret, et nundinarum vectigalia civibus donaret. Cui joculariter ille "Hac lege tibi astringo fidem, ut faciam id quod petis, cum tu, mea suavissima, per compita publica Coventriæ nuda equitaveris." Illa, tantum religio potuit, assentitur; et solutis crinibus perlongis adumbrata, et quasi vestita, civibusque omnibus interdictis fenestras appropinquare, iter iniit. Unus Actæon, comitissæ stabularius, ausus est mandatum violare. Comitissæ equus, fautorem suum per fenestram cernens, hinnitum tollit, et nebulonem prodit; cujus effigies lignea per fenestram perantiquæ domus, (ejusdem, ut aiunt, aut saltem in eodem loco positæ,) caput pepetuo protrudit, et monstratur digitis prætereuntium. Solenni insuper pompa magistratuum, et civium omnium, in honorem munificentissimæ patronæ Godivæ, visitatur hoc ludicrum terriculum; et, quasi vivum derisione, cachinnis, et scommatibus fulgus insectatur, et speculator quisque intempestivus et ineptus etiam nunc vocatur *Peeping Tom.* In hac pompa, mulier, veste nivea astricte membris adaptata,

quasi nuda, et capillis assicitiis adumbrata, personam comitissæ gerit, alboque insidens equo per compita equitat. Oleant hæc forsan aniles fabulas; sed antiquarii, auctoritate graves, hæc et plura de hac re tradunt. Ut ut hæc sint, hoc certum est; cœnobium Coventriæ tantis auri et argenti ponderibus dotatum, tantis gemmarum luminibus illustratum, ut vix parietes ad thesauros continendos sufficerent. Et dictum cœnobium totius insulæ longe ditissimum. Sed hactenus; redeamus ad Lichfeldiam, cujus templum tegmine lignario co-opertum esse traditur; et, ut suspicor, injuria temporis labefactum: nam, in regnis sequentibus, multa regia dona ad id restaurandum memorantur. Nec aliam invenio causam, cur episcopi maternam sedem desererent, et eam ad urbem Cestriam, castrum occidentale quondam Romanorum, transferrent; auctoritate concilii provincialis apud Londinum, per Lanfrancum archiepiscopum Cantuariensem, celebrati. Nec Cestriæ diu remansit honos; secundus enim episcopus Robertus de Lymeri, Normannus, ut credo, nam regibus Gulielmo Rufo et Henrico Primo administer fuit potentissimus, gazis et gemmis Coventriæ inhians, transferri sedem suam ad Coventriam impetravit, et thesauros incontinenter involavit; nam ex una trabe sola quingentas marcas corrasisse dicitur. Hæc prima cœnobii calamitas. Multa surripuit, nec tamen omnia; fundos ingentes et solidos abligurire non potuit. Hic inter monachos Coventrenses, et canonicos Lichfeldenses, episcopi eligendi potestatem divisit. Sed magnæ et acerbæ lites exinde ortæ sunt; inter hos, antiquitate, et illos, divitiis superbientes. Harum rixarum longas ambages, quæ in tertium seculum, non nisi magna laicorum offensione, protrahebantur, non placitum, nec meum est, persequi. Anno tandem 1224, plenipotentia papæ Honorii tertii, tantas potuit componere lites, cujus decreto, ambobus capitulis, una vice in Coventriæ ecclesia, altera in Lichfeldense eligeretur episcopus. Hoc ordine conjunctæ sunt cathedræ; et si non cordialiter inter monachos et seculares, at sine litibus judicialibus. Et satis compositæ res procedebant, usque ad regnum Henrici octavi, qui monachorum ordines omnes delevit, et eorum fundos prægrandes inter aulicos suos, et proceres regni divisit; conscribens exercitum virorum nobilium et divitum contra agmina papæ. Per hæc omnia secula, scientia et veritas sub pedibus conculcatæ erant; nec sæpe erigebant capita, ne quidem sub docta regina Elizabetha. Primus inter episcopos Lichfeldenses et Coventrenses cujus opera ad hæc leguntur, erat Joannes Hachettus, qui perduellione flagrante contra Carolum primum, rector erat sanctæ Andreæ ecclesiæ apud Londinum, et

circa annum 1641 liturgiæ Anglicanæ a senatoribus populi solis, rege et optimatibus dissentientibus, reprobatæ et interdictæ firmiter adhæsit; et dum cultum divinum celebrabat, decurio rebellis cum altero sicario in ecclesiam ruit, et minaciter jubet eum desistere. Jussa injusta contemnens Μάντις ἀμύμων in precibus perseverabat. Ille furore plusquam fanatico æstuans, scloppum usque ad os hominis obtrudens, instantem, ni desistat, minitatur mortem. Cui sereniter sacerdos, "Fungor ego officio meo, miles; fungere tu tuo." Perculsus ille erubuit, et abiit. Hachettus, Carolo secundo restaurato, factus episcopus Lichfeldiæ et Coventriæ, templum cathedrale pene obrutum, turrim cuspidatam, seu potius obeliscum Gothicum procerissimum, altissimum, et pulcherrimum, tormentis fractum et eversum, culmina plumbea disjecta et direpta, parietes et columnas, et laquearia fœdata et nuda, equorum bellicosorum et stercoris grande receptaculum, palatium episcopale simili ruina turpatum invenit. Hoc neglexit, domo canonica contentus, sed totis viribus ad domum Dei restaurandam incubuit. Nam postridie ejus diei qua Lichfeldiam intravit, diluculo primo servos equosque suos ad sordes a templo removendas extimulavit. Quotque inchoavit acerrime, paucis annis feliciter integravit; nam, partim de propriis sumptibus, partim magnates regni exorando, viginti et tria millia librarum, ingentem eo tempore summam, in hoc opere tam nobili consumpsit. Præsul hic doctus et strenuus fidei Anglicanæ defensor erat contra Jesuitas, et concionator sui temporis celebris: stylus autem ejus rudis est et obsoletus. Huic successit episcopus, a regia meretrice in cathedram intrusus, qui, tali patrona dignus, monstrum fuit avaritiæ; cui nihil episcopale, nihil sacrum, nisi auri sacra fames. Merito tandem ab archiepiscopo Cantuariensi mulctatus est; cujus ex crapula aurea, ut ita dicam, præsens palatium episcopale grande satis et splendidum emicuit. Huic successit vir magni ingenii et doctrinæ Gulielmus Lloyd, cui linguæ orientales quasi vernaculæ erant. Illi proxumus fuit Joannes Hough, vir omni laude dignus, qui juvenis adhuc, Magdalenæ collegii apud Oxoniam præses electus fuit, contra illegalia mandata Jacobi secundi qui virum legibus inhabilem in hanc dignitatem eligi jusserat. Ob hoc, irato rege, expulsus erat; sed anno proximo, rege ipso ab Anglia expulso, restitutus, et post aliquot annos ad diœcesin Lichfeldensem evectus, ubi multos annos ab omnibus honoratus vixit, donec ab Anna regina in divitem Vigorniæ cathedram translatus fuit. Aulicis elegantiæ, religiosis pietatis, omnibus Christianæ benevolentiæ optima documenta præbuit, usque ad plusquam nonagesimum ætatis annum. Huic suc-

cessit Chandlerus, primum canonicus, deinde episcopus Lichfeldensis, et postea translatus ad ditissimum diœcesin Dunelmiæ. Ille propugnator strenuus fidei Christianæ contra gigantes istos infideles Collinsium et Tindalium, qui apostolos et evangelistas nequitiæ et ignorantiæ audaciter insimulant, quia prophetias veteris Testamenti historiis novi aptaverunt. Huic successit Richardus Smalbroke, qui miracula Christi, contra Woolstonum, fidei desertorem et calumniatorem, docte et acute defendit. Hujus successor fuit Fredericus Cornwallis, comitis de Cornwallis patruus, qui annos octodecim Diœcesin Lichfeldensem, diligenter, sapienter, at amicissime administravit, et nunc cathedram archiepiscopalem Cantuariensem splendide ornat. Hujus successor fuit Joannes Egerton, ducis Bridgwateriensis patruelis, et hæres proximus, vir doctus, elegans, et in rebus agendis acutus et perspicax. Post biennium ad Dunelmiam evectus fuit. Illi successit Brownlow North, comitis Guildfordiæ filius, et Domini North, gazæ regiæ custodis et rerum publicarum curatoris frater fraterrimus, qui biennium quoque hic commoratus, ad Vigorniam translatus est. Episcopus vere nobilis, comis, et benignus, diœcesi nostræ nunc præsidet Richardus Hurd, qui apud academiam Cantabrigiensem studiis humanioribus contemporaneis omnibus facile antecessit; critici acuminis et promptæ doctrinæ quamplurima exemplaria adhuc juvenis edidit. Deinde dialogos quosdam historicos, politicos, et morales, scripsit, qui magno fructu a literatis leguntur: postea prophetias veteris et novi Testamenti, claro et insigni ordine digessit et explicuit. His ingenii et pietatis documentis, morum suavitate, et egregia vultus gratia inductus, comes de Mansfield, judicum nostrorum merito princeps, et legum non magis quam virorum acutissimus judex, regi nostro hunc commendavit, ut fieret præceptor principis Galliæ et fratris ejus secularis episcopi Osnabrugensis. Ex illo igitur spes Britanniæ nunc pendet. Discipuli ejus, ut audivi et spero, bonarum artium studiis alacriter incumbunt, et rapidi proficiunt; et ex illo, precor, derivata virtus in patriam populumque fluat.

1797, *June.* T. S."

XCII. Letter written at Paris by the late Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Communicated by the Gentleman who received it.

April 22, 1784.

I SEND you herewith a bill for ten Louis d'ors. I do not

pretend to give such a sum: I only *lend* it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must *pay me* by lending this sum to him, injoining him to *discharge the debt* by a like operation, when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a *knave* to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford *much* in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a *little.*

1797, *Sept.*

XCIII. Letters from the Earl of Orford to Governor Pownall.

LETTER I.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 23, 1783.

I AM extremely obliged to you, Sir, for the valuable communication you have made to me. It is extremely so to me, as it does justice to a memory that I revere to the highest degree; and I flatter myself that it would be acceptable to that part of the world that loves truth; and that part will be the majority as fast as *they* pass away who have an interest in preferring falsehood. Happily, truth is longer-lived than the passions of individuals; and, when mankind are not misled, they can distinguish white from black.

I myself do not pretend to be unprejudiced; I must be so to the best of fathers; I should be ashamed to be quite impartial. No wonder then, Sir, if I am greatly pleased with so able a justification. Yet I am not so blinded but that I can discern solid reasons for admiring your Defence. You have placed that Defence on sound and *new* grounds; and, though very briefly, have very learnedly stated and distinguished the landmarks of our Constitution, and the encroachments made on it, by justly referring the principles of liberty to the Saxon system, and imputing the corruptions of it to the Norman. This was a great deal too deep for that superficial mountebank Hume to go; for, a mountebank he was. He mounted a *freteau* in the garb of a philosophic empiric, but dispensed no drugs but what he was

authorised to vend by a royal patent, and which were full of Turkish opium. He had studied nothing relative to the English Constitution before Queen Elizabeth, and had selected some of her most arbitrary acts to countenance those of the Stuarts; and even hers, he misrepresented; for, her worst deeds were levelled against the nobility, those of the Stuarts against the people; hers, consequently, were rather an obligation to the people; for, the most heinous part of common despotism is, that it produces a thousand despots instead of one. Muley Moloch cannot lop off many heads with his own hand; at least he takes those in his way, those of his courtiers; but his bashaws and viceroys spread destruction every where.

The flimsy, ignorant, blundering, manner in which Hume executed the reigns preceding Henry VII. is a proof of how little he had examined the history of our Constitution.

I could say much, much more, Sir, in commendation of your work, were I not apprehensive of being biassed by the subject. Still, that it would not be from flattery I will prove, by taking the liberty of making two objections, and they are only to the last page but one. Perhaps you will think that my first objection does shew that I *am* too much biassed.

I own, I am sorry to see my father compared to Sylla; the latter was a sanguinary usurper, a monster—the former the mildest, most forgiving, best-natured of men, and a *legal* minister. Nor, I fear, will the only light in which you compare them stand the test. Sylla resigned his power voluntarily, insolently, perhaps timidly, as he might think he had a better chance of dying in his bed if he retreated than by continuing to rule by force. My father did not retire by his own option: he had lost the majority of the House of Commons. Sylla, you say, Sir, retired unimpeached—it is true, but covered with blood. My father was not *impeached*, in our strict sense of the word, but, to my great joy, he was in effect. A secret committee, a worse inquisition than a jury, was named—not to try him, but to sift his life for crimes—and out of such a jury, chosen in the dark, and not one of whom he might challenge, he had some determined enemies, many opponents, and but two he could suppose his friends. And what was the consequence? A man, charged with every state crime almost for 20 years, was proved to have done—what? paid some writers much more than they deserved, for having defended him against ten thousand and ten thousand libels (some of which had been written by his inquisitors); all which libels were confessed to have been lies by his inquisitors themselves;

for, they could not produce a shadow of one of the crimes with which they had charged him! I must own, Sir, I think that Sylla and my father ought to be set in opposition rather than paralleled.

My other objection is still more serious; and, if I am so happy as to convince you, I shall hope that you will alter the paragraph, as it seems to impute something to Sir Robert of which he was not only most innocent, but of which, if he had been guilty, I should think him extremely so, for he would have been very ungrateful.

You say, "he had not the comfort to see that he had established his own family by any thing which he received from the gratitude of that Hanover family, or from the gratitude of that country, which he had saved and served." Good Sir, what does this sentence seem to imply, but that either Sir Robert himself, or his family, thought, or think, that the kings George I. and II. or England, were ungrateful for not rewarding his services? Defend him and us from such a charge! He nor we ever had such a thought. Was it not rewarding him to make him prime-minister, and maintain and support him against all his enemies for twenty years together? Did not George I. make his eldest son a peer, and give to the father and son a valuable patent place in the Custom-house for three lives? Did not George II. give my elder brother the auditor's place, and to my other brother and me other rich places for our lives; for, though in the gift of the First Lord of the Treasury, do we not owe them to the king, who made him so? Did not the late king make my father an earl, and dismiss him with a pension of 4000l. a year for his life? Could he or we not think these ample rewards? What rapacious sordid wretches must he and we have been, and be, could we entertain such an idea! As far have we all been from thinking him neglected by his country. Did not his country see and know those rewards? and could it think those rewards inadequate? Besides, Sir, great as I hold my father's services, they were solid and silent, not ostensible: they were of a kind to which I hold your justification a more suitable reward than pecuniary recompences. To have fixed the House of Hanover on the throne; to have maintained this country in peace and affluence for 20 years; with the other services you record, Sir, were actions, the *éclat* of which must be illustrated by time and reflexion, and whose spendour has been brought forwarder than I wish it had, by comparison with a period very dissimilar.

If Sir Robert had not the comfort of leaving his family in

affluence, it was not imputable to his king or his country. Perhaps I am proud that he did not. He died 40,000l. in debt—that was the wealth of a man that had been taxed as the plunderer of his country! Yet, with all my adoration of my father, I am just enough to own that it was his own fault if he died so poor. He had made Houghton much too magnificent for the moderate estate which he left to support it; and as he never, I repeat it with truth, *never* got any money but in the South-sea and while he was paymaster, his fondness for his paternal seat, and his boundless generosity, were too expensive for his fortune. I will mention one instance, which will shew how little he was disposed to turn the favour of the Crown to his own profit: he laid out 14,000l. of his own money on Richmond new park.

I can produce other reasons too why Sir Robert's family were not in so comfortable a situation as the world, deluded by misrepresentation, might expect to see them at his death. My eldest brother had been a very bad economist during his father's life, and died himself 50,000l. in debt, or more; so that, to this day, neither Sir Edward nor I have received the 5000l. apiece which Sir Robert left us as our fortunes. I do not love to charge the dead; therefore will only say, that Lady Orford, reckoned a vast fortune, which till she died she never proved, wasted vast sums; nor did my brother or father *ever* receive but 20,000l which she brough at first, and which were spent on the wedding and christening; I mean, including her jewels.

I beg your pardon, Sir, for this tedious detail, which is minutely, perhaps too minutely, true; but, when I took the liberty of contesting any part of a work which I admire so much, I owed it to you and to myself to assign my reasons. I trust they will satisfy you; and, if they do, I am sure you will alter a paragraph against which it is the duty of the family to reclaim. Dear as my father's memory is to my soul, I can never subscribe to the position that he was unrewarded by the House of Hanover. I have the honour to be, Sir, with great respect and gratitude, your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I did not take the liberty of retaining your Essay, Sir; but should be very happy to have a copy of it at your leisure.

LETTER II.

Berkeley-Square, Nov. 7, 1783.

You must allow me, Sir, to repeat my thanks for the second copy of your Tract on my father, and for your great condescension in altering the two passages to which I presumed to object, and which are now not only more consonant to exactness, but, I hope, no disparagement to the piece. To me they are quite satisfactory; and it is a comfort to me too, that what I begged to have changed was not any reflection prejudicial to his memory, but, in the first point, a parallel not entirely similar in circumstances; and, in the other, a sort of censure on others to which I could not subscribe. With all my veneration for my father's memory, I should not remonstrate against just censure on him. Happily, to do justice to him, most iniquitous calumnies ought to be removed, and then there would remain virtues and merits enough far to outweigh human errors, from which the best men, like him, cannot be exempt. Let his enemies, aye, and his *friends*, be compared with him—and then justice would be done!

Your Essay, Sir, will, I hope, some time or other, clear the way to his vindication. It points out the true way of examining his character, and is itself, as far as it goes, unanswerable. As such, what an obligation must it be to, Sir, your most grateful and obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1798, *Dec.*

XCIV. Letters from Bishops Hoadly and Butler, and the Duchess of Marlborough, to Sir Robert Walpole.

MR. URBAN,

THE three letters which accompany this must certainly be an agreeable treat to your readers. They are from two of the most shining ornaments of the Episcopal Bench to a Prime Minister; and are remarkable for the dignified manner in which one of them requests a Translation; and the other accepts a vacant See. A fourth, from the famous Duchess of Marlborough, in the character of Ranger of Windsor Park, is also a curiosity. Their genuineness is unquestionable; and you may engrave, if you please, the

signatures. To the friend from whom I received them they were communicated by the late Earl of Orford.

Yours, &c.

M. GREEN.

LETTER I.

The Bishop of Salisbury [Hoadly] to Sir Robert Walpole.

SIR, *Salisbury, July* 14, 1733.

I BEG leave to let you know that I had, about ten days ago, a letter from my Ld. Barrington, dated from Berwick; the principal contents of which I must just mention to you, and then shall (as I ought) leave it entirely to you to consider what is proper on your part. He says that he has met with a reception and encouragement beyond his highest expectations; that Col. Lyddel is secure; that Ld. Polwarth's interest is in a very hazardous way by the acknowledgment of his own friends; that Gen. Sabine has given up his pretensions, and that there is not the least room for a fourth candidate; that there are about 20 votes depending upon the Government, with inclinations to him, but fears insinuated into them of losing their bread if they vote for him; that it would be of the greatest service to him to have that difficulty removed, and so many votes added to his interest. He quotes you as saying, a little while ago, that "you did not oppose him, but was only for the old members;" and hopes from thence that, Gen. Sabine having desisted, you may grant him this favour. Nay, he goes on to hope that Col. Lyddel would favour him with some of those votes which he unnecessarily keeps now as single votes, if he thought that Lord B.'s election would be more acceptable to you than Lord Polwarth's, who may get advantage by that conduct in the Colonel. I shall make my letter as long as his if I should go on much farther. I shall only add, that he is so weak as to think that I have an *interest powerful enough* to do—I know not what. For my own part, I could not avoid representing the case to you as he has represented it to me; and cannot think it right to beg any thing of you but that you will be as favourable as you yourself think it reasonable to be. I find he is in, and must now go through, and that he has a number of good friends there. I forgot to say, that he cites her Majesty's saying, that it would be hard to oppose him; which I remember something of at the time when the affair of the Dissenters was composed at London by his assistance at last, amongst others. But no more of this.

When I had last the honour of seeing you, I forgot to make an apology for my troubling you a little while ago with two letters, about the Jewel-office and the Garter affair. You, who have nothing to do with those matters, might wonder at it, if you were not informed that the Duke of Grafton, who came to me upon that subject, and was going into Suffolk, told me he came directly from you; and that I must give an account of whatever I found necessary to you in his absence.

I think fit just to say, that Sir Ed. Desbouverie's interest has been carefully and successfully managed in this City since the last election, and (as I am informed) is now so strong that there is indeed no talk amongst any persons of the old members.

I beg pardon for this long interruption; and am, with a great and sincere regard, Sir, your most faithful humble servant.

B. SARUM.

LETTER II.

From the same Bishop.

SIR, *Aug.* 8, 1734.

HEARING from all hands the desperate condition in which the Bishop of Winchester is (if not already dead), I flatter myself you will not take it amiss that I express to you, upon this occasion, my entire dependence upon those kind words you have often said to me upon this subject. When I last had the honour to see you at Chelsea, the reception I met with was so exceedingly obliging, and your voluntary expressions, upon the supposition of that vacancy, were so hearty and so strong (even assuring me that my success was really as certain as if I were in possession), that it would, I think, be perfectly stupid as to myself, and highly ungrateful to you, if I could sit silent in so critical a time, and not suffer myself to express to you the sense I have of the kind professions I have been favoured with, and my full persuasion of the truth and honour of the person who made them. This is the end of my interrupting you, Sir, at this time—not to torment so great a friend with impertinent solicitations, but to thank him for his having so generously prevented all solicitations—not to plague him with pretentions and titles to favour, slender in themselves, and perhaps magnified only by the fondness of self-love; but to acknowledge my own happiness in that better claim which his own mouth and kind-

est professions have given me. Sir, it would be the highest indignity towards you if I did not, upon this occasion, repose myself without uneasiness or doubt upon you. Give me leave only to add one word—that, as your bringing this affair to an end, in the manner in which you are used to do kindnesses to those you are willing to oblige, is all that remains for me to wish; so, when it is done, I trust that you will not be unthanked by *all* the world; and I am sure, for myself, I shall study, through my life, to shew myself in an uncommon manner, and upon all possible occasions, Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant,

BENJ. SARUM.

A word from you will find me in Grosvenor-street after Saturday next.

LETTER III.

From Dr. Butler to Sir Robert Walpole, on being nominated Bishop of Bristol on the former recommendation of Queen Caroline.

SIR, *Stanhope, Aug. the 28th*, 1738.

I RECEIVED yesterday from your own hand (an honour which I ought very particularly to acknowledge) the information that the King had nominated me to the bishoprick of Bristol. I most truly think myself very highly obliged to his Majesty, as much, all things considered, as any subject in his dominions; for, I know no greater obligation than to find the Queen's condescending goodness and kind intentions towards me transferred to his Majesty. Nor is it possible while I live to be without the most grateful sense of his favour to me, whether the effects of it be greater or less; for, this must in some measure depend upon accidents. Indeed, the bishoprick of Bristol is not very suitable either to the condition of my fortune, or the circumstances of my preferment; nor, as I should have thought, answerable to the recommendation with which I was honoured. But you will excuse me, Sir, if I think of this last with greater sensibility than the conduct of affairs will admit of.

But, without entering farther into any detail, I desire, Sir, you will please to let his Majesty know, that I humbly accept of this instance of his favour with the utmost possible gratitude.

I beg leave also, Sir, to return you my humble thanks for your good offices upon this and all occasions; and for your very obliging expressions of regard to, Sir, your most obedient, most faithful, and most humble servant,

JO. BUTLER.

By means of my distance from Durham, I had not yours, Sir, till yesterday; so that this is the first post I could answer it.

LETTER IV.

SIR, *Marlborough-house, Jan.* 3, 1734.

As I am very unfortunately, from a lameness which I despair of ever getting the better of, prevented from paying my duty in person to his Majesty, I must beg leave to desire you to lay before him a matter, which, I think, of some consequence to his Majesty's Great Park, at Windsor.

The keepers of it inform me that, by his Majesty's directions, a great quantity of red deer are already sent thither, and many more are every day expected. I imagine that his Majesty cannot be fully apprized of the detriment this will be to the Park in general, where there was at least a hundred red deer from Old Windsor wood before this augmentation. For, though the Park is large, yet the great quantity of woods and roads take up a great part of it, and the greatest part of the land is extremely bad; so that, of course, the fallow deer must suffer; many of them will be starved and die; and scarce any will remain fit to be served in pursuance of his Majesty's warrants.

I remember the old Marquis of Wharton made a present to the Duke of Marlborough of all his red deer, which was to prevent the mischief they did in his lordship's own park. And when the Duke of Marlborough found they did so much mischief at Blenheim, he presented them to the late king, to put into his majesty's forests.

There are a great many red deer in Windsor forest; and I have been told, that Baptist Nunn takes care of them at Swinley rails, where, I suppose, there are few or no fallow deer to be prejudiced by the red deer.

The hay, necessary to fodder the deer in Windsor Park in the winter, is made from certain meadows inclosed with a fence, but not strong or high enough to keep out the red deer, which will easily leap over, and totally destroy the grass that should be preserved for hay for the fallow deer.

I believe I need not inform you, Sir, that I get nothing by being Ranger of that Park but a very pretty place to live in, which I have made so with a great sum of money of my own. I do indeed sometimes keep a few runts for my own table; not so many cows for milk as some of the under-keepers have; some horses that do the business of the Park; and some few have a running for past services, not to knock them on the head because they can do no more. But I need not say more upon this head, being persuaded that you do me the justice to believe that I despise any pitiful advantages that many have made who have been rangers of parks. And, if I were to lay before his Majesty my bills of the annual expence I am obliged to on account of this Park, I am persuaded he would be convinced of the truth of what I have said.

Besides this, you will be pleased to remember, that near three years allowance for this Park, in his late Majesty's reign, are still due to me, and likewise the expence I was at for repairs in the Park, which of yourself you told Mr. Withers it was reasonable I should be paid. And he told me you directed him to pay me, though to this hour I never had it. These accidents, the taxes, and fees belonging to the allowance, make it not desirable but for the reasons given.

I am far from urging this with any view to my own interest: the only motive that engages me to lay this before his Majesty is to do my duty; and that I may be sure of not being reproached, when the consequences are seen, for not having represented these matters in time.

It is this that has laid me under a necessity of being troublesome to you in this particular; and of assuring you that I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

S. MARLBOROUGH.

1799, *Feb.*

XCV. Letter from the Rev. Dr. Stephen Hales to Nathaniel Booth, Esq. afterwards Lord Delamer.

DEAR SIR, *Teddington, Feb.* 12. 1741.

I WAS not without hopes, that the first account I saw of my niece's* death in the newspapers might be groundless, as

* Mrs. Vere Tyndale, sister to Mr. Booth.

many are there; but when I saw in yesterday's paper her good character described, I conclude it is but too true.

I little thought her so near her end when I saw her last, though her long and prevailing indispositions gave but little hopes of a long life; but, whatever natural causes appear to us to be the occasion of our friend's death, our departure hence certainly depends entirely on the will of the great Author of life, who gives us a longer or a shorter life, as he sees best for us; and, though it be very grievous and shocking to nature to part with our dearest friends, yet, when the natural debt of grief is paid, the most solid arguments of comfort are very obvious to us; to wit, that our separation is but for a very short time; and that our Religion furnishes us with solid grounds of hope, that we shall soon meet again in those blessed mansions, which our gracious and merciful Saviour assures us he is gone to prepare for those that truly love and fear him.

As nothing more endears our own country to us than the enjoyment of our friends and dearest relations, so nothing more strongly and naturally takes off our love to this world, and makes us seem as strangers here, than the loss and departure of our friends: a happy effect, most graciously intended by Providence, thereby to take our affections off from present things, and in earnest to prepare ourselves for a better and an everlasting state of happiness.

I am, Sir, with much esteem,

Your affectionate humble servant,

1799, *July.* STEPHEN HALES.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES,

INCLUDING

ANECDOTES

OF

EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS,

USEFUL PROJECTS

AND

INVENTIONS,

&c. &c.

I. Account of the premature genius and learning of Barretier.

JOHN PHILIP BARRETIER, was born at Schwabach, Jan. 19, 1720-21. His father was a Calvinist Minister of that place, who took upon himself the care of his education. What arts of instruction he used, or by what method he regulated the studies of his son, we are not able to inform the public, but take this opportunity of intreating those who have received more complete intelligence, not to deny mankind so great a benefit as the improvement of education. If Mr. Le Fevre thought the method, in which he taught his children, worthy to be communicated to the learned world, how justly may Mr. Barretier claim the universal attention of mankind to a scheme of education, that has produced such a stupendous progress! The authors, who have endeavoured to teach certain and unfailing rules for obtaining a long life, however they have failed in their attempts, are universally confessed to have, at least, the merit of a great and noble design, and to have deserved gratitude and honour. How much more then is due to Mr. Barretier, who has succeeded in what they have only attempted? For to prolong life, and improve it, are nearly the same. If to have all that riches can purchase is to be rich, if to do all that can be done in a long time, is to live long, he is equally a benefactor to mankind, who teaches them to protract the duration, or shorten the business of life.

That there are few things more worthy our curiosity than this method, by which the father assisted the genius of the son, every man will be convinced, that considers the early proficiency at which it enabled him to arrive; such a proficiency as no one has yet reached at the same age, and to which it is therefore probable that every advantageous circumstance concurred.

At the age of nine years, he not only was master of five languages, an attainment in itself almost incredible, but understood, says his father, the holy writers, better in their original tongues, than in his own. If he means by this assertion, that he knew the sense of many passages in the original, which were obscure in the translation, the account, however wonderful, may be admitted; but if he intends to tell his correspondent, that his son was better acquainted with the two languages of the Bible, than with his own, he must be allowed to speak hyperbolically, or to admit that his son had somewhat neglected the study of his native language; or we must own, that the fondness of a parent has transported him into some natural exaggerations.

Part of this letter I am tempted to suppress, being unwilling to demand the belief of others to that which appears incredible to myself; but as my incredulity may, perhaps, be the product rather of prejudice than reason, as envy may beget a disinclination to admit so immense a superiority, and as an account is not to be immediately censured as false, merely because it is wonderful, I shall proceed to give the rest of his father's relation, from his letter of the 3d of March, 1729-30. He speaks, continues he, German, Latin, and French equally well. He can, by laying before him a translation, read any of the books of the Old or New Testament in its original language, without hesitation or perplexity.—He is no stranger to biblical criticism or philosophy, nor unacquainted with ancient or modern geography, and is qualified to support a conversation with learned men, who frequently visit and correspond with him.

In his eleventh year, he not only published a learned letter in Latin, but translated the Travels of Rabbi Benjamin from the Hebrew into French, which he illustrated with notes, and accompanied with Dissertations; a work in which his father, as he himself declares, could give him little assistance, as he did not understand the Rabbinical dialect.

The reason for which his father engaged him in this work, was only to prevail upon him to write a fairer hand than he had hitherto accustomed himself to do, by giving him hopes, that if he should translate some little author, and offer a fair

copy of his version to some Bookseller, he might in return for it, have other books which he wanted and could not afford to purchase.

Incited by this expectation, he fixed upon the Travels of Rabbi Benjamin, as most proper for his purpose, being a book neither bulky nor common, and in one month completed his translation, applying only one or two hours a day to that particular task. In another month, he drew up the principal notes; and in the third, wrote some Dissertations upon particular passages which seemed to require a larger examination.

These notes contain so many curious remarks and inquiries, out of the common road of learning, and afford so many instances of penetration, judgment, and accuracy, that the reader finds in every page some reason to persuade him, that they cannot possibly be the work of a child, but of a man long accustomed to these studies, enlightened by reflection, and dexterous, by long practice in the use of books. Yet, that it is the performance of a boy thus young, is not only proved by the testimony of his father, but by the concurrent evidence of M. Le Maitre, his associate in the church of Schwabach, who not only asserts his claim to this work, but affirms that he heard him at six years of age, explain the Hebrew text as if it had been his native language; so that the fact is not to be doubted without a degree of incredulity, which it will not be very easy to defend.

This copy was, however, far from being written with the neatness which his father desired, nor did the Booksellers, to whom it was offered, make proposals very agreeable to the expectation of the young translator; but after having examined the performance in their manner, and determined to print it upon conditions not very advantageous, returned it to be transcribed, that the printers might not be embarrassed with a copy so difficult to read.

Barretier was now advanced to the latter end of his twelfth year, and had made great advances in his studies, notwithstanding an obstinate tumour in his left hand, which gave him great pain, and obliged him to a tedious and troublesome method of cure; and reading over his performance, was so far from contenting himself with barely transcribing it, that he altered the greatest part of the notes, new-modelled the Dissertations, and augmented the book to twice its former bulk.

The few touches which his father bestowed upon his revisal of the book, though they are minutely set down by him in the Preface, are so inconsiderable that it is not necessary

to mention them, and it may be much more agreeable as well as useful to exhibit the short account which he there gives of the method by which he enabled his son to shew so early, how easy an attainment is the knowledge of the languages, a knowledge which some men spend their lives in cultivating, to the neglect of more valuable studies, and which they seem to regard as the highest perfection of human nature.

What applauses are due to an old age, wasted in a scrupulous attention to particular accents and etymologies, may appear, says his father, by seeing how little time is required to arrive at such an eminence in these studies as many even of these venerable Doctors have not attained, for want of rational methods and regular application.

This censure is doubtless just, upon those who spend too much of their lives upon useless niceties, or who appear to labour without making any progress; but as the knowledge of languages is necessary, and a minute accuracy sometimes requisite, they are by no means to be blamed, who, in compliance with the particular bent of their own minds, make the difficulties of dead languages their chief study, and arrive at excellence proportionate to their application, since it was to the labour of such men that his son was indebted for his own learning.

The first languages which Barretier learned were the French, German, and Latin, which he was taught not in the common way by a multitude of definitions, rules, and exceptions, which fatigue the attention and burthen the memory without any use proportionate to the time which they require, and the disgust which they create. The method by which he was instructed was easy and expeditious, and therefore pleasing. He learned them all in the same manner and almost at the same time, by conversing in them indifferently with his father.

The other languages of which he was master, he learned by a method yet more uncommon. The only book which he made use of was the Bible, which his father laid before him in the language that he then proposed to learn, accompanied with a translation, being taught by degrees the inflections of nouns and verbs. This method, says his father, made the Latin more familiar to him in his fourth year than any other language.

When he was near the end of his sixth year, he entered upon the study of the Old Testament in its original language, beginning with the book of Genesis, to which his father confined him for six months, after which he read cursorily over the

rest of the historical books, in which he found very little difficulty, and then applied himself to the study of the poetical writers, and the prophets, which he read over so often, with so close an attention, and so happy a memory, that he could not only translate them without a moment's hesitation into Latin or French, but turn, with the same facility, the translations into the original language, in his 10th year.

Growing at length weary of being confined to a book which he could almost entirely repeat, he deviated by stealth into other studies, and as his translation of Benjamin, is a sufficient evidence, he read a multitude of writers of various kinds. In his 12th year he applied more particularly to the study of the Fathers, and Councils of the six first centuries, and began to make a regular collection of their canons. He read every author in the original, having discovered so much negligence or ignorance in most translations, that he paid no regard to their authority.

Thus he continued his studies, neither drawn aside by pleasures nor discouraged by difficulties. The greatest obstacle to his improvement was want of books, with which his narrow fortune could not liberally supply him; so that he was obliged to borrow the greatest part of those which his studies required, and to return them when he had read them, without being able to consult them occasionally, or to recur to them when his memory should fail him.

It is observable, that neither his diligence, unintermitted as it was, nor his want of books, a want of which he was in the highest degree sensible, ever produced in him that asperity, which a recluse life, without any circumstance of disquiet, frequently creates. He was always gay, lively, and facetious, a temper which contributed much to recommend his learning, and which some students, much superior in age, would consult their ease, their reputation, and their interest, by copying from him.

In the year 1735 he published "Anti-Artemonius, Sive Initium Evangelii S. Joannis, adversus Artemonium vindicatum," and attained such a degree of reputation, that not only the public, but princes, who are commonly the last by whom merit is distinguished, began to interest themselves in his success; for the same year the King of Prussia who had heard of his early advances in literature on account of a scheme for discovering the longitude, which had been sent to the Royal Society of Berlin, and which was transmitted afterwards by him to Paris and London, engaged to take care of his fortune, having received further proofs of his abilities at his own court.

Mr. Barretier being promoted to the cure of the church of Stettin, was obliged to travel with his son thither from Schwabach, through Leipsic and Berlin, a journey very agreeable to his son, as it would furnish him with new opportunities of improving his knowledge, and extending his acquaintance among men of letters. For this purpose they staid some time at Leipsic, and then travelled to Hall, where young Barretier so distinguished himself in his conversation with the Professors of the University, that they offered him his degree of Doctor in Philosophy, a dignity correspondent to that of Master of Arts among us. Barretier drew up that night some positions in Philosophy and the Mathematics, which he sent immediately to the press and defended the next day in a crowded auditory, with so much wit, spirit, presence of thought, and strength of reason, that the whole University was delighted and amazed; he was then admitted to his degree, and attended by the whole concourse to his lodgings, with compliments and acclamations.

His Theses or Philosophical Positions which he printed in compliance with the practice of that University, ran through several editions in a few weeks, and no testimony of regard was wanting that could contribute to animate him in his progress.

When they arrived at Berlin, the King ordered him to be brought into his presence, and was so much pleased with his conversation, that he sent for him almost every day, during his stay at Berlin; and diverted himself with engaging him in conversations upon a multitude of subjects, and in disputes with learned men, on all which occasions he acquitted himself so happily, that the King formed the highest ideas of his capacity and future eminence. And thinking perhaps with reason, that active life was the noblest sphere of a great genius, he recommended to him the study of modern History, the customs of nations, and those parts of learning, that are of use in public transactions and civil employments, declaring that such abilities, properly cultivated, might exalt him, in ten years, to be the greatest minister of state in Europe. Barretier, whether we attribute it to his moderation or inexperience, was not dazzled by the prospect of such high promotion, but answered, that he was too much pleased with science and quiet, to leave them for such inextricable studies, or such harrassing fatigues. A resolution so unpleasing to the King, that his father attributes to it, the delay of those favours which they had hopes of receiving, the King having, as he observes, determined to employ him in the ministry.

It is not impossible that paternal affection might suggest to Mr. Barretier, some false conceptions of the King's designs; for he infers from the introduction of his son to the young princes, and the caresses which he received from them, that the King intended him for their preceptor, a scheme, says he, which some other resolution happily destroyed.

Whatever was originally intended, and by whatever means these intentions were frustrated, Barretier, after having been treated with the highest regard, by the whole Royal Family, was dismissed with a present of 200 crowns, and his father, instead of being fixed at Stettin, was made pastor of the French church at Hall; a place more commodious for the study to which they retired; Barretier being first admitted into the Royal Society at Berlin, and recommended by the King to the University at Hall.

At Hall he continued his studies with his usual application and success, and either by his own reflections or the persuasions of his father, was prevailed upon to give up his own inclinations to those of the King, and direct his inquiries to those subjects that had been recommended by him.

He continued to add new acquisitions to his learning and to increase his reputation by new performances, till in the beginning of his 19th year, his health began to decline, and his indisposition, which being not alarming or violent, was perhaps not at first sufficiently regarded, increased by slow degrees for 18 months, during which he spent whole days among his books, and neither neglected his studies nor lost his gayety till his distemper, ten days before his death, deprived him of the use of his limbs; he then prepared himself for his end, without fear or emotion, and on the 5th of October, 1740, resigned his soul into the hands of his Saviour, with confidence and tranquillity.

1740, *Dec.*
1741, *Feb.*

II. Method of staining Marble.

MR. URBAN,

THERE having been very great admiration expressed by many, who have seen mother of pearl, Egyptian and other stones, stained with landscapes, figures, and even portraits, so as to appear to be in the substance of the stone, very

neatly executed by a German; I was pleased in finding an old receipt, containing the secret by which this work is or probably may be effected; I send it you, not doubting but it will be agreeable to your ingenious readers, and that your publishing it may occasion the improvement or revival of the art, if lost to the English.

Method for preparing a liquor that will sink into and penetrate marble; so that a picture drawn on its surface, will appear also in its inmost parts.

TAKE of aqua-fortis, and aqua-regia, two ounces of each; of sal-ammoniac, one ounce, of the best spirit of wine, two drachms; as much gold as may be had for four shilli and six-pence; of pure silver, two drachms. These materials being provided let the silver, when calcined, be put into a vial; and having poured upon it the two ounces of aqua-fortis, let it evaporate, and you will have a water, yielding first a blue, and afterwards a black colour: likewise, put the gold, when calcined, into a vial, and having poured the aqua-regia on it, set it by to evaporate; then pour the spirit of wine upon the sal-ammoniac, leaving it also to evaporate; and you will have a golden coloured water, which will afford divers colours. And after this manner you may extract many tinctures of colours out of other metals: this done, you may, by means of these two waters, paint what picture you please upon white marble of the softer kind, renewing the figure every day for some time with some fresh superadded liquor; and you will find that the picture has penetrated the whole solidity of the stone, so that cutting it into as many parts as you will, it will always represent to you the same figure on both sides.

Mr. Bird, a stone-cutter in Oxford, practised this art before the year 1660; several pieces of marble so stained by him are to be seen in Oxford; several others being shown to King Charles II. soon after the Restoration, they were broken in his presence, and found to correspond through the whole substance.

Yours, &c.

1747, *Suppl.* J. B.

III. An Invention in Architecture, communicated by a person of distinction in Switzerland to an Italian Merchant.

A GENTLEMAN of small fortune, but well skilled in architecture, having drawn a plan of an intended building, which was to be for the most part of stone, shewed it to the most experienced workmen, in order to obtain a true notion of the expence. Their answer carried the cost much higher than he could either expect or afford; and, upon his inquiring particularly into the grounds of this expence, he was told that it arose from the ornaments he had designed, and the wages that must be paid to the stone-cutters.

This was a high mortification to our man of taste; he was unwilling to desert his plan, which had cost him so much trouble; and at last, after much thinking, a notion came into his head, that it might not be impossible to perform the mouldings on the cornices and entablements with planes. He tried the experiment with his own hands, and succeeded in hard and well seasoned stones, as well as those that were green and come fresh from the quarry. Upon this, he applied himself to a joiner, shewed him what he would have done, and how it might be done; and the man, after a little trial, offered to do as much for six livres, as in the ordinary method would have cost twenty crowns. But upon a view of the invention, the mason he intended to employ took the task off his hands, and, by the help of a wooden press, of a very simple and easy construction, after preparing the stones, by taking off their loose upper coat with a chisel, and placing them upright close together, he executed his business so effectually, that the very first day he did as much as fifteen of his men could have done, and passed his plane over all the stones in the line, whereas in the common way they must have been done singly, by which means the work was much more true, though performed only with the joiner's old tools. This astonished even the person who performed it, but at the same time it encouraged him to think of adding to the invention, and in a short time he carried it much further than the author expected.

In order to this, he contrived a new sort of planes, in which the wood and iron were so disposed, that he was able to execute a cornice, or entablement, in which were three, four, or five mouldings of different forms and sizes, at one

operation, and by these means performed with his own hands as much, in the same space of time, as could have been done, in the common method, by forty hands. The result of all this was, that the building being finished, upwards of fifty parts in sixty were taken off in the expence. The only difficulty that was met with, at least worthy mentioning, arose from flints being found in the stones, which they were obliged to remove; but this, it seems, was no new inconvenience, but is experienced also in the common way, and when the work is done with a chisel; neither is it impossible, when this new invention shall be farther improved, that even this single difficulty may be got over.

[We are apt to think highly of foreign inventions; and accordingly this of stone-planes is cried up. But the like was done some years ago in England. Mr. Sowerby, a gentleman near Penrith in Cumberland, had a table made of slate, (which is much harder than free-stone) with mouldings on the sides, regularly performed by a joiner with his planes.]

1748, *Jan.*

IV. Wonderful Memory of William Lyon.

WILLIAM LYON, a strolling player, who performed at the theatre in Edinburgh, and who was excellent in the part of Gibby, the Highlander, gave a surprising instance of memory. One evening over his bottle, he wagered a crown bowl of punch, a liquor of which he was very fond, that next morning at the rehearsal he would repeat a Daily Advertiser from beginning to end. At the rehearsal his opponent reminded him of his wager, imagining, as he was drunk the night before, that he must certainly have forgot it, and rallied him on his ridiculous bragging of his memory. Lyon pulled out the paper, desired him to look at it and be judge himself whether he did or did not win his wager. Notwithstanding the want of connection between the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos which goes to the composition of any newspaper, he repeated it from beginning to end, without the least hesitation or mistake. I know this to be true, and believe

the parallel cannot be produced in any age or nation. Lyon died about four years ago at Edinburgh, where he had played with great success.

[We heard of this performance many years since, when the Daily Advertiser, though larger than other papers, was not so large and crowded as it has been of late. It is said, that the late Mr. Heidegger could name all the signs from the Exchange to St. James's, on one side the street, after once walking to observe them.]

1752, *Sept.*

V. Method of increasing the Solidity, Strength, and Duration of Timber.

A new Method of increasing the Solidity, Strength, and Duration of Timber. By M. de Buffon, of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris.

TO answer these purposes nothing more is necessary than to bark the tree from top to bottom, in the sap season, and to suffer it to become quite dry before it is felled, which may be done at a trifling expence. Vitruvius and Mr. Evelyn have indeed just mentioned this method, but I believe nobody before me has thoroughly considered it.

In the beginning of May I caused four oaks of about 30 or 40 feet high, and about 5 or 6 feet in girt, to be barked standing; all of them were in full vigour, high in sap, and about 70 years old. I ordered the bark to be stripped off from the top of the body to the foot: this is an easy operation, for in the sap season the bark parts without any difficulty from the body. These oaks were of the kind, common enough in forests, which bears the large acorns. When they were quite stripped of their bark, I caused four other oaks of the same kind, which grew in the same soil, and as like them as possible, to be felled. My intent was to have barked six, and to have felled as many on the same day; but this could not be accomplished before the next day: of these six barked oaks, two happened to be considerably less in sap, than the other four. I caused the six felled trees to be brought and laid under a shed, there to dry in their bark till I should have occasion to compare them with those which had been barked. I fancied that this operation must affect them in an extraordinary manner, and produce considerable

alteration in them. I visited my barked trees very carefully during two months, but could perceive no great change. On the 10th of July, however, one of them which was the least in sap, at the same time it was barked, discovered the first symptoms of a disorder, likely to prove its destruction in a short time. Its leaves began to turn yellow on the south side, and soon after became quite so, and dropped off dry, so that on the 26th of August there was not one left. I had it cut down the 30th of the same month, being myself upon the spot. It was become so hard, that a wedge could scarce enter it, and so brittle that a slight stroke of the beetle was sufficient to shatter it. The blea* appeared harder than the heart of the wood, which was still moist and full of juice.

The tree which, next to this, was the most defective in sap at the time of barking, soon followed it; the leaves began to lose their verdure on the 13th of July, and lost it entirely before the 10th of September. As I suspected that the first had been felled too early, and that the moisture I perceived within, shewed still some remains of life, I ordered it to stand, to see if it would produce any leaves the next spring.

My other four oaks held out vigorously; they dropped their leaves but a few days before the usual season; and one of them, whose head was but small, parted not with them before the natural time of falling; but I observed that the leaves, and even some of the shoots of all the four, were grown dry on the south side many days before.

The spring following, all these trees were beforehand with the rest, and were covered with verdure eight or ten days before the time. I took notice that the growth of the leaves was quick, but soon stinted for want of sufficient nourishment, however they kept alive; but the tree which was the first barked the foregoing year, underwent the full effect of the state of inanition and dryness, to which it was reduced; its leaves faded apace, and fell in the heats of July. I had it cut down the 30th of August, just a year after that which had preceded it, I judged that it would prove as hard at least in the blea as the other, and much harder in the heart, which now had hardly any moisture left. I had it placed under a shed, where the other already was, with the six trees in their bark, with which I designed to compare them,

* By the word *Blea* is here understood the white softer part of the wood which lies between the bark and the heart; the London timber merchants and carpenters call it the *sap*.

Three of the four remaining trees parted with their leaves the beginning of September, but that which had the small head retained them a good deal longer, and was not quite bare before the 22d of that month. I reserved it, together with that of the other four, which seemed the least sickly, for the year ensuing, and I ordered the two weakest to be felled in October. I left one of these trees exposed to the air and the injuries of the weather, and the others were placed under the shed; they proved very hard to the wedge, and the heart of the wood was very near dry.

In the ensuing spring, the two most vigorous of my reserved trees did still manifest some symptoms of life; the buds swelled, but the leaves did not unfold. The other seemed quite dead; and indeed having caused it to be felled in May, I found it had no radical moisture left, and it proved very hard both without and within. I had the last felled some time after, and both of them were placed under the shed, there to lie with the others for a new kind of trial.

The better to compare the wood of the barked trees with that of ordinary wood, I took care to lay up all the six unbarked oaks together, with a barked one of the same size; for experience had already taught me, that the wood in a tree of a large size, was heavier and stronger than that in a tree of a less size, though of the same age. I caused all my trees to be sawed into pieces of 14 feet long; I marked centres on them at each end, and drew squares of $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches on all of them, and had the four faces sawed away, so that each of them became a beam of 14 feet long, and exactly 6 inches square. I had them reduced truly to these dimensions throughout their whole length, by carefully planing them. I caused four of each sort to be broken, to find their strength, and to be well assured, as I soon was, of the difference of each.

The beam made of the body of the tree, which died the first after the barking, weighed 242 pounds; it proved the weakest of all of them, and broke under 7240 pounds.

That of the tree in its bark, which I compared with it, weighed 243 pounds: it broke under 7320 pounds.

The beam of the second barked tree weighed 249 pounds; it bent more than the former, and broke under the weight of 8362 pounds.

That of the tree in its bark which I compared with it, weighed 236 pounds; it broke under 7385 pounds.

The beam of the barked tree exposed to the injury of the weather, weighed 258 pounds; it bent still more than the second, and broke under 8926 pounds.

That of the tree in bark which I compared with it, weighed 238 pounds, and broke under 7420 pounds.

Lastly, the beam of the tree with the small head, which I had always thought the best, weighed 263 pounds, and broke with no less than 9046 pounds.

The tree which I compared it with, weighed 238 pounds, and broke under 7500 pounds.

The two other barked trees proved defective in the inside, where there were some knots, so that I would not break them: but the trials above-mentioned sufficiently prove, that timber barked and dried standing, is always heavier and considerably stronger than timber kept in its bark. What I am going further to relate will put this matter quite out of doubt.

Of the top of the body of the tree, which was barked and exposed to the weather, I caused to be made a beam 6 feet long and 5 inches square; on one of its sides was discovered a small shake, which was not above half an inch deep, and on the opposite side a small stain about an inch broad, of wood that was browner than the rest. As these defects seemed not very considerable, I ordered it to be weighed and charged; its weight was 75 pounds; and in one hour and five minutes, being loaded with 8500 pounds, it gave a violent crack; I imagined it would break in a little time after the crack, which I had found hitherto was the case, but having waited patiently three hours, and finding that it neither gave way nor bent, I continued to increase the charge, and in about an hour more it broke, having kept cracking a quarter of an hour under a weight of 12,745 pounds. I should not have related this trial so particularly, only to shew, that but for its little defects on two of its sides, this beam would have sustained still more weight.

A beam just like this, formed out of the bottom of the body of one of the 10 unbarked trees, weighed but 72 pounds; was very sound without any defects; it was charged one hour and thirty-eight minutes, when it cracked very gently, and continued cracking once in about a quarter of an hour, for about 3 hours, and then broke, under a charge of 1189* pounds.

This experiment is much in favour of barked timber, for it shews that the wood of the upper part of the body of a barked tree, even with some defects, is heavier and stronger than the wood of the lower part of the body of an unbarked tree, without any defect.

1754, *Feb.*

* Thus in the original; but I imagine the weight should be 11,089. *E.*

VI. Method of preserving Books from the Depredations of Worms and Insects.

THERE is a very small insect that in the month of August lays its eggs in books, and especially in those leaves near the cover. From these eggs proceed a sort of mites, very like those bred in cheese, which change their state and become beetles, and when the time of transformation approaches, they endeavour to get air, and eat their way through till they have gained the extremity of the book.

To give these mites a disrelish for books, the paste which the binders make use of, and which is supposed chiefly to attract them, has often been mingled with bitter substances, as wormwood, coloquintida, &c. without any success. Mineral salts, to which all insects have an aversion, afford the only remedy. The salt called arcanum duplicatum, allum and vitriol, are proper for this purpose. By mingling therefore a small quantity of any of these mineral salts in the paste, books will be effectually preserved from the attacks of all sorts of worms and insects.

M. Prediger, in his Instructions to Bookbinders, printed at Leipsic, in the German language, in 1741, says, that if binders were to make their paste of starch instead of flour, worms would not touch the books. He also directs pulverised allum mixed with a little fine pepper, to be strewed between the book and the cover, and also upon the shelves of the library; and for the more effectual preservation of the books in libraries, he advises rubbing the books well, in the months of March, July, and September, with a woollen cloth dipped in powdered allum. And it were to be wished that for the future all bookbinders would make their paste in the manner recommended, but I would not advise depending upon starch without any admixture of mineral salts.

[It is remarkable, that worms seldom attack books printed on English made paper.]

1754, *Feb.*

VII. The Uncertainty of Human Testimony.

JAQUES DU MOULIN, a French refugee, having brought over his family and a small sum of money, employed it in

purchasing lots of goods that had been condemned at the Custom-house, which he again disposed of by retail; as these goods were such as having an high duty were frequently smuggled, those who dealt in this way were generally suspected of increasing their stock by illicit means, and smuggling, or purchasing smuggled goods, under colour of dealing only in goods that had been legally seized by the king's officers, and taken from smugglers. This trade, however, did not, in the general estimation, impeach his honesty, though it gave no sanction to his character, but he was often detected in uttering false gold; he came frequently to persons of whom he had received money, with several of these pieces of counterfeit coin, and pretended that they were among the pieces which had been paid him; this was generally denied with great eagerness, but, if particular circumstances did not confirm the contrary, he was always peremptory and obstinate in his charge. This soon brought him into disrepute, and he gradually lost not only his business but his credit. It happened that having sold a parcel of goods, which amounted to 78 pounds, to one Harris, a person with whom he had before had no dealings, he received the money in guineas and Portugal gold, several pieces of which he scrupled, but the man having assured him that he himself had carefully examined, and weighed those very pieces, and found them good, Du Moulin took them, and gave his receipt.

In a few days he returned with six pieces, which he averred were of base metal, and part of the sum which he had a few days before received of him for the lot of goods; Harris examined the pieces, and told Du Moulin that he was sure they were none of them among those which he had paid him, and refused to exchange them for others. Du Moulin as peremptorily insisted on the contrary, alledging that he had put the money in a drawer by itself, and locked it up till he offered it in payment of a bill of exchange, and then the pieces were found to be bad, insisting that they were the same to which he had objected. The man now became angry, and charged Du Moulin with intending a fraud; Du Moulin appeared to be rather piqued than intimidated at this charge, and having sworn that these were the pieces he received of Harris, Harris was at length obliged to make them good; but, as he was confident Du Moulin had injured him by a fraud, supported by perjury, he told his story wherever he went, exclaiming against him with great bitterness, and met with many persons who made nearly the same complaints, and told him that it had been a practice of Du Moulin's for

a considerable time. Du Moulin now found himself universally shunned; and hearing what Harris had reported from all parts, he brought his action for defamatory words, and Harris, irritated to the highest degree, stood upon his defence; and, in the mean time, having procured a meeting of several persons, who had suffered the same way in their dealings with Du Moulin, they procured a warrant against him, and he was apprehended upon suspicion of counterfeiting the coin. Upon searching his drawers, a great number of pieces of counterfeit gold were found in a drawer by themselves, and several others were picked from other money, that was found in different parcels in his scrutoire; upon further search a flask, several files, a pair of moulds, some powdered chalk, a small quantity of Aqua Regia, and several other implements were discovered. No doubt could now be made of his guilt, which was extremely aggravated by the methods he had taken to dispose of the money he made, the insolence with which he had insisted upon its being paid him by others, and the perjury by which he had supported his claim: his action against Harris for defamation was also considered as greatly increasing his guilt, and every body was impatient to see him punished. In these circumstances he was brought to his trial, and his many attempts to put off bad money, the quantity found by itself in his scrutoire, and above all, the instruments of coining, which, upon a comparison, exactly answered the money in his possession, being proved, he was upon this evidence convicted, and received sentence of death.

It happened that a few days before he was to have been executed, one Williams, who had been bred a seal graver, but had left his business, was killed by a fall from his horse; his wife, who was then big with child, and near her time, immediately fell into fits and miscarried: she was soon sensible that she could not live, and therefore sending for the wife of Du Moulin, she desired to be left alone, and then gave her the following account:

That her husband was one of four, whom she named, that had for many years subsisted by counterfeiting gold coin, which she had been frequently employed to put off, and was therefore entrusted with the whole secret; that another of these persons had hired himself to Du Moulin as a kind of footman and porter, and being provided by the gang with false keys, had disposed of a very considerable sum of bad money, by opening his master's scrutoire and leaving it there in the stead of an equal number of good pieces, which he took out: that by this iniquitous practice Du Moulin had

been defrauded of his business, his credit, and his liberty, to which in a small time his life would be added, if application was not immediately made to save him: by this account, which she gave in great agonies of mind, she was much exhausted, and having given directions where to find the persons whom she impeached, she fell into convulsions and soon after expired. The woman immediately applied to a magistrate, and having related the story she had heard, procured a warrant against the three men, who were taken the same day, and separately examined: Du Moulin's servant steadily denied the whole charge, and so did one of the other two, but while the last was examining, a messenger, who had been sent to search their lodgings, arrived with a great quantity of bad money, and many instruments for coining. This threw him into confusion, and the magistrate improving the opportunity, by offering him his life, if he would become an evidence for the king, he confessed that he had been long associated with the other prisoners and the man that was dead, and he directed where other tools and money might be found, but he could say nothing as to the manner in which Du Moulin's servant was employed to put it off. Upon this discovery Du Moulin's execution was suspended, and the king's witness swearing positively that his servant and the other prisoner had frequently coined in his presence, and giving a particular account of the process, and the part which each of them usually performed, they were convicted and condemned to die. Both of them, however, still denied the fact, and the public were still in doubt about Du Moulin. In his defence he had declared that the bad money which was found together, was such as he could not trace to the persons of whom he had received it, that the parcels with which bad money was found mixed, he kept separate, that he might know to whom to apply if it should appear to be bad, but the finding of the moulds and other instruments in his custody was a particular not yet accounted for; as he only alledged in general terms, that he knew not how they came there, and it was doubted whether the impeachment of others had not been managed with a view to save him who was equally guilty, there being no evidence of his servant's treachery, but that of a woman who was dead, reported at second hand by the wife of Du Moulin, who was manifestly an interested party. He was not, however, charged by either of the convicts as an accomplice, a particular which was strongly urged by his friends in his behalf; but it happened that while the public opinion was thus held in suspence, a private drawer was discovered in a chest that

belonged to his servant, and in it a bunch of keys, and the impression of one in wax; the impression was compared with the keys, and that which it corresponded with, was found to open Du Moulin's scrutoire, in which the bad money and implements had been found; when this particular, so strong and unexpected, was urged, and the key produced, he burst into tears, and confessed all that had been alledged against him; he was then asked how the tools came in his master's scrutoire, and he answered, that when the officers of justice came to seize his master, he was terrified for himself, knowing that he had in his chest these instruments, which the private drawer would not contain, and fearing that he might be included in the warrant, his consciousness of guilt kept him in continual dread and suspicion: that for this reason, before the officers went up stairs, he opened the scrutoire with his false key, and having fetched his tools from his box in the garret, he deposited them there, and had just locked it when he heard them at the door.

In this case, even the positive evidence of Du Moulin, that the money he brought back to Harris was the same he had received of him was not true, though Du Moulin was not guilty of perjury, either wilfully, or by neglect, inattention, or forgetfulness. And the circumstantial evidence against him, however strong, would only have heaped one injury upon another, and have taken away the life of an unhappy wretch, from whom a perfidious servant had taken away every thing else.

The other case, I think, happened still longer ago; and, to the best of my remembrance, it is this:

A gentleman died possessed of a very considerable fortune, which he left to his only child, a daughter, and appointed his brother to be her guardian, and executor of his will. The young lady was then about 18; and if she happened to die unmarried, or, if married, without children, her fortune was left to her guardian and to his heirs. As the interest of the uncle was now incompatible with the life of the neice, several other relations hinted, that it would not be proper for them to live together. Whether they were willing to prevent any occasion of slander against the uncle, in case of the young lady's death; whether they had any apprehension of her being in danger; or whether they were only discontented with the father's disposition of his fortune, and therefore propagated rumours to the prejudice of those who possessed it, cannot be known; the uncle, however, took his niece to his house near Epping Forest, and soon afterwards she disappeared.

Great inquiry was made after her, and it appearing, that the day she was missing, she went out with her uncle into the forest, and that he returned without her, he was taken into custody. A few days afterwards he went through a long examination, in which he acknowledged, that he went out with her, and pretended that she found means to loiter behind him as they were returning home; that he sought her in the forest as soon as he missed her; and that he knew not where she was, or what was become of her. This account was thought improbable, and his apparent interest in the death of his ward, and perhaps the petulant zeal of other relations, concurred to raise and strengthen suspicions against him, and he was detained in custody. Some new circumstances were every day rising against him. It was found, that the young lady had been addressed by a neighbouring gentleman, who had, a few days before she was missing, set out on a journey to the north; and that she had declared she would marry him when he returned: that her uncle had frequently expressed his disapprobation of the match in very strong terms: that she had often wept and reproached him with unkindness and an abuse of his power. A woman was also produced, who swore, that on the day the young lady was missing, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, she was coming through the forest, and heard a woman's voice expostulating with great eagerness; upon which she drew nearer the place, and, before she saw any person, heard the same voice say, *Don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me;* upon which she was greatly terrified, and immediately hearing the report of a gun very near, she made all the haste she could from the spot, but could not rest in her mind till she had told what had happened.

Such was the general impatience to punish a man, who had murdered his neice to inherit her fortune, that upon this evidence he was condemned and executed.

About ten days after the execution the young lady came home. It appeared, however, that what all the witnesses had sworn was true, and the fact was found to be thus circumstanced:

The young lady declared, that having previously agreed to go off with the gentleman that courted her, he had given out that he was going a journey to the north; but that he waited concealed at a little house near the skirts of the forest, till the time appointed, which was the day she disappeared. That he had horses ready for himself and her, and was attended by two servants also on horseback. That as she was walking with her uncle he reproached her with persisting in

her resolution to marry a man, of whom he disapproved; and after much altercation, she said with some heat, *I have set my heart upon it, if I do not marry him it will be death; and don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me;* that just as she had pronounced these words, she heard a gun discharged very near her, at which she started, and immediately afterwards saw a man come forward from among the trees, with a wood-pigeon in his hand, that he had just shot. That coming near the place appointed for their rendezvous, she formed a pretence to let her uncle go on before her, and her suitor being waiting for her with a horse, she mounted and immediately rode off. That instead of going into the north, they retired to a house, in which he had taken lodgings, near Windsor, where they were married the same day, and in about a week, went a journey of pleasure to France, from whence when they returned, they first heard of the misfortune which they had inadvertently brought upon their uncle.

So uncertain is human testimony, even when the witnesses are sincere, and so necessary is a cool and dispassionate inquiry and determination, with respect to crimes that are enormous in the highest degree, and committed with every possible aggravation.

1754, *Sept.*

VIII. Account of Jedediah Buxton.

THE accounts of Jedediah Buxton, which have already been published in the Magazine, were so extraordinary, that many have questioned if they were true; and several letters have been sent to the editor by his friends, to know whether they were fictions written merely for amusement, or whether they were intended as satires upon the pretensions or performances of any adept in arithmetical calculations. To the assurances which were then given of the certainty of the facts, upon the known integrity of the gentlemen by whom they were communicated to the press, much stronger testimony may now be added.

His grandfather, John Buxton, was vicar of Elmeton in Derbyshire, and his father, Wm. Buxton, was schoolmaster of the same parish; but Jedediah, notwithstanding the profession of his father, is extremely illiterate, having, by whatever accident, been so much neglected in his youth as never

to have been taught to write. How he came first to know the relative proportions of numbers and their progressive denominations, he does not remember; but to this he has applied the whole force of his mind, and upon this his attention is constantly fixed, so that he frequently takes no cognizance of external objects, and when he does, it is only with respect to their numbers. The same attention of his mind appears as well by what he hears as by what he sees. If any space of time is mentioned, he will soon after say, that it is so many minutes; and if any distance of way, he will assign the number of hair's breadths, without any question having been asked, or any calculation expected by the company.

By this method he has greatly increased the power of his memory, with respect to figures, and stored up several common products in his mind, to which he can have immediate recourse; as the number of minutes in a year, of hair's breadths in a mile, and many others. When he once comprehends a question, which is not without difficulty and time, he begins to work with amazing facility, and will leave a long question half wrought, and, at the end of several months, resume it, beginning where he left off, and proceeding regularly till it is completed.

His memory would certainly have been equally retentive, with respect to other objects, if he had attended to other objects with equal diligence; but his perpetual application to figures has prevented the smallest acquisition of any other knowledge, and his mind seems to have retained fewer ideas than that of a boy of ten years old, in the same class of life. He has been sometimes asked, on his return from church, whether he remembered the text, or any part of the sermon, but it never appeared that he brought away one sentence. His mind, upon a closer examination, being found to have been busied, even during divine service, in its favourite operation, either dividing some time or some space into the smallest known parts, or resolving some question that had been given him as a test of his abilities. His power of abstraction is so great that no noise interrupts him; and, if he is asked any question, he immediately replies, and returns again to his calculation, without any confusion, or the loss of more time than his answer required. His method of working is peculiar to himself, and by no means the shortest or the clearest, as will appear by the following example:

He was required to multiply 456 by 378, which he had completed as soon as a person in company had produced the product in the common way; and upon being requested to

work it audibly, that his method might be known, he multiplied 456 first by 5, which produced 2280, which he again multiplied by 20, and found the product, 45600, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 100; this product he again multiplied by 3, which produced 136800, which was the sum of the multiplicand multiplied by 300; it remained therefore to multiply it by 78, which he effected by multiplying 2280 (the product of the multiplicand multiplied by 5) by 15; 5 times 15 being 75; this product being 34200, he added to the 136800, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 300, and this produced 171000, which was 375 times 456; to complete his operation therefore, he multiplied 456 by 3, which produced 1368, and having added this number to 171000, he found the product of 456 multiplied by 378 to be 172368.

Thus it appears that his arithmetic is perfectly his own, and that he is so little acquainted with the common rules as to multiply 456 first by 5, and the product by 20, to find what sum it would produce multiplied by 100, whereas, if he had added two noughts to the figures, he would have obtained it at once.

The only objects of Jedediah's curiosity, except figures, were the king and royal family, and his desire to see them was so strong, that, in the beginning of the spring, he walked to London on purpose, but at last returned disappointed, the king having just removed to Kensington as Jedediah came into London. He was, however, introduced to the Royal Society, whom he called the *volk of the Siety Court:* the gentlemen who were present asked him several questions in arithmetic, to prove his abilities, and dismissed him with a handsome gratuity.

During his residence in London he was carried to see King Richard III. performed at Drury Lane playhouse, and it was expected either that the novelty and the splendor of the show would have fixed him in astonishment, or kept his imagination in a continual hurry; or that his passions would, in some degree, have been touched by the power of action, if he had not perfectly understood the dialogue; but Jedediah's mind was employed in the playhouse just as it was employed at church. During the dance he fixed his attention upon the number of steps; he declared after a fine piece of music, that the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments had perplexed him beyond measure, and he attended even to Mr. Garrick only to count the words that he uttered, in which, he says, he perfectly succeeded.

Jedediah is now safely returned to the place of his birth,

where, if his enjoyments are few, his wishes do not seem to be more; he applies to his labour, by which he subsists with chearfulness; he regrets nothing that he left behind him in London, and it is still his opinion, that a slice of rusty bacon affords the most delicious repast.

1754, *June.*

IX. Account of Robert Hill, the learned Tailor of Buckingham.

MR. URBAN,

AS I was, with many others, much entertained with your memoirs of Jedediah Buxton, I send you an account of a man who has risen much higher from the same level, and whose mind, if in one instance it is less retentive, is yet much more remarkable for the variety and vigour of its operations, and the multitude of ideas which it contains.

Robert Hill was born at Tring, in Hertfordshire, where an old relation having taught him his letters, he learnt to read by himself at home. This acquisition was so remarkable in a child, that he was, for the first time, sent to school, but was, by some accident, prevented from going there longer than seven weeks, during which time, however, he learnt to write. When he was about fourteen years of age, he was put apprentice to a stay-maker and tailor at Buckingham; but his desire of knowledge being still predominant, he contrived to gratify it under every possible disadvantage. With the first money that he could scrape together he purchased Beza's Latin Testament, and a Latin Grammar. He then applied to the boys at the free school, and got himself employed by them, to run on errands, or to render them such other service as was in his power, having always first stipulated, that in return they should tell him the English of the Latin words in some rule of his Grammar. In proportion to the knowledge he acquired, he became more sensible of what was yet wanting; and as soon as he was able, he added a Gradus to his Testament and Grammar, by which he was assisted in his pronunciation. As there are few difficulties insurmountable by persevering labour, Hill, at the expiration of his apprenticeship, had not only learnt his trade, but could read and understand several Latin authors tolerably well.

He was now known to the neighbouring gentlemen, one

of whom, upon the death of his son, gave him some of his books, and among others there happened to be a Greek Testament. This was a new object of curiosity, and not being able to rest while he had a book in his possession which he could not read, he immediately applied himself to learn Greek. In this arduous task he received some assistance from a young gentleman at Buckingham, and in about three years he began to read a Greek author with some pleasure. The same restless curiosity and desire of knowledge, which thus attached him to books, induced him not to follow his business at home, but to travel the country, as an itinerary mender of cloaths and stays; but in this state of poverty and dissipation, he was still a hard student, and when he was four and thirty years of age he began to learn Hebrew.

The first book that he read for this purpose happened to be Shindler's Grammar; but as all books that are written to instruct those who have no master, in the first rudiments of science, suppose many things to be known which they ought to teach, Hill found several deficiencies in Shindler, which he was at a loss to supply; and after much labour and much contrivance, he thought if he could, in his peregrinations, associate himself with some Jew, who, like himself, was travelling the country for a subsistence, he might take the same rout, and should be able to get such instruction as he wanted. This project he immediately put in execution, and finding an itinerary Jew at Oakingham, he communicated his scheme, and stated his difficulties. The Jew was very ready to assist him, but Hill found him not able; this inability, however, he supposed to be accidental, and therefore applied himself to many others, but to all with as little success. To Hill, however, nothing was less eligible than to relinquish his purpose, he therefore had recourse to other Hebrew Grammars, of which he read eleven, some answered his purpose best in one particular and some in another, but not any one of them contained all that he expected to find, though he thinks upon the whole Mayer's is the best. After he had thus acquired the knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and made himself acquainted with whatever such travels as his could produce to his observation, almost constantly studying half the night that he might pursue his journey and his business in the day, he returned to Buckingham, where he still continues buried in obscurity, and scarcely subsisting by his labour, but perfectly contented with his condition, extremely modest and diffi-

dent in his discourse, and without any new fangled notions in religion, which generally distinguish a smatterer in learning.*

1754, *Sept.*

X. Account of Henry Wild, the learned Tailor of Norwich.

MR. HENRY WILD, professor of the oriental languages, was born in the city of Norwich, and educated there at a grammar school, and almost fitted for the University; but his friends wanting fortune and interest to maintain him there, bound him an apprentice to a tailor, with whom he served out the term of seven years; after which he worked as a journeyman seven years more. About the end of the last seven years, he was seized with a fever and ague, which continued two or three years, and reduced him at last so low, as to disable him from working at his trade. In this situation, he amused himself with some old books of controversial divinity, wherein he found great stress laid on the Hebrew original of several texts of scripture. Though he had almost lost his school learning, his curiosity, and strong desire of knowledge, excited him to attempt to make himself master of it. He was obliged at first to make use of an English Hebrew grammar and lexicon, but by degrees he recovered the language he had learnt at school. As his health was re-established, he divided his time between the business of his profession, and his studies, which last employed the greatest part of his nights. Thus self taught and assisted only by his own great genius, by dint of continual application, and almost unparalleled industry, he added the knowledge of all, or the much greater part of the oriental languages, to that of the Hebrew. But still he laboured in obscurity, till at length he was accidentally discovered to the world.

The late worthy Dr. Prideaux, dean of Norwich, a name justly celebrated in the learned world, was offered some Arabic MSS, in parchment, by a bookseller of that city,

* He wrote, 1. Remarks on Berkeley's "Essay on Spirit." 2. "The Character of a Jew." 3. "Criticisms on Job;" and died at Buckingham, in July, 1777, aged 78. According to his own account, he was seven years acquiring Latin, twice as much in learning Greek, but Hebrew he found so easy, that it cost him little time. *E.*

But whether he thought the price demanded was too great, or whether he expected, as few would buy them, the bookseller would be obliged to lower his price, he left them on his hands. Soon after Mr. Wild heard of them, and purchased them. Some weeks after, the dean called at the shop, and inquired for the MSS. but was informed they were sold. Chagrined at his disappointment, he asked the name and profession of the person who had bought them. On his being told he was a tailor; "run instantly," said the dean, in a passion, "and fetch them, if they are not cut in pieces to make measures." He was soon relieved from his fears, by Mr. Wild's appearance with the MSS. He inquired whether he would part with them, but was answered in the negative. The dean hastily asked what he did with them? he replied "I read them." He was desired to read, which he did; he was then bid to render a passage or two into English, which he did readily and exactly. Amazed at this, the dean partly at his own expence, partly by a subscription, raised among persons, whose inclinations led them to this kind of learning, sent him to Oxford, where, though he was never a member of the University, he was by the dean's interest admitted to the Bodleian library, and employed for some years in translating, or making extracts out of oriental MSS.—Thus he bid adieu to his needle.

About 1718, I found him at Oxford, and learned Hebrew of him; but do not recollect how long he had been there before. He was there known by the name of the Arabian tailor. All the hours that the library was open, he constantly attended; when it was shut, he employed most of his leisure time in teaching the oriental languages to young gentlemen, at the moderate price of half a guinea a language, except for the Arabic, for which, as I remember, he had a guinea.

About 1720, he removed to London, where he spent the remainder of his life, under the patronage of the famous Dr. Mead; there I saw him at the latter end of 1721. When he died I know not, but in 1734 his translation, out of the Arabic, of Al-Mesra, or Mahomet's journey to Heaven, was published. In the dedication, which was addressed to Mr. Mackrel of Norwich, it is said to be a posthumous work. It is the only piece of his that ever was printed, and I have heard him read it in MS.

When I knew him he seemed to be about 40, though his sedentary and studious way of life, might make him look older than he really was. His person was thin and meagre,

his stature moderately tall, and his air and walk had all the little particularities observed in persons of his profession. His memory was extraordinary. His pupils frequently invited him to spend an evening with them, when he would often entertain us with long and curious details out of the Roman, Greek, and Arabic histories. His morals were good, he was addicted to no vice, was sober and temperate, modest and diffident of himself, without any tincture of conceitedness or vanity. In his lectures he would frequently observe to us, that such an idiom in Hebrew, resembled one in Latin or Greek; then he would make a pause, and seem to recall his words, and ask us, whether it were not so?

So much merit and industry met with little reward, and procured him a subsistence not much better than what his trade might have produced; as I remember, his subscriptions amounted to no more than 20 or 30l. per annum. That part of learning which he excelled in, was cultivated and encouraged by few. Unfortunately for him, the Rev. Mr. Gagnier, a French gentleman, skilled in the oriental tongues, was in possession of all the favours the University could bestow in this way, for he was recommended by the heads of houses to instruct young gentlemen, and employed by the professors of those languages to read public lectures in their absence.

Such uncommon attainments in a person, who made so mean an appearance, led some to suspect that he was a Jesuit under this disguise. These suspicions were heightened by his modesty and diffidence, his affecting sometimes to talk of foreign cities and countries, his frequenting the University church only, where by way of exercise the sermons treat more of speculative and controversial points, than practical ones. But these suspicions were without any other foundation: for after I left the University, I lived in a family, where I met with a woman who was a native and inhabitant of Norwich, who came there on a visit. I took this opportunity of making many inquiries about him. She confirmed many of the particulars before-mentioned, and assured me that she knew him from a child, that he was born and bred up in the city, and never heard or knew he was absent from it any considerable time, till his removal to Oxford.

The memory of so extraordinary a person, who was so striking an example of diligence and industry, deserves to be perpetuated. Such an attempt is an act of justice due to such merit, and cannot but be of service to the world. I heartily wish that these imperfect memoirs may induce

one of his fellow citizens to correct, improve, and complete them, especially since the late Rev. Mr. Bloomfield, in his History of the City of Norwich, if I remember right, takes no notice of a man, who did honour to the place of his nativity, and his country.

1755, *March.* Z. A.

XI. Account of John Ludwig, a Saxon Peasant.

MR. URBAN,

IN the course of your entertaining work you have given us an account of a peasant, who, though otherwise extremely illiterate, had yet acquired surprising skill in numbers; and, as he could not write, was able to work any arithmetical question by mere memory. You have also given us an account of a poor tailor, who acquired the knowledge of the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages, while he was sitting on his board, or wandering about the country in search of work. I now send you an account, in many particulars, more extraordinary than either of these, which I shall be glad to see laid up in your Repository.

Yours, &c.

T. S.

IT is usual for the commissaries of excise in Saxony to appoint a peasant in every village in their district to receive the excise of the place, for which few are allowed more than one crown, and none more than three.

Mr. Christian Gotthold Hoffman, who is chief commissary of Dresden, and the villages adjacent, when he was auditing the accounts of some of these peasants in March, 1753, was told, that there was among them one John Ludwig, a strange man, who, though he was very poor and had a family, was yet continually reading in books, and very often stood the greatest part of the night at his door, gazing at the stars.

This account raised Mr. Hoffman's curiosity, and he ordered the man to be brought before him. Hoffman, who expected something in the man's appearance that corresponded with a mind superior to his station, was greatly surprised to see the most rustic boor he had ever beheld. His hair hung over his forehead down to his eyes, his aspect was sordid and stupid, and his manner was, in every respect, that of a plodding

ignorant clown. Mr. Hoffman, after contemplating this unpromising appearance, concluded, that as the supposed superiority of this man was of the intellectual kind, it would certainly appear when he spoke; but even in this experiment he was also disappointed. He asked him, if what his neighbours had said of his reading and studying was true? and the man bluntly and coarsely replied, "What neighbour has told you that I read and study? If I have studied, I have studied for myself, and I don't desire that you or any body else should know any thing of the matter." Hoffman, however, continued the conversation, notwithstanding his disappointment, and asked several questions concerning arithmetic and the first rudiments of astronomy; to which he now expected vague and confused replies. But in this too he had formed an erroneous prognostic; for Hoffman was struck not only with astonishment but confusion, to hear such definitions and explications as would have done honour to a regular academic in a public examination.

Mr. Hoffman, after this conversation, prevailed on the peasant to stay some time at his house, that he might further gratify his curiosity at such times as would be most convenient. In their subsequent conferences he proposed to his guest the most abstracted and embarrassing questions, which were always answered with the utmost readiness and precision. The account which this extraordinary person gives of himself and his acquisitions, is as follows:

John Ludwig was born the 24th of February, 1715, in the village of Cossedaude, and was, among other poor children of the village, sent very young to school. The Bible, which was the book by which he was taught to read, gave him so much pleasure, that he conceived the most eager desire to read others, which, however, he had no opportunity to get into his possession. In about a year his master began to teach him to write, but this exercise was rather irksome than pleasing at first; but when the first difficulty was surmounted, he applied to it with great alacrity, especially as books were put into his hand to copy as an exercise; and he employed himself almost night and day, not in copying particular passages only, but in forming collections of sentences, or events that were connected with each other. When he was ten years old, he had been at school four years, and was then put to arithmetic, but this embarrassed him with innumerable difficulties, which his master would not take the trouble to explain, expecting that he should content himself with the implicit practice of positive rules. Ludwig therefore was so disgusted with arithmetic, that after much scolding

and beating he went from school, without having learned any thing more than reading, writing, and his Catechism.

He was then sent into the field to keep cows, and in this employment he soon became clownish, and negligent of every thing else; so that the greatest part of what he had learned was forgotten. He was associated with the sordid and the vicious, and he became insensible like them. As he grew up he kept company with women of bad character, and abandoned himself to such pleasures as were within his reach. But a desire of surpassing others, that principle which is productive of every kind of greatness, was still living in his breast; he remembered to have been praised by his master, and preferred above his comrades, when he was learning to read and write, and he was still desirous of the same pleasure, though he did not know how to get at it.

In the autumn of 1735, when he was about 20 years old, he bought a small Bible, at the end of which was a Catechism, with references to a great number of texts, upon which the principles contained in the answers were founded. Ludwig had never been used to take any thing upon trust, and was therefore continually turning over the leaves of his Bible, to find the passages referred to in the Catechism; but this he found so irksome a task, that he determined to have the whole at one view, and therefore set about to transcribe the Catechism, with all the texts at large brought into their proper places. With this exercise he filled two quires of paper, and though when he began, the character was scarcely legible, yet, before he had finished, it was greatly improved; for an art that has been once learnt is easily recovered.

In the month of March, 1736, he was employed to receive the excise of the little district in which he lived, and he found that in order to discharge this office, it was necessary for him not only to write, but to be master of the two first rules of arithmetic, addition and subtraction. His ambition had now an object, and a desire to keep the accounts of the tax he was to gather, better than others of his station, determined him once more to apply to arithmetic, however hateful the task, and whatever labour it might require. He now regretted that he was without an instructor, and would have been glad at any rate to have practised the rules without first knowing the rationale. His mind was continually upon the stretch to find out some way of supplying this want, and at last he recollected that one of his school-fellows had a book from which examples of several rules were taken by the master to exercise the scholars. He therefore went immediately in search of this school-fellow, and was

overjoyed to find, upon inquiry, that the book was still in his possession. Having borrowed this important volume, he returned home with it, and beginning his studies as he went along, he pursued them with such application, that in about six months he was master of the rule of three with fractions.

The reluctance with which he began to learn the powers and properties of figures was now at an end; he knew enough to make him earnestly desirous of knowing more; he was therefore impatient to proceed from this book to one that was more difficult, and having at length found means to procure one that treated of more intricate and complicated calculations, he made himself master of that also before the end of the year 1739. He had the good fortune soon after to meet with a Treatise of Geometry, written by Pachek, the same author whose arithmetic he had been studying; and finding that this science was in some measure founded on that which he had learned, he applied to his new book with great assiduity for some time, but at length, not being able perfectly to comprehend the theory as he went on, nor yet to discover the utility of the practice, he laid it aside, to which he was also induced by the necessity of his immediate attendance to his field and his vines.

The severe winter, which happened in the year 1740, obliged him to keep long within his cottage, and having there no employment either for his body or his mind, he had once more recourse to his book of geometry: and having at length comprehended some of the leading principles, he procured a little box ruler and an old pair of compasses, on one point of which he mounted the end of a quill cut into a pen. With these instruments he employed himself incessantly in making various geometrical figures on paper, to illustrate the theory by a solution of the problems. He was thus busied in his cot till March, and the joy arising from the knowledge he had acquired was exceeded only by his desire of knowing more.

He was now necessarily recalled to that labour by which alone he could procure himself food, and was besides without money to procure such books and instruments as were absolutely necessary to pursue his geometrical studies. However, with the assistance of a neighbouring artificer, he procured the figures which he found represented by the diagrams in his book, to be made in wood, and with these he went to work at every interval of leisure, which now happened only once a week, after divine service on a Sunday. He was still in want of a new book, and having laid by a little sum for that purpose against the time of the fair, where

alone he had access to a bookseller's shop, he made a purchase of three small volumes, from which he acquired a complete knowledge of trigonometry. After this acquisition he could not rest till he had begun to study astronomy; his next purchase therefore was an introduction to that science, which he read with indefatigable diligence, and invented innumerable expedients to supply the want of proper instruments, in which he was not less successful than Robinson Crusoe, who in an island, of which he was the only rational inhabitant, found means to supply himself not only with the necessaries but the conveniences of life.

During his study of geometry and astronomy he had frequently met with the word *philosophy*, and this became more and more the object of his attention. He conceived that it was the name of some science of great importance and extent, with which he was as yet wholly unacquainted; he became therefore impatient in the highest degree to get acquainted with philosophy, and being continually upon the watch for such assistance as offered, he at last picked up a book, called *An introduction to the knowledge of God, of man, and of the universe.* In reading this book he was struck with a variety of objects that were equally interesting and new.

But as this book contained only general principles, he went to Dresden, and inquired among the booksellers, who was the most celebrated author that had written on philosophy. By the booksellers he was recommended to the works of Wolfius, written in the German language, and Wolfius having been mentioned in several books he had read, as one of the most able men of his age, he readily took him for his guide in the regions of philosophy.

The first purchase that he made of Wolfius's works, was his Logic, and at this he laboured a full year, still attending to his other studies, so as not to lose what he had gained before. In this book he found himself referred to another, written by the same author, called Mathematical Principles, as the fittest to give just ideas of things and facilitate the practice of logic, he therefore inquired after this book with a design to buy it, but finding it too dear for his finances, he was obliged to content himself with an abridgment of it, which he purchased in the autumn of 1743. From this book he derived much pleasure and much profit, and it employed him from October, 1743, to February, 1745.

He then proceeded to metaphysics, at which he laboured till the October following, and he would fain have entered on the study of physics, but his indigence was an insuperable impediment, and he was obliged to content himself with

this author's morality, politics, and remarks on metaphysics, which employed him till July, 1746, by this time he had scraped together a sum sufficient to buy the physics, which he had so earnestly desired, and this work he read twice within the year.

About this time a dealer in old books sold him a volume of Wolfius's Mathematical Principles at large, and the spherical trigonometry which he found in this book was a new treasure, which he was very desirous to make his own. This, however, cost him incredible labour, and filled every moment that he could spare from his business and his sleep for something more than a year.

He proceeded to the study of Kahrel's Law of Nature and Nations, and at the same time procured a little book on the terrestrial and celestial globes. These books, with a few that he borrowed, were the sources from which he derived such a stock of knowledge, as is seldom found even among those who have associated with the inhabitants of an university and had perpetual access to public libraries.

Mr. Hoffman, during Ludwig's residence at his house, dressed him in his own gown, with other proper habiliments, and he observes that this alteration of his dress had such an effect, that Hoffman could not conceive the man's accent or dialect to be the same, and he felt himself secretly inclined to treat him with more deference than when he was in his peasant's dress, though the alteration was made in his presence and with his own apparel.

It happened also that before Ludwig went home there was an eclipse of the sun, and Mr. Hoffman proposed to his guest that he should observe this phænomenon as an astronomer, and for that purpose furnished him with proper instruments. The impatience of Ludwig till the time of the eclipse is not to be expressed; he had hitherto been acquainted with the planetary world only by books and a view of the heavens with the naked eye, he had never yet looked through a telescope, and the anticipation of the pleasure which the new observation would yield him, scarcely suffered him either to eat or sleep; but it unfortunately happened, that just before the eclipse came on, the sky became cloudy and continued so during the whole time of its continuance. This misfortune was more than the philosophy even of Ludwig could bear; as the cloud came on he looked up at it in the agony of a man that expected the dissolution of nature to follow; when it came over the sun, he stood fixed in a consternation not to be described, and when he knew the eclipse was past, his disappointment and grief were little short of distraction.

Mr. Hoffman soon after went in his turn to visit Mr. Ludwig, and take a view of his dwelling, his library, his study, and his instruments. He found an old crazy cottage, the inside of which had been long blacked with smoke; the walls were covered with propositions and diagrams written with chalk. In one corner was a bed, in another a cradle, and under a little window at the side, three pieces of board laid side by side over two trussels, made a writing table for the philosopher, upon which were scattered some pieces of writing paper containing extracts of books, various calculations, and geometrical figures; the books which have been mentioned before, were placed on a shelf with the compass and ruler that have been described, which with a wooden square and a pair of 6-inch globes, constituted the library and musæum of the truly celebrated John Ludwig.

In this hovel he lived till the year 1754, and while he was pursuing the study of philosophy at his leisure hours, he was indefatigable in his day labour as a poor peasant, sometimes carrying a basket at his back, and sometimes driving a wheelbarrow, and crying such garden-stuff as he had to sell about the village. In this state he was subject to frequent insults, "such as patient merit takes of the unworthy," and he bore them without reply or any other mark either of resentment or contempt, when those who could not agree with him about the price of his commodities used to turn from him with an air of superiority, and call him in derision a *silly* clown, a *stupid* dog.

Mr. Hoffman, when he dismissed him, presented him with 100 crowns, which have fulfilled all his wishes and made him the happiest man in the world: with this sum he has built himself a more commodious habitation in the middle of his vineyard, and furnished it with many moveables and utensils, of which he was in great want, but above all he has procured a very considerable addition to his library, an article so essential to his happiness, that he declared to Mr. Hoffman, he would not accept the whole province in which he lived upon condition that he should renounce his studies, and that he had rather live on bread and water, than withhold from his mind that food, which his intellectual hunger perpetually required.

1757, *Sept.*

XII. Secret of the Fire-eating Art.

MR. URBAN, *Ashbourn, Derb. Jan. 20.*

LAST spring Mr. Powell, the famous fire-eater, did us the honour of a visit at this town; and, as he set forth in his printed bills, that he had shewn away not only before most of the crowned heads in Europe, but even before the Royal Society of London, and was dignified with a curious and very ample silver medal, that, he said, was bestowed on him by that learned body, as a testimony of their approbation, for eating what nobody else could eat, I was prevailed upon, at the importunity of some friends, to go and see a sight that so many great kings and philosophers had not thought below their notice. And, I confess, though neither a superstitious nor an incurious man, I was not a little astonished at his wonderful performances in the fire-eating way.

After many restless days and nights, and the profoundest researches into the nature of things, I almost despaired of accounting for the strange phænomenon of a human and perishable creature eating red hot coals taken indiscriminately out of a large fire, broiling steaks upon his tongue, swallowing huge draughts of liquid fire as greedily as a country squire does roast beef and strong beer. Thought I to myself, very wisely and logically, how can the minor include the major? how can that element, which we are told is ultimately to devour all things, be devoured itself, as familiar diet, by a mortal man?—Here I stuck, and here I might have stuck, as a very learned man says in another matter of great importance, if a thought had not darted into my mind, early one morning, as I lay betwixt sleeping and waking, that I had many years ago, read something of this kind in the Journal des Sçavans. Like Archimedes I started out of bed, and cried ἑυρηκα, I have found it out, I have it, rushing at the same time almost naked into my study, where, in the 8th volume of that work, p. 282, I met with the following anecdote:

"The secret of fire-eating was made public by a servant to one Richardson an Englishman, who shewed it in France about the year 1667, and was the first performer of the kind that ever appeared in Europe. It consists only in rubbing the hands, and thoroughly washing the mouth, lips, tongue, teeth, and other parts that are to touch the fire with pure spirit of sulphur. This burns and cauterizes the

epidermis, or upper skin, till it becomes as hard as thick leather, and every time the experiment is tried it becomes still easier than before. But if, after it has been very often repeated, the upper skin should grow so callous and horny as to become troublesome, washing the parts affected with very warm water, or hot wine, will bring away all the shrivelled or parched epidermis. The flesh, however, will continue tender and unfit for such business till it has been frequently rubbed over again with the same spirit.

"This preparative may be rendered much stronger and more efficacious, by mixing equal quantities of spirit of sulphur, sal-ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and juice of onions.

"The bad effects which frequently swallowing red-hot coals, melted sealing wax, rosin, brimstone, and other calcined and inflammable matter, might have had upon his stomach, were prevented by drinking plentifully of warm water and oil, as soon as he left the company, till he had vomited all up again."

My author farther adds, "that any person who is possessed of this secret, may safely walk over burning coals, or red-hot plough-shares," (as queen Emma is said to have done,) and fortifies his assertion by the example of blacksmiths and forgemen, "many of whom," he says, "acquire such a degree of callosity, by often handling hot things, that they will carry a glowing bar of iron from the furnace to the anvil in their naked hands, without hurt."

This anecdote was communicated to the author of the Journal des Sçavans, by M. Panthot, doctor of physic, and member of the college at Lyons.

Tavernier says in his Voyages that he met with a slave, who would suffer himself, for a small reward, to be hung round with heavy chains of iron red-hot, and that he would keep them on till they were quite cold, without the least apparent sense of pain. This slave must certainly have been acquainted with something more powerful than the preceding receipt to resist the strength of fire, as such a weight must considerably increase its activity, and consequently its penetration.

Whether Mr. Powell will take it kindly of me thus to have published his secret, I cannot tell; but as he now begins to drop into years, has no children that I know of, and may die suddenly, or without making a will, I think it is a great pity so genteel an occupation should become one of the *artes perditæ*, as possibly it may, if proper care is not taken; and therefore hope, after this information, some

true-hearted Englishmen will take it up again, for the honour of his country, when he reads in the newspapers, *Yesterday died, much lamented, the famous Mr. Powell. He was the best, if not the only, fire-eater in the world, and it is greatly to be feared his art is dead with him.*

Before that fatal period, I would not, upon any account, be thought to encourage him to *set up for himself*, or take the poor man's coals *out of his mouth*, which are to be sure his daily bread; though he may in the mean time be preparing for it, without the least imputation of injustice or ill neighbourhood, by going through a regular course of searings, and now and then a gentle scorch or two, to try how he can *stand fire*.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

1755, *Feb.* PHILOPYRPHAGUS ASHBURNIENSIS.

XIII. Experiments for preserving Water sweet.

Extracts of some trials made by Stephen Hales, D. D. F. R. S. to keep water and fish sweet with lime-water, &c.

APRIL 9, 1754, He put into a seven gallon cask of water, in the proportion of a pound to a hogshead, some white marble lime.

April 26, It tasted a little of the wood, and smelt somewhat ill, and more so on July 27, when it was poured away.

June 15, He put into an 18 gallon cask 18 ounces of unslacked lime-stone from Shropshire.

June 25, The water was sweet, but tasted disagreeably of the cask, and was the same August 24; but October 17, the taste was somewhat worse, and November 12, seemed to smell and taste putrid, but the prevailing taste was from the cask.

He put also into a 9 gallon cask two ounces of the same unslacked lime-stone to a gallon, and found it much the same all along as the former.

With chalk-lime at two pounds to a hogshead, it stunk much, and continued to do so for four months; so that chalk-lime, so much in use will not preserve from

putrefaction, though stone-lime does in a great measure, and therefore may be very serviceable at sea.

April 2, He put into a kilderkin, or 18 gallons of pure pond water, a pound of native mineral sulphur in 7 lumps.

April 26, Sweet; May 3, began manifestly to stink; May 7, stunk much, and was poured away.

May 8, The kilderkin being scalded, it was filled again with the same pond water, and six pounds of native mineral sulphur put into it.

July 27, It was sweet; October 17, it was discoloured, and in a very small degree fœtid; November 12, the same.

Hence native mineral sulphur may be of service to preserve water from great degrees of putrefaction at sea.

Dr. Alston having wrote him word, that he found fish would continue sweet in lime-water 7 weeks and more:—

April 19, He put four gudgeons into white marble lime-water; May 10, they were sweet, but the flesh pappy when boiled. May 22, they smelt sweet, and felt firm, but on boiling dissolved like an anchovy. June 12, one of the gudgeons, though sweet and firm to the touch, dissolved in new-made stone-lime-water, only milk-warm.

June 18, Two small eels skinned, were put into stone-lime-water; June 22, one of them, which was firm to handle, when boiled was soft and pappy; June 25, the other eel was the same when boiled.

In order to try whether the lime, which adhered to, and had soaked into the flesh of the fish which had lain in lime-water, had the quality of thus dissolving the texture of the flesh in boiling; he boiled a small eel, and a morsel of mutton for ten minutes, in stone lime-water, when they were boiled enough, and were of a due degree of firmness, and not pappy. A like eel boiled in well-water, was boiled enough in five minutes.

Hence it appears, that the lime does not, in boiling so short a time, dissolve the texture of the flesh into a pap, which must therefore be the effect of unfœtid putrefaction.

But lime-water made of chalk-lime has very little of an antiseptic quality; for the year before, in the month of May, he put some gudgeons and an eel into common lime-water, and in seven days boiled one of the gudgeons, but found it too putrid to eat. After 28 days he boiled another, and it was boiled almost into indiscernible parts; which shews that it was much putrefied. Dr. Alston likewise informed

he put a piece of veal in pounded or slacked

which in a week became tough and dry. He

therefore put a piece of veal from half to three quarters of an inch thick, into chalk-lime on May 10, and on the 31st of the same month it had a putrid smell, and was in the middle red and raw, with a thin hard outside.

Having communicated these trials to Dr. Pringle, (whose trials having been made with chalk-lime-water, which is in common use in England, agreed with the last of Dr. Hales's) he observed, that the difference between stone-lime-water and chalk-lime-water might probably consist in this:—the chalk, before calcination, being a highly septic substance, if some of its particles were not fully calcined, these, by mixing with the water, would impart to it some degree of a putrefying quality, contrary to that virtue which the water receives from such parts as are sufficiently burnt. That the same would be the case of shells, which are also septics, and therefore that the lime-water made either of chalk or shells, would prove more or less antiseptic, or even continue septic, according to the degree of calcination. He added, that as all his experiments relating to the antiseptic quality of lime-water were made in a furnace, heated to the degree of human blood, viz. to near 100 on Fahrenheit's thermometer, the uncalcined parts of the lime would, in that state, become more active in promoting putrefaction, than when the trials were made in cold water.

And indeed it must be owned, that when any experiments are made on medicinal subjects, out of the body, the nearer they can be made to the heat of the blood, and to other circumstances, those substances must undergo in the first passages, the more just the inferences will be, that are drawn from those experiments.

In regard to that quality of lime-water, in preserving fish longer sweet than flesh, Dr. Pringle took notice, that he doubted it was a common mistake, to account fish a more corruptible substance than the flesh of land animals; for although fish might become sooner too stale for eating, than most flesh meats, yet that fish did not so soon rise to a rank degree of putrefaction, as flesh, and therefore that the former would be kept longer tolerably sweet than the latter, by any kind of antiseptic.

XIV. Proposal to correct Spirituous Liquors with Vinegar.

MR. URBAN, *July* 28, 1755.

THE Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Hales, and several others, have given sufficient proofs of the bad effects of drinking spirituous liquors; and though on board our men of war, the sailors and marines are seldom allowed them without being first mixed with about three times the quantity of water, if I am rightly informed, yet I have good reason to believe, that if a proper quantity of vinegar was to be added to them, it would still be the more efficacious to prevent the pernicious effects of the spirits, and would brace up their weak fibres, and strengthen the stomach, and would also be of the greatest advantage in the hot countries, be of service in the sea scurvy, and prevent putrid and malignant fevers.

I would also remark that the virtues of vinegar were well known to the ancient Romans, who made vinegar and water the constant drink of their soldiers, which rendered them so strong and able to face their enemies; whereas our army is greatly enfeebled by the use of spirituous liquors alone.

I have given one large spoonful of vinegar, mixed with four large spoonfuls of brandy, and about three times as much water, and have found it very refreshing, grateful to the taste, and agreeable to the stomach, and even in cases where the stomach has been impaired by drinking spirituous liquors, and could hardly retain any thing.

I wish some gentleman of note would make some experiments of this method, and if it were found to succeed, would oblige our sailors, marines, and soldiers to use it; for whatever method would contribute to make our men more strong and hardy, and more able to endure labour and fatigue, would certainly be of the greatest advantage to us, and more especially in time of war.

Yours, &c.

1755, *Aug.* J. N.

XV. Manner of hatching Chicken in Egypt.

THIS secret, which the Bermeans reveal to none but their children, consists not in the structure of the oven, but

the manner of managing the eggs when they are there. Each oven consists of two brick buildings 9 feet high, 38 long, and 12 broad, with a kind of passage between them 3 feet wide, closed up at each end by the walls which terminate the two buildings, and arched over, forming a gallery of the same height.

The two buildings are divided by cross walls, each into 8 chambers, 9 feet high, and each chamber is again separated horizontally into two by a very flat arch, perforated in the middle with an aperture 2 feet diameter; so that each building contains two ranges of chambers 3 feet high, the upper range communicating with the lower by these apertures: the apartments, though not very commodious for the Bermeans that enter them, are very fit for supporting the degree of heat necessary to hatch the eggs, which must be nearly 32 deg. above freezing on Reaumur's thermometer.

The door to every one of these chambers, above and below, is a round hole a foot and a half in diameter, which forms a double range of ox eyes on either side of the gallery; and the door of the gallery itself, is a like hole, being the only entrance into the oven.

The eggs are disposed in the lower chambers, upon mats, or beds of hair or hemp, and the door which communicates from each lower chamber to the gallery, is carefully closed up with a wadding of the same matter. The fire is kindled in the upper chambers, and the smoak, which passes into the gallery through the before-mentioned apertures, escapes from thence by the holes in the arch, which are carefully closed up as soon as the oven is become hot enough and the fire is extinguished. They burn neither wood nor coals, which would make too fierce a fire, but a mixture of the dried dung of animals and straw.

From the time of putting out the fire in the oven, part of the eggs are removed into the upper chambers, which though they are now useless, as to their first office, become yet a commodious receptacle for the chicken when hatched, and suit better with the frequent visits which the Bermeans make, to turn the eggs, and carefully pick out, and take away the rotten ones; the stinking vapour of which would otherwise spoil the rest, or kill the young chickens.

The requisite time for hatching each brood in the oven, as well as under the hen, is about 21 days; but as they keep up the heat of their ovens six months together, each oven can very well produce 8 broods of about 45,000 eggs each. The Bermean, who has the management of the oven, is to furnish 30,000 chickens every brood; the other

15,000 either perish, or turn to his own profit. Every oven therefore produces annually to its master 240,000 chickens, and the number of these ovens being 386, the whole number of chickens, exclusive of those which are allowed to the manager, amounts to 492,640,000.

1755, *Aug.*

XVI. Absurdity of enthusiastic Predictions.

MR. URBAN,

IN the reign of King Henry VIII. prophecies and predictions were in great vogue, the study of astrology being then in much esteem. Amongst other instances one Bolton, who was prior of St. Barthdlomew in the city of London,* a person of some learning, pretended to have found out by the stars, that a mighty deluge, at such a time, would drown the city of London, and being fully persuaded himself of the truth of this, he built a house at Harrow-on-the-hill, and storing it with provisions for a competent season, retired to it; but the event not answering the prediction, both he and his art became the public ridicule of the town. The prior went upon a science founded on no rational principles; but an anonymous pamphlet vouches the authority of one of the greatest of our astronomers, Dr. Halley, for the return of a comet in 1758, which moving in the same line with the earth, and in the same part of the line, must necessarily set it on fire. This now is an event that concerns the whole race of mankind, even the catastrophe of this terraqueous globe, and therefore I am willing to treat it with all imaginable seriousness, as the author plainly designed it should.

Your correspondents, Graticola and Witchell, have shewn that the author of the pamphlet has committed a mistake, for that the comet, which according to the calculation of Dr. Halley will return A.D. 1758, is not the comet whose trajectory will coincide with the line of the earth's orbit. Moreover, that the comet expected in the year 1758, will never approach nearer the body of the earth than four millions of miles. I think it needful for you, Mr. Urban, to repeat it once more in your Magazine, that the author of the pamph-

* Speed's History, p. 1030.

let has run into this error, that so every one, into whose hands this pamphlet may fall, those especially who may have overlooked the notices of your correspondents above-mentioned, may be assured of it. And this, Sir, is the more necessary, because, as it appears, many ignorant people, unskilled in the science of astronomy, and withal of timorous or rather very fearful dispositions, have been extremely uneasy upon this account. Whereupon I cannot but observe, that authors who throw out such important particulars as these, though it be done with the best design in the world, should be very sure of their hand, before they alarm us with their notices, lest the subjecting of weak minds to groundless panics, should contribute to embitter their lives, which has something in it very cruel, and even criminal.

But since, Sir, I am embarked on this subject, I will, with your leave, add a few words more upon it. It is agreed, that this world is not eternal; that it shall some time be destroyed by fire, and possibly, but not certainly, by a comet. But whether the comet, whose return is expected A.D. 2255, will effect it or not, I think is very uncertain. For not to mention, that the end of the world may be sooner, for ought we know, the period or year of this comet being not less than 575 solar years, an observator cannot have had experiences enow, repeated at due distances, to ascertain the return of it to a year, especially considering the irregularity which is known to attend the motion of these eccentrical bodies. Besides the scriptures of the New Test. every where represent the final consummation of all things, as a point of knowledge entirely hidden from man, and, I presume, for the same reason as the day of our death is concealed from us; but it would no longer remain a secret, were it to depend on the known revolution of a comet. No one, therefore, ought to rely, in this weighty matter, on the calculation of the acutest astronomers, but rather reflect, on the other hand, 1st, That he knows not how soon this event may happen; and 2dly, that to him the day of his death is in effect the day of judgment, since, according to the doctrine of this protestant church, *as the tree falls so it must lie.* A reflection, which if it be considered withal, to how many real disasters, without having recourse to any imaginary ones, the life of man is daily exposed, will be abundantly sufficient for the purpose of true religion, that is, to make men think on the judgment of the great day; and therefore there is no occasion to unsettle their minds by any unreasonable and, at the same time, groundless fears, which

as they tend so greatly to distract them, instead of doing them any service, are likely in the end, to do them a great deal of harm.

Yours, &c.

1756, *Feb.* PAUL. GEMSEGE.

XVII. Dr. Hales's method of obtaining fresh Sea-water.

THE effect of causing an incessant shower of air to ascend through the boiling liquor in a still, to my surprise, I found to be very considerable. The method I used was by means of a flat round tin box, six inches diameter, and an inch and a half deep; which is placed at the bottom of the still on four knobs half an inch high, to make room for the liquor to spread over the whole bottom of the still. The mouth of the still being too narrow for the tin box to enter, which should be as wide as the bottom of the still, it may be divided into two parts with a hinge at one side, and a clasp at the other, to fix it together when in the still. The air pipe which passes through the head of the still, will help to keep the air-box from moving to and fro by the motion of the ship, or three or four small spurs may be fixed to the sides of the air-box, and reach to the sides of the still. The cover and sides of the air-box were punched full of very small holes, a quarter of an inch distant from each other. On the middle of the lid was fixed a nosle, above half an inch wide, fitted to receive, to put on, and take off the lower end of the tin pipe, which was 20 inches long, and passed through a hole in the head of the still. Four inches of the upper end of this pipe were bent gibbet-fashion, almost at right angles to the upright, in order to the uniting it with the enlarged nose of a pair of bellows, by means of a short calf-skin pipe. This tin air-box, and many more, were made by Mr. Tedway, tin-man, against the Mews Gate, Charing-Cross.

The double bellows were bound fast to a frame at the upper part of the iron nose, and at the lower handle, to work them more commodiously. And that the upper half of the double bellows may duly rise and fall, in order to cause a constant stream of air, (besides the usual contracting spiral springs within side) several flat weights of lead must be laid on the upper part of the bellows near the handle, with a hole in their middle, to fix them on an upright iron pin, fasten-

ed on the bellows; so the weights may be commodiously put on or taken off, according to the different depths of water in the still. Thus if the depth of the water in the still be 12 inches from the surface of the depressed water in the air-box, then the pressure of the included air against the upper part of the bellows, will be equal to that of a body of water a foot deep, and as broad as the inner surface of that board. It will therefore be requisite to add or take off weights according to the different depths of the water in the still, at different periods of the same distillation. Where the stills are fixed in ships, the air may be conveyed to them from the bellows through a small leathern pipe, distended with spiral coils of wire, or bamboo canes, or broad small wooden pipes, like hollow fishing rods.

The quantity of water distilled in a given time by this way of continual ventilation, is, at a medium, more than double of the usual distillation. It is to be hoped, therefore, that so considerable an increase will be of great benefit to navigation, and save much fire.

By ventilation with a 20 gallon still, 240 gallons, or a ton and 24 gallons, may be distilled in 20 hours, with little more than two bushels of coals, allowing for the time of heating the still full of cold water. A ton in 24 hours will more than suffice for a 60 gun ship with 400 men, and larger may have proportionably larger stills. Ten gallon stills will produce 120 gallons in 20 hours, and 5 gallon ones, 64 gallons.

Dr. Butler proposes pouring in more sea-water through a funnel fixed in the head of the still, when more than half has been distilled off, whereby it will soon acquire a distilling heat, adding chalk in such proportion as shall be found requisite. The funnel-hole must be stopped with a cork, or small copper plate, turning on and off upon a pin.

The waste of fuel will be less in proportion in large, than in small stills, and the wider the still head is, so much the more liquor will be distilled.

It is of great importance to keep all parts of the still clean and free from rust or verdigrise of the copper.

Now supposing, that in a 60 gun ship, the 110 tons of water for four months use, were distilled at the expence of three bushels of coals per ton, this would take 9 chaldrons, or about 13½ tons weight, or 94½ tons less than the 110 tons of store-water, and allowing 24½ tons for the still-water casks and coals, there will be 70 tons weight of stowage saved thereby.

1756, *Jan.*

XVIII. Experiments for sweetening ill-tasted Milk and stinking Water by Ventilation, &c. by Dr. Hales.

THIS method of blowing showers of air up through liquors will be of considerable use in several other respects as well as distillation.

August 23, four quarts of ill-tasted milk, from a cow which had fed 48 hours upon cabbage leaves, drinking very little water in that time, were put into a leaden vessel, which was heated in a large boiler, whereby the milk was kept scalding hot, then in ten minutes ventilation it was perfectly cured of its ill taste.

Three gallons of stinking Jessop's well water were ventilated. On the first blowing, the smell of the ascending vapours was very offensive, which abated much in five minutes. In twenty minutes the water was sweet both in smell and taste.

July 20, three gallons of stinking sea-water were ventilated. In five minutes it was much sweetened, and no ill smell in the ascending air, though at first it was very offensive. At the end of ten minutes it had a small degree of ill taste; after twenty minutes, no ill taste or smell. It frothed near a foot high during part of the ventilation, which was from the bitumen, &c.

It is to be suspected that the stinking water which is drunk in ships may promote that putrid distemper, the scurvy, as well as some others; and that putrid waters in marshy countries may be the cause of agues, as well as the putrid air they breathe. This method, therefore, of sweetening stinking water by blowing showers of air up through it, must be very beneficial.

Live fish may well be carried many miles by blowing now and then fresh air up through the water, without the trouble of changing the water; for this ventilation will not only keep the water sweet, but also enrich it with air, which is necessary for the life of fishes; but stinking water will presently kill fish.

Much of the oil may be got out of tar-water by blowing up showers of air through it when scalding hot, for 15 or 20 minutes, the longer the better; the less volatile and more salutary acid remaining.

1756, *March.*

XIX. Anecdote of the late Duke of Montague.

MR. URBAN,

WE have often been amused with stories of the whims and frolics that great men have exercised upon little ones to the no small astonishment and perplexity of the said little men, and the unspeakable delight of themselves and their company. The late Duke of Montague was remarkable for these atchievements of wit and humour, which he conducted with a dexterity and address peculiar to himself. I send you an account of one of them for the entertainment of your readers, though I doubt whether there is one among them all to whom it will give as much pleasure as it gave his grace.

Soon after the conclusion of the late peace he had observed, that a middle aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was much tarnished and the cloth worn thread-bare, appeared at a certain hour in the park, walking to and fro in the Mall with a kind of mournful solemnity, or ruminating by himself on one of the benches, without taking any more notice of the gay crowd that was moving before him than of so many emmets on an ant-hill, or atoms dancing in the sun.

This man the duke singled out as likely to be a fit object for a frolic. He began therefore by making some inquiry concerning him, and soon learned that he was an unfortunate poor creature, who having laid out his whole stock in the purchase of a commission, had behaved with great bravery in the war, in hopes of preferment, but upon the conclusion of the peace had been reduced to starve upon half-pay. This the duke thought a favourable circumstance for his purpose, but he learned, upon farther inquiry, that the captain having a wife and several children, had been reduced to the necessity of sending them down into Yorkshire, whither he constantly transmitted them one moiety of his half-pay, which would not subsist them nearer the metropolis, and reserved the other moiety to keep himself upon the spot, where alone he could hope for an opportunity of obtaining a more advantageous situation. These particulars afforded a new scope for the duke's genius, and he immediately began his operations.

After some time, when every thing had been prepared, he watched an opportunity as the captain was sitting alone, buried in his speculations on a bench, to send his gentleman to him with his compliments and an invitation to dinner the

next day. The duke having placed himself at a convenient distance, saw his messenger approach without being perceived, and begin to speak without being heard; he saw his intended guest start at length from his reverie, like a man frighted out of a dream, and gaze with a foolish look of wonder and perplexity at the person that accosted him, without seeming to comprehend what he said, or to believe his senses when it was repeated to him till he did. In short, he saw with infinite satisfaction all that could be expected in the looks, behaviour, and attitude of a man addressed in so abrupt and unaccountable a manner; and as the sport depended upon the man's sensibility, he discovered so much of that quality on striking the first stroke, that he promised himself success beyond his former hopes. He was told, however, that the captain returned thanks for the honour intended him, and would wait upon his grace at the time appointed.

When he came, the duke received him with particular marks of civility, and taking him aside with an air of great secresy and importance, told him that he had desired the favour of his company to dine chiefly upon the account of a lady, who had long had a particular regard for him, and had expressed a great desire to be in his company, which her situation made it impossible for her to accomplish, without the assistance of a friend; that having learned these particulars by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together, and added, that he thought such an act of civility, whatever might be the opinion of the world, could be no imputation upon his honour. During this discourse, the duke enjoyed the profound astonishment and various changes of confusion that appeared in the captain's face, who, after he had a little recovered himself, began a speech with great solemnity, in which the duke perceived he was labouring to insinuate in the best manner he could, that he doubted whether he was not imposed upon, and whether he ought not to resent it; and therefore to put an end to his difficulties at once, the duke laid his hand upon his breast, and very devoutly swore, that he told him nothing that he did not believe upon good evidence to be true.

When word was brought that dinner was served, the captain entered the dining-room with great curiosity and wonder, but his wonder was unspeakably increased when he saw at the table his own wife and children. The duke had begun his frolic by sending for them out of Yorkshire, and had as much, if not more, astonished the lady than he had her hus-

band, to whom he took care she should have no opportunity to send a letter.

It is much more easy to conceive than to describe a meeting so sudden, unexpected, and extraordinary; it is sufficient to say that it afforded the duke the highest entertainment, who at length, with much difficulty, got his guests quietly seated at his table, and persuaded them to fall too without thinking either of yesterday or to-morrow. It happened, that soon after dinner was over, word was brought to the duke, that his lawyer attended about some business by his grace's order. The duke, willing to have a short truce with the various inquiries of the captain about his family, ordered the lawyer to be introduced, who pulling out a deed that the duke was to sign, was directed to read it, with an apology to the company for the interruption. The lawyer accordingly began to read, when, to complete the adventure and the confusion and astonishment of the poor captain and his wife, the deed appeared to be a settlement which the duke had made upon them of a genteel sufficiency for life. Having gravely heard the instruments read, without appearing to take any notice of the emotion of his guests, he signed and sealed it, and delivered it into the captain's hand, desiring him to accept it without compliments, for, says he, I assure you it is the last thing I would have done, if I had thought I could have employed my money or my time more to my satisfaction any other way.

1756, *April.*

XX. Toads found in Stones.

MR. URBAN, *Ramsay, March* 10.

YOUR correspondent in your Magazine for last February, relates a story, which he calls a *strange* one, and that he will not take upon him to determine how much of it is true, viz. that in sawing a block of marble, or, as he supposes, of free-stone, a living toad was found in the cavity.

However, to put the possibility of the fact beyond all doubt, I will relate a story of the same sort, which happened about the year 1743, when I lived at Wisbech, in the Isle of Ely, and which I saw with my own eyes. Mr. Charlton, a stone-cutter, who lived at the bottom of my yard next the river, came up to my house, and desired me

to walk down to his shop, and he would shew me a great curiosity. The marble was just sawn asunder as I got there, and a living toad of a more than ordinary size was lodged in the middle of the block. The cavity was pretty near in the shape of the toad, but something larger than the animal itself. The cavity, to the best of my remembrance, was of a dusky yellow colour, but the toad himself was surrounded, exclusive of the cavity, with several inches of clear, solid marble on both sides. He seemed healthful and well, and not at all the worse for his long confinement. This is the naked fact, which I am fully satisfied of from my own knowledge, and I appeal to Mr. Charlton, now living at Wisbech, for the truth of it.

The fact itself is undeniable, though I am not able to say what satisfactory account a philosopher can give for so strange an appearance. I have myself often reflected upon it, and endeavoured to solve the question, but confess my inability. Sometimes I have imagined there might be different species of these animals, though *this* that I saw had all the appearance and complexion of a common toad. I presume, if a toad was put into an exhausted receiver, and the air drawn from him, he would *die* like other animals, though I never knew the experiment tried. I should be glad if any of your learned correspondents can solve this difficulty, viz. How it was possible for this toad to have lived, as he must have done for several years, to all appearance, without either *food* or *air*.

Yours, &c.

T. WHISTON.

Another Instance of the same Kind.

ON the 14th day of June last, at Great Yarmouth, I took a live toad out of a solid free-stone that was brought from Rutlandshire, of these dimensions:—The stone was in length four feet, in breadth three feet six inches, and in thickness one foot six inches. When I had sawn this stone in the middle, upon dividing the two parts of the stone, I observed a hole about six inches from the edge of the stone, in which lay this toad. I took the toad out of the hole with my compass; I did not observe that I any ways hurt it in taking it out of the hole. When it was on the ground it hopped about, and died in less than one hour. There was a yellow list on the back, which changed its colour soon

after the toad died. The hole was about three inches long, and almost as deep. I strictly viewed the stone, and could not perceive any flaw or crack in it; the inside of the hole was smooth, and looked as if it had been polished. Witness my hand this five and twentieth day of July, 1716.

JOHN MALPAS.

I was present, and saw the toad alive. Witness my hand, 1756, *May.* PETER HURFORD, Mason.

XXI. The Effect of Musk in curing the Gout in the Stomach, by Mr James Pringle, late Surgeon to the third Regiment of Foot Guards.

ON the third of November, 1745, a gentlewoman, aged 43, was violently seized with the gout in the stomach, so that she could by no means lie down, but was forced to sit night and day in an easy chair in an erect posture. She did nothing all this while but keep herself warm, now and then drinking a little of some generous wine, (as she said, to keep it out of her stomach) and once or twice took a little of the *tinct. sacra.* On the 21st of November, about 9 o'clock at night, a lady of her acquaintance, who had seen her in this condition, desired me to visit her, though she doubted if I should find her alive. Accordingly I went, and as I had seen such extraordinary effects of the Tonquin medicine in the Singultus, and had heard from Mr. Reid of its efficacy in other nervous cases, I imagined it might be of some service here; and therefore I sent her the following bolus:

Cinnab. nativ. Antimon. aa. gr. xv. *Mosch. opt.* gr. xvi. *Syr. bals. q. s. f. bolus.*

But although this is Mr. Reid's common dose, yet as she was very weak I ordered her to take the one half of it immediately, drinking after it a cup of brandy, and the other half in six hours after. Next morning I found her much better, having from the first dose no more convulsions in her stomach. I then ventured to give her a bolus at nine o'clock in the morning, and repeated it every four hours

till she should sleep or sweat. Notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, and her being obliged to sit in a chair, yet by the time she had taken four boluses, a plentiful sweat and sleep ensued, and then she was able to lie in a horizontal posture on her couch, without the return of her former symptoms. This sweat continued from the afternoon of the 22d, till the 24th at night, with very little intermission. I gave over the boluses and ordered her a julep, to 8 ounces of which I put 12 grains of musk, to be taken ad libitum. In this method she continued to the 27th, quite easy and free from all her former symptoms; but as on this day she fancied the gout in her stomach was returning, I gave her another bolus. She complained at this time of the intolerable heat of the brandy, which was the first thing she found warm in her stomach during this illness. On the 29th she was apprehensive of another attack, and took another bolus, after which she found herself very well, and walked about the room, the swelling of her feet being quite gone; and on the 4th of December, went out in a chair to thank the lady who sent me to her, and continues to be well to this day.

1756, *May.*

XXII. Boerhaave's Recipe for the Gout.

MR. URBAN,

IT has lately been asserted in some of the public papers, that Dr. Boerhaave, having in 1722, obtained some remission from the severity of the gout, with which he had been tormented without intermission for more than five months, determined to try whether the juices of fumitory, endive, and succory, taken thrice a day in large quantities, (namely, about half a pint each dose) might not contribute to his relief; and "*that by a perseverance in this method, he was wonderfully recovered.*"

This is *partly* the truth, though *not the whole* truth; for I conversed with him daily at that very time. He took indeed the juices above-mentioned for a fortnight, or thereabouts, as near as I can remember; yet "*it was not by the perseverance in this method alone he was so wonderfully recovered;*" for when he found that his stomach would bear the juices of these three herbs, and he seemed to receive some benefit from them, he told me he would add to them, and accordingly directed the juices of two more herbs, namely, water-cresses

and male speedwell; and that he would likewise take every day half an ounce of four gums well beat up together in equal quantities, namely, gum sagapenum, gum opoponax, gum ammoniacum, and gum galbanum.—He swallowed a drachm of these made into 12 pills four times in a day, drinking after them half a pint of the expressed juices of the five above-mentioned herbs; and this he continued to do for three months or more, after which I never heard that he had any return of the gout, though he lived 16 years longer. The Doctor was a very large man, and his case peculiarly bad; therefore I suppose he judged it necessary to take these medicines in larger quantities, and to continue them longer than he would have directed to the generality of his patients.

I thought it my duty to acquaint the public of this *important* fact, as I happened to have the copy of Boerhaave's original prescription by me; and the more so, as what I have here mentioned may probably be of use to some of my fellow-creatures, after I am dead and gone, and when all other medicines have been found ineffectual.

I am,

Sir, Yours, &c.

1758, *Suppl.* SENEX.

XXIII. History of Frauds and Cheating, by Mr. Justice Fielding.

A PICK-POCKET, though a felon, seems to be in the lowest class of gamblers; but his success rather arises from the dexterity of his hands, than the contrivance of his head; and like rats and other such vermin, appears rather to take the advantage of your negligence and inattention, than to contend with your understanding. The first and lowest class of gamblers, then, who would cheat you with your eyes open, are those who invite you to prick in the belt or garter, for a wager; and the certainty of winning at this sort of diversion appears so clear to the novice, that he never fails to bite if he be a proper object. And here I must premise that these gamblers are such exquisite judges of their prey, that they seldom fail of success.

The next class are those who find a paper full of gold rings, which they take care to pick up in the sight of a proper object, whose opinion they ask. The gambler of this class appears very mean; which gives him an opportunity of say-

ing he had rather have found a good piece of bread and cheese, for that he had not broke his fast for a whole day; then wishes the gentleman would give him something for them, that he might buy him a pair of shoes, a coat, &c. The cull immediately bites, and, thinking to make a cheap purchase of an ignorant fellow, gives him perhaps 20 shillings, for four or five brass rings washed over.

The next set attend at inns, and as porters sometimes entrust their servants to carry boxes or parcels that come from the country, the gambler takes notice of the directions, and sends his comrade immediately to the house, where he waits for the arrival of the porter, meets him within a few doors of the house, or if the door be shut he stands on the steps, and begins immediately to abuse the porter for his delay; damns him and tells him he was just a coming for it; that he had a great mind to give him nothing; the porter asks pardon, the gambler pays him and takes possession of the goods, with which he decamps the instant the porter's back is turned. And as tradesmen generally employ country fellows for porters in their houses, two or three of these gamblers are generally waiting at the corner of the streets near some of the great inns, and if they hear one of the porters loaded with a box or bundle, ask his way to the inn, one of them steps up to him very civilly, tells him that he is going that way, and will shew him the house. The countryman implicitly follows his guide, whilst the gambler's comrade takes the hint, marches before, and plants himself at some convenient passage, puts his hat in his pocket, and sticks a pen in his wig to represent a book-keeper; the guide acquaints the countryman that that is the book-keeper of the inn, who immediately lays down his burden, and the book-keeper desires him to go over the way to his wife for the key of the warehouse, and in the mean time the two gamblers march off with the goods.

The next class use the following stratagem: one of them goes in the dress of a footman, and desires some tradesman to carry goods to his master, which are generally sent by the journeyman, who is carried into a parlour hired for that purpose, by the footman, who tells him he will carry the goods up to his master, and will bring down the account of what he chuses; but the moment he has got possession of the goods he shuts the parlour door, and marches out of the passage; or if the master has a mind to assist the servant, he sends the tradesman back for other sorts, but before he returns, makes off with what he has got. Servants who have lived with tailors, mantua-makers, milliners, and other trades

that send frequently to the shops, have, when they have been discharged, gone in the name of the masters and mistresses to the said shops, and taken up great quantities of goods; in which they have succeeded the easier, from their being known to the shopkeeper. Might it not then be useful to give notice to the shopkeepers used by the said tradespeople of their discharge of such servants?

There is another set who defraud tradesmen, by taking on themselves false names, and by pretending to be related to, or connected with, some persons of credit and fashion, and produce false letters to prove this intimacy. Some of these gamblers attend most of the fairs in the country, where they make it their business to inquire at inns, who serve them with their wines and brandies from London; and fish out of shopkeepers the names of the tradesmen here who supply them with goods: furnished with this knowledge they come to London, and one day appearing in the character of a country inn-keeper, they go to the distiller, whose name they have learned, telling him he has taken an inn in such a country; that he was recommended to him by one of his customers whose name he tells him, and describes his house and family the distiller's suspicion being lulled asleep by this stratagem, he chearfully supplies his new customer with some of his best goods, and sends them to some appointed inn in town, from whence they are conveyed by the gambler, and converted into cash by selling them as run goods for half price. The very same scheme is practised on grocers and other shopkeepers, only by changing their character into that of a country shopkeeper: it is immaterial to them what goods they purchase. A gambler the other day bought of a farmer 10 ton of potatoes, to be delivered one ton at a time, and when two ton were delivered they were to be paid for; but when the second ton came, the gambler disappeared; and had not the farmer been a man of spirit, he would have lost his property, but finding himself defrauded he took possession of the gambler's warehouse, and rescued his goods out of his hands.

There is another set of gamblers, commonly called duffers, who attend at Charing-cross, at St. Clement's Church, and Ludgate-hill, and invite you to go down some alley, and buy some cheap India handkerchiefs and waistcoats; but this cheat being grown stale, they use another method, which of late has been very successful. They apply themselves to some young publican to borrow 20 or 30 pounds to make up a sum, and to shew they do not want money in general, they produce a large purse well crammed with

counters and brass medals, which they give the publican a distant view of, that he may take it for money; they then produce some silk waistcoats embroidered with tinsel, which, if not strictly examined, may pass for silver; these waistcoats they propose, with other India goods made in Spital-fields, to leave in the hands of the publican, or his wife, as a security for the money they want, who, ignorant of the value of the said goods, generally fall into their trap.

The highest rank of cheats who attack the understanding, have made use of the following stratagems: one of the gang who is happiest in his person, and has the best address, is pitched upon to take a house, which, by means of the extreme good character given of him by his comrades to the landlord, is soon accomplished. The next consideration is to furnish it, when Mr. Softly, a young ironmonger just set up, is pitched upon to provide the squire's grates; who, glad of so fine an order, soon ornaments the squire's chimnies with those of the newest fashion. This being done, Mr. Greengoose, the upholder, is immediately applied to for other furniture, and is brought to the house in order that he may see the grates, which he no sooner beholds than he tells his honour that he could have furnished him likewise with grates of the best kind at the most reasonable rates; to which Squire Gambler replies, that he intends taking some little villa in the country, where Mr. Greengoose shall furnish every thing he can. The house being now completely furnished, the squire dresses himself in his morning gown, velvet cap, and red Morocco slippers, puts one or more of his comrades into livery, then sends for a tailor, linen-draper, silversmith, jeweller, &c. takes upon him the character of a merchant, and by getting credit of one, by pawning the goods the moment he has got them, he is enabled to pay ready money to others; by which means he extends his credit and increases his orders till he is detected; which sometimes does not happen till he has defrauded tradesmen of goods to a very considerable value. Nay, I have known them sometimes carry their scheme so far, as to fix one of their comrades at some rendezvous in Wapping, in the character of the captain of a vessel lying at such stairs, and bound to some of the American plantations; by which means the aforesaid merchant procures goods to be sent aboard; and as his credit advances, he makes use of drafts, which are constantly accepted by his comrades, who have as constantly changed their lodgings when the said drafts become due.

There is a set of sharpers who have lately purchased se-

veral estates without money, in the following manner: they make a bargain with the seller or his agent for the estate, in consequence of which they draw articles of agreement, by which they oblige themselves to pay the purchase money at such a time, and give a bond for the performance of covenants. They then immediately go to the tenant to shew him the articles of agreement, and tell him that he will soon have a new landlord; upon which the farmer begins to complain of the old one, and hopes his honour will repair this, rebuild that, and alter something else, which the new landlord promises to do. Credit being thus gained with the tenant, the new landlord falls in love perhaps with the farmer's daughter, or with a fine horse, or else borrows money of him, and gives him a draft upon his banker in town, who seldom has any cash in hand, and often is not to be found.

A new species of cheat has lately been practised by a gambler and his gang, who, to my knowledge, have practised every other with impunity, and is what follows: the head of the party calls himself a coal-merchant, in which character he applies to some tradesman to buy goods in his way; tells him he is out of cash, but if he chuses will pay him in coals, of which he is rather overstocked. The tradesman approving of this, the gambler goes down to some wharf, and orders one or more chaldrons of coals to be delivered at that tradesman's house for his use. Thus far for the gambler who attacks the understanding.

I shall now mention a set of cheats who make a dupe of the heart, and impose on the benevolence and compassion of the charitable; these are called sky farmers, and execute their schemes in the following manner. One of them dresses himself extremely genteel, takes upon himself the character of a private gentleman, or reputable tradesman; he is attended by two men in the character of country farmers with clumsy boots, horsemen's coats, &c. The objects pitched upon for imposition are good old charitable ladies, to whom the solicitor tells a dreadful story of losses by fire, inundations, &c. to the utter ruin of these two poor farmers and all their families; their wives are big with child, their children down in the small pox, &c. a book is then produced by the solicitor, who undertakes this disagreeable office purely out of good nature, knowing the story to be true. In this book are the names of several of the nobility and gentry set down by himself, who have contributed to this charity; and by setting out with false names they at length get real ones, which are of great service to them in carrying

on their fraud; and well-disposed persons are daily imposed upon by false appearances of distress. And there are persons in this town who get a very good livelihood by writing letters and petitions of this stamp, with which those noblemen and gentlemen who are distinguished for their generosity and benevolence, are constantly tormented, and these wretches often obtain relief for their false distresses, whilst the really miserable suffer, from their modesty, the acutest afflictions. A woman stuffed up as if she was ready to lie in, with two or three borrowed children, and a letter, giving an account of her husband's falling off a scaffold, and breaking his limbs, or being drowned at sea, &c. is an irresistible object.

To enumerate the infinite variety of devices that have been or may be practised by sharpers of all kinds, is impossible; all those I have mentioned have come to my knowledge in the course of my practice as a magistrate, and, I am sorry to say it, that though I have committed many gamblers to prison, most of them have escaped justice. The use therefore I propose in this publication of their artifices is, to stop the progress of their imposition on tradesmen, until the legislature shall provide some effectual remedy to bring them to justice, as often as they shall offend; and as I have drawn an act of parliament for this purpose, I shall here set down the causes of their escaping justice, with what, I think, may in some measure be a remedy for the evil.

In the first place, though a fraud be an offence against the public, and differs only from a felony in the manner of obtaining the goods, yet the person injured may accept of restitution, and discharge the prisoner; whereby the public example is lost, and a body of villains, who have succeeded twenty times, to the ruin perhaps of as many families, if they can make the last person injured satisfaction, are immediately let loose to cheat other people; and, as they act in a body, have a treasurer, solicitor, &c. they always have it in their power to make it up with the party that detects them, who has generally more regard for himself than the public. If therefore the magistrate had power to bind over the persons aggrieved to prosecute, the cheat would be sure of being brought to his trial. Indeed it has sometimes happened, that tradesmen have had spirit enough to pursue a gamester into the first court of justice, namely, quarter-sessions; but when the cheat finds this, as he is as slippery as an eel, he removes his cause by certiorari into some higher court, where the prosecution becomes more expen-

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cold increases, from the contraction of the lead, the diameter of the pipes lessens, and the water dilating by freezing with an almost incoercible force, bursts the pipe frequently in many parts of its length. How little therefore, to prevent these effects, the heaps of dung laid in the streets can contribute, no great sagacity is required to guess; as attempting to thaw the water at such a depth as has been mentioned, and where it is really not frozen, can by no means produce the desired effect, where it really is.

The detecting vulgar errors and exploding them, however expedient and right in itself, should not be the whole of our attention: we should go further and endeavour to obviate the inconveniences, which give rise to them; and from a careful consideration of what has already been premised, this perhaps may not be found very difficult. The desideratum then is to prevent the freezing of the water in such parts only of the leaden pipes, as are exposed to the open air. This, in slight frosts, is in some degree prevented, by letting the water run to waste; but in long continued frosts this method avails little; to say nothing of the vast quantities of ice in our streets, arising from the waste water.

To prevent therefore this waste of water (which of itself in long continued dry frosty seasons is of no small moment) and the inconveniences, arising from the ice in the streets, accruing from it; to prevent likewise the bursting of the leaden pipes, and to command a constant supply of water at any time, when it is not frozen in the wooden pipes, which very rarely happens, is the more particular reason of my troubling you with this paper. This I first put in practice during the hard winter of the year 1739, from which time to the present, the leaden pipe, though conducted many yards in the open air, has never been frozen.

The apparatus to be employed for this purpose is neither expensive nor troublesome: it consists only of two additional brass cocks. One of these is to be inserted into the leaden pipe in the ground, two feet at least before it comes into the open air. This is to serve as a stop-cock to turn off the water at pleasure; for which reason it must be guarded by a wooden case, which must come from it and reach near to the surface of the ground; and through this, by the help of an iron key, this cock may be turned. To keep off the cold, the case should be filled up with horse litter, and covered over even with the ground with a brick or stone.

The other cock is to be fastened to the leaden pipe in the open air, in any part of its length, provided that it is somewhat below the level of the stop-cock, just mentioned.

This cock is here inserted for no other purpose than simply to empty the leaden pipe of all its water, after it has been turned off by the stop-cock; but it may at other times be applied to any other use.

In all weather, except frosty, the stop-cock need not be attended to; but when this weather happens, and consequently the freezing of the water in the leaden pipe is to be apprehended, care must be taken to fill your cisterns and reservoirs with water, and then to turn the stop-cock. Empty afterwards the leaden pipe of its water by means of the other cock, which being thus emptied, can suffer no injury from the frost; as there can be no ice therein either to stop the course of the water, or by its dilatation to burst the pipe. And by these means the water may be let through, and turned off as often as occasion may require; only remembering that when the necessary quantity of water is obtained, the stop-cock be always turned, and the pipe emptied; a matter of very little trouble.

In some parts of this metropolis the water comes into the houses constantly, except while the wooden pipes are mending: in others only at stated times, but this makes little or no difference with regard to what I have laid down.

After what has been here mentioned, it is submitted, whether it is not obvious from the methods proposed, that the freezing of the water in our leaden pipes, and the bursting of them therefrom (except in those very severe seasons, when they should happen to be frozen in the ground) will be prevented; that a constant and necessary supply of water, as well in winter as in summer, may be procured; that the breaking up of the pavements in the streets for a scanty supply to the inhabitants, will be unnecessary; and that the making our streets impassable by the quantity of ice, formed, in a great measure, out of the water running to waste, be much less frequent; provided sufficient attention be given to the easy methods here laid down. Nor would any one, I presume, if this should be made public, give himself the unnecessary, as well as ineffectual trouble of laying dung in the streets.

Yours, &c.

1757, *Jan.* W. W.

XXV. Chinese manner of laying out Gardens. By Mr. Chambers, Architect, Member of the Imperial Academy of Arts, at Florence.

THE gardens which I saw in China, were small; nevertheless, from them, and what could be gathered from Lopqua, a celebrated Chinese painter, with whom I had several conversations on the subjects of gardening, I think I have acquired sufficient knowledge of their notions on this head.

Nature is their pattern, and their aim is to imitate her in all her beautiful irregularities. Their first consideration is the form of the ground, whether it be flat, sloping, hilly, or mountainous, extensive, or of small compass, of a dry or marshy nature, abounding with rivers and springs, or liable to a scarcity of water; to all which circumstances they attend with great care, chusing such dispositions as humour the ground, can be executed with the least expence, hide its defects, and set its advantages in the most conspicuous light.

As the Chinese are not fond of walking, we seldom meet with avenues or spacious walks, as in our European plantations. The whole ground is laid out in a variety of scenes, and you are led, by winding passages cut in the groves, to the different points of view, each of which is marked by a seat, a building, or some other object.

The perfection of their gardens consists in the number, beauty, and diversity of these scenes. The Chinese gardeners, like the European painters, collect from nature the most pleasing objects, which they endeavour to combine in such a manner, as not only to appear to the best advantage separately, but likewise to unite in forming an elegant and striking whole.

Their artists distinguish three different species of scenes, to which they give the appellations of pleasing, horrid, and enchanted. Their enchanted scenes answer, in a great measure, to what we call romantic, and in these they make use of several artifices to excite surprise. Sometimes they make a rapid stream, or torrent, pass under ground, the turbulent noise of which strikes the ear of the new-comer, who is at a loss to know from whence it proceeds. At other times they dispose the rocks, buildings, and other objects that form the composition, in such a manner as that the wind passing through the different interstices

and cavities, made in them for that purpose, causes strange and uncommon sounds. They introduce into these scenes, all kinds of extraordinary trees, plants, and flowers, form artificial and complicated echoes, and let loose different sorts of monstrous birds and animals.

In their scenes of horror they introduce impending rocks, dark caverns, and impetuous cataracts rushing down the mountains from all sides; the trees are ill-formed, and seemingly torn to pieces by the violence of tempests; some are thrown down, and intercept the course of the torrents, appearing as if they had been brought down by the fury of the waters; others look as if shattered and blasted by the force of lightning; the buildings are some in ruins, others half-consumed by fire, and some miserable huts dispersed in the mountains serve, at once, to indicate the existence and wretchedness of the inhabitants. These scenes are generally succeeded by pleasing ones. The Chinese artists, knowing how powerfully contrast operates on the mind, constantly practise sudden transitions, and a striking opposition of forms, colours, and shades. Thus they conduct you from limited prospects to extensive views; from objects of horror to scenes of delight; from lakes and rivers to plains, hills, and woods; to dark and gloomy colours they oppose such as are brilliant, and to complicated forms simple ones; distributing, by a judicious arrangement, the different masses of light and shade, in such a manner at to render the composition at once distinct in its parts, and striking in the whole.

Where the ground is extensive, and a multiplicity of scenes are to be introduced, they generally adapt each to one single point of view: but where it is limited, and affords no room for variety, they endeavour to remedy this defect, by disposing the objects so, that being viewed from different points, they produce different representations; and sometimes, by an artful disposition, such as have no resemblance to each other.

In their large gardens they contrive different scenes for morning, noon, and evening; erecting, at proper points of view, buildings adapted to the recreations of each particular time of the day: and in their small ones (where, as has been observed, one arrangement produces many representations) they dispose in the same manner, at the several points of view, buildings, which, from their use, point out the time of day for the enjoying the scene in its perfection.

As the climate of China is exceeding hot, they employ a

great deal of water in their gardens. In the small ones, if the situation admits, they frequently lay almost the whole ground under water; leaving only some islands and rocks: and in their large ones they introduce extensive lakes, rivers, and canals. The banks of their lakes and rivers are variegated in imitation of nature; being sometimes bare and gravelly, sometimes covered with woods quite to the water's edge. In some places flat, and adorned with flowers and shrubs; in others, steep, rocky, and forming caverns, into which part of the waters discharge themselves with noise and violence. Sometimes you see meadows covered with cattle, or rice-grounds that run out into the lakes, leaving between them passages for vessels; and sometimes groves, into which enter, in different parts, creeks, and rivulets, sufficiently deep to admit boats; their banks being planted with trees, whose spreading branches, in some places, form arbours, under which the boats pass. These generally conduct to some very interesting object; such as a magnificent building, places on the top of a mountain cut into terrasses, a casine situated in the midst of a lake, a cascade, a grotto cut into variety of apartments, an artificial rock, and many other such inventions.

Their rivers are seldom straight, but serpentine, and brought into many irregular points; sometimes they are narrow, noisy, and rapid; at other times, deep, broad, and slow. Both in their rivers and lakes are seen reeds, with other aquatic plants and flowers; particularly the Lyen Hoa, of which they are very fond. They frequently erect mills, and other hydraulic machines, the motions of which enliven the scene. They have also a great number of vessels of different forms and sizes. In their lakes they intersperse islands; some of them barren, and surrounded with rocks and shoals; others enriched with every thing that art and nature can furnish most perfect. They likewise form artificial rocks; and in compositions of this kind the Chinese surpass all other nations. The making them is a distinct profession; and there are at Canton, and probably in most other cities in China, numbers of artificers constantly employed in this business. The stone they are made of comes from the southern coast of China: it is of a bluish cast, and worn into irregular forms by the action of the waves. The Chinese are exceeding nice in the choice of this stone, insomuch that I have seen several tael given for a bit no bigger than a man's fist, when it happened to be of a beautiful form and lively colour. But these select pieces they use in landscapes for their apartments; in gardens they

employ a coarser sort, which they join with a bluish cement, and form rocks of a considerable size. I have seen some of these exquisitely fine, and such as discovered an uncommon elegance of taste in the contriver. When they are large they make in them caves and grottos, with openings, through which you discover distant prospects. They cover them in different places, with trees, shrubs, briars, and moss; placing on their tops little temples, or other buildings, to which you ascend by rugged and irregular steps cut in the rock.

When there is a sufficient supply of water, and proper ground, the Chinese never fail to form cascades in their gardens. They avoid all regularity in these works, observing nature according to her operations in that mountainous country. The waters burst out from among the caverns and windings of the rocks. In some places a large and impetuous cataract appears; in others are seen many lesser falls. Sometimes the view of the cascade is intercepted by trees, whose leaves and branches only leave room to discover the waters, in some places, as they fall down the sides of the mountain. They frequently throw rough wooden bridges from one rock to another, over the steepest part of the cataract; and often intercept its passage by trees and heaps of stones, that seem to have been brought down by the violence of the torrent.

In their plantations they vary the forms and colours of the trees; mixing such as have large and spreading branches with those of pyramidical figures, and dark greens with brighter, interspersing among them such as produce flowers, of which they have some that flourish a great part of the year. The Weeping-willow is one of their favourite trees, and always among those that border their lakes and rivers, being so planted as to have its branches hanging over the water. They likewise introduce trunks of decayed trees, sometimes erect, and at other times lying on the ground, being very nice about their forms, and the colour of the bark and moss on them.

Various are the artifices they employ to surprise. Sometimes they lead you through dark caverns and gloomy passages, at the issue of which you are, on a sudden, struck with the view of a delicious landscape, enriched with every thing that luxuriant nature affords most beautiful. At other times you are conducted through avenues and walks, that gradually diminish and grow rugged, till the passage is at length entirely intercepted, and rendered impracticable, by bushes, briars, and stones; when unexpectedly a rich and

extensive prospect opens to view, so much the more pleasing, as it was less looked for.

Another of their artifices is to hide some part of a composition by trees, or other intermediate objects. This naturally excites the curiosity of the spectator to take a nearer view; when he is surprised by some unexpected scene, or some representation totally opposite to the thing he looked for. The termination of their lakes they always hide, leaving room for the imagination to work; and the same rule they observe in other compositions, wherever it can be put in practice.

Though the Chinese are not well versed in optics, yet experience has taught them that objects appear less in size, and grow dim in colour, in proportion as they are more removed from the eye of the spectator. These discoveries have given rise to an artifice, which they sometimes put in practice. It is the forming prospects in perspective, by introducing buildings, vessels, and other objects, lessened according as they are more distant from the point in view; and that the deception may be still more striking, they give a greyish tinge to the distant parts of the composition, and plant in the remoter parts of these scenes, trees of a fainter colour, and smaller growth, than those that appear in the front, or fore-ground; by these means rendering what in reality is trifling and limited, great and considerable in appearance.

The Chinese generally avoid straight lines; yet they do not absolutely reject them. They sometimes make avenues, when they have any interesting object to expose to view. Roads they always make straight, unless the unevenness of the ground, or other impediments, afford at least a pretext for doing otherwise. Where the ground is entirely level, they look upon it as an absurdity to make a serpentine road; for they say, that it must either be made by art, or worn by the constant passage of travellers: in either of which cases it is not natural to suppose men would chuse a crooked line when they might go by a straight one.

What we call clumps, the Chinese gardeners are not unacquainted with; but they use them somewhat more sparingly than we do. They never fill a whole piece of ground with clumps; they consider a plantation as painters do a picture, and groupe their trees in the same manner as these do their figures, having their principal and subservient masses.

This is the substance of what I learnt during my stay in China, partly from my own observation, but chiefly from the

lessons of Lopqua. And from what has been said it may be inferred, that the art of laying out grounds after the Chinese manner is exceedingly difficult, and not to be attained by persons of narrow intellects: for though the precepts are simple and obvious, yet the putting them in execution, requires genius, judgment, and experience, a strong imagination, and a thorough knowledge of the human mind; this method being fixed to no certain rule, but liable to as many variations as there are different arrangements in the works of the creation.

1757, *May.*

XXVI. A genuine Narrative of the sufferings of the Persons who were confined in the Prison called the Black Hole, in Fort William, at Calcutta, in the Kingdom of Bengal, after the surrender of that Place to the Indians, in June, 1756, from a letter of J. Z. Holwell, Esq. to William Davis, Esq.

THE ill conduct of Drake, the late governor of Calcutta, who had, among other things, unjustly imprisoned a very considerable merchant of the country, whose name was Omychund, and who was a Gentoo, having drawn the resentment of the viceroy upon the factory, he marched against it in person, with a very considerable force, and laid siege to the fort.

Drake, who had brought on this misfortune, no sooner saw it approach, than he deserted his station, and left the gentlemen of the factory and the garrison to shift for themselves. As soon as Drake was gone, Mr. Holwell, from whose letter this account is taken, took the command upon himself, and resolved to defend the place as long as he could. This voluntary opposition of Mr. Holwell incensed the viceroy against him; and supposing, that he would not have undertaken a work of supererrogation, attended with such fatigue and danger, upon disinterested principles, he made no doubt but that there were very great treasures in the fort, in which he was deeply concerned as a proprietor; he therefore pushed on the siege with great vigour, and gained possession of the fort about five o'clock in the evening of the 20th of June, 1756.

The number of men then in the fort was 145. One Leech, who had served the company as a smith, and was the parish clerk, made his escape through a private passage, with

which very few were acquainted, when the Moors first entered the fort; and 144, being all the rest, were made prisoners of war. Mr. Holwell was thrice sent for and examined by the viceroy, before seven o'clock; the last time the viceroy sat in council, and when he dismissed his prisoner, he repeated the assurance that he had before given him, declaring on the word of a soldier, that no harm should come either to him or his people. He ordered, however, that they should be secured for that night, and they were immediately committed to the custody of some subordinate officers called Jemmautdaars.

In order perfectly to understand the sequel of this account, it is necessary to describe that part of the fort where the prison called the Black Hole is situated.

The east windows of the governor's apartment look into a pretty spacious court of guard, on the east side of which, over against the windows, and under the eastern curtain of the fort, there is a piazza; at the south end of the piazza there is a flight of stairs, that lead up to one of the bastions of the fort, and at the north end is the parade: within the piazza there are barracks for the soldiers, that reach all along the side of the square, with a platform reaching the whole length of these barracks for the soldiers to sleep on, and they are open towards the piazza, with arches that correspond to the arches of the piazza. Between these arches there is a small parapet wall, which goes from arch to arch the whole length of the barracks, and divides them from the piazza, but they are not divided into separate apartments within. At the southernmost end of the barracks, and in a line with them, is a room about 18 feet square, which was used as a kind of round-house, for confining such of the soldiers as had been guilty of any irregularity; this place, which is a continuation of the barracks, is closely walled up on the north, east, and south sides, and is open only on the west side towards the passage; in this side there are two windows, strongly secured by iron bars, and the dungeon, being close and dark, was called the Black Hole. To the north, without the court of guard, was the armory and laboratory, and to the south, the carpenter's yard belonging to the factory.

The guard that received charge of the prisoners ordered them all to sit down under the piazza, and soon after one of the soldiers stripped Mr. Holwell of his waistcoat, as he was sitting without his coat, which the heat of the weather would not permit him to wear. While they were waiting to be farther disposed of as their new masters should think fit,

they discovered that the factory was in flames on each side of them, the armory and laboratory to the left, and the carpenter's yard to the right. They were alarmed at this unexpected conflagration, and it was the prevailing opinion, that, notwithstanding the viceroy's promise to Mr. Holwell, there was a design formed to suffocate them between the two fires. At about half an hour after seven, this dreadful apprehension was confirmed by the appearance of several people with lighted torches, who ran into all the apartments to the right of them under the eastern curtain, as it was supposed, to set them all on fire. But Mr. Holwell, at the request of some gentlemen who were near him, going up to see what was really doing, found that the men with torches being strangers to the fort, were only seeking a proper place to confine them in till the morning. Soon after he had satisfied his friends that their fears of being burnt were groundless, he was surprised by the appearance of Leech, who escaped through the private passage. This man having in many instances been obliged by Mr. Holwell's kindness, determined not to escape himself without attempting to bring off his benefactor; having returned into the fort at the risk of his life, he told him in a few words, that he had provided a boat, and that if he would follow him through the private passage by which he had entered, he would ensure his deliverance. Mr. Holwell was most sensibly affected by this instance of heroic generosity; but the viceroy having assured him that the prisoners should suffer no personal injury, and the gentlemen and garrison having put themselves under his protection, he thanked Leech in the best terms he could, but told him he did not think himself at liberty to desert his friends, and therefore could not possibly accept his offer; to which Leech gallantly replied, that he would then live and die with him; and though Mr. Holwell urged him many times to provide for his own safety, he persisted in his resolution, and could not be prevailed upon to leave the place.

Very soon afterwards, part of the guard that had been drawn up on the parade, with the officers who had been viewing the rooms by torch-light, advanced towards the prisoners, and ordered them to rise and go into the barracks. This command they obeyed with great cheerfulness and alacrity, pleasing themselves with the hopes of passing the night comfortably on the platform; but they were no sooner within the barracks, than the guard advanced to the inner arches and parapet wall, and, with their musquets presented, ordered them into that part which was walled in at the

south end, called the Black Hole. The greater part of the prisoners were utterly unacquainted with the place into which they were about to be driven, and those before being urged on by those behind, upon whom the guard pressed with clubs and scymetars, were borne forward and entered the cell before they knew the horrors of their situation, to avoid which, they would have turned upon the guard and been cut to pieces, as much the least evil of the two.

The number that entered this dreadful place was 146, of which 145, including poor Leech, were men; the other was a lady of the country, the wife of Mr. Carey, an officer in the navy, who declared, with equal tenderness and constancy, that no circumstances of distress or danger should divide her from her husband.

These unhappy wretches, of whom 69 were Dutch, English corporals, soldiers, Moors, Whites, and Portugueze, were all exhausted by the fatigue and watching which they had suffered during the siege; many of them were wounded, and the wounds of several of them were mortal.

Among the first that entered was Mr. Holwell, with Mr. Coles and Mr. Scot, who were ensigns in the service. Mr. Holwell took possession of the window that was nearest to the door, and put Mr. Coles and Mr. Scot, who were both wounded, into it. Mr. Baillie of the council, and several other gentlemen of the factory, were near him; the rest rushed by them into the inner part of the room, and those thought themselves fortunate who took possession of the other window. It was now about eight o'clock, the night was exceeding close and sultry, and there being no opening but to the west, the air within could neither circulate nor be changed. As soon as these particulars and the size of the room were known, the consequences were easily foreseen; every one was thrown into an agony of despair and terror, and many attempts were made to force the door, but as it opened inwards, and as the prisoners had nothing to work with but their hands, these attempts were as fruitless as they were violent. Mr. Holwell being at the window was less affected by the closeness of the place, and as long as he could continue there, was in no danger of suffocation. His mind was therefore proportionably less agitated, and perceiving that the perturbation, restlessness, and struggles of the rest, would exhaust their strength, increase their heat, and hasten their destruction, he conjured them, in a short but earnest address, to keep both their minds and bodies as quiet as possible, as the only chance they had of surviving till the morning should give them liberty and air. This address produced

a short interval of peace and silence, which, however, was interrupted by the groans and complaints of the wounded, some of whom were even then in the agonies of death.

At this time Mr. Holwell looking through the grate of the window into the piazza, saw one of the Jemmautdaars, in whose countenance he thought he discovered some traces of compassion. This man he called to him, and representing the misery of himself and his fellow-prisoners, and the frightful consequences that would inevitably follow their continuing in that room all night; he then earnestly intreated, that he would endeavour to get them separated by putting half of them in some other place; and to quicken his compassion by self-interest, he told him, that if he could procure the favour that he requested, he should in the morning receive 1000 rupees, which are equal to about 200l. sterling. The Jemmautdaar promised that he would attempt it, and withdrew, but returned in a few minutes, and said it was impossible. Mr. Holwell then thought that he had not offered enough, and therefore promised him 2000 rupees. Upon this he withdrew again, but soon returned a second time, and with great appearance of compassion said, it could not possibly be done without an order from the viceroy, who was then asleep, and that nobody dared to awake him. It is, however, difficult to conceive how this could be true, if, as Mr. Holwell supposes, the viceroy's orders were general, to keep the prisoners safely till the morning, and that the finding a proper place for the purpose was left to the Jemmautdaars, who, after this order was received, searched the apartments with torches, and at last fixed upon the Black Hole. But whatever was the impediment, the unhappy prisoners had neither means to know, nor power to remove it. Within ten minutes after they were locked in, every one fell into a most profuse sweat, which soon brought on an intolerable thirst, that perpetually increased in proportion as the body was drained of its moisture.

The floor of the place in which they were confined being 18 feet by 18 feet, contained 324 square feet, which divided by 146, the number of persons, gives a space of something more than 26 inches and a half by 12 for each person, which, reduced to a square, will be near 18 inches by 18 inches. This space, though it was sufficient to hold them without pressing violently on each other, yet it obliged them to stand so near together as greatly increased their heat; it was therefore proposed that all of them should pull off their clothes, as an expedient to increase the space between them. This proposal was immediately approved, and in a

few minutes every man in the assembly, except Mr. Holwell, and three others that stood at the window with him, were naked. This expedient afforded them a temporary relief, and to improve it every one fanned the air with his hat, in hopes to produce a circulation, and introduce the fresh air from without. Of this exercise, however, they were soon weary, and their uneasiness increasing, it was proposed by Mr. Baillie, that every man should sit down on his hams. This also was complied with, and to prevent confusion, it was agreed that they should all sit down and rise together at a signal to be given for that purpose. After they had sate till the posture became too uneasy to be longer endured, the word was given to rise; but as each covered much more ground in sitting than standing, they were so closely wedged together, that many efforts and considerable force were required to put them in motion and raise them again on their feet. It happened also, that at this time several of them were so much enfeebled, that not being able immediately to recover their legs, they fell down, and there not being room to leave the space which they covered vacant, they were by a fatal necessity instantly trampled to death, or suffocated. The expedient of sitting down was, notwithstanding, many times repeated, and some of the number perished every time in the same manner as at first.

Such was the condition of these unhappy people before the first hour of their confinement was expired. By nine o'clock thirst had rendered the greater part of the company outrageous; new efforts were made to force the door, and many attempts were made to provoke the guard to fire in upon them, and put an end to their misery, but without success. In a short time, many persons in the back part of the room were seized with a difficulty of breathing, and, what was yet more dreadful, a delirium. The place was filled with incoherent ravings, passionate exclamations, and cries of distress, in the midst of which the cry of *Water, Water*, was predominant. This cry being heard by the Jemmautdaar who had been applied to by Mr. Holwell, he ordered some skins of water to be immediately brought. Till this time Holwell had remained quietly at the window, where eping his face between two of the bars, he suffered but le pain or inconvenience; but he foresaw that the bringing water to that window would create a strife and commotion among those that were behind, which would probably hasten their destruction; and that then the whole crowd being drawn to press with one united effort upon him, would either crush him to death, or compel him to abandon his situation;

he therefore made many attempts to forbid the bringing of water, but the clamour was so loud, that he was not regarded. The water appeared, but there was no other way of getting it into the prison but by pouring it into hats, and then forcing them through the bars of the window. By this method all the people in the place might easily have been supplied, but the impatience of the crowd, few of whom were now under the government of their reason, was so great, that though Mr. Holwell and the two wounded gentlemen who were in the window with him, brought hats full of water through the grate with incessant labour, as fast as they could be filled, yet much the greater part was spilt in the contest that immediately ensued, and before it reached the lips of any of the competitors, there was not a spoonful remaining. As those at the window were by this means still unsatisfied, those behind, to whom not a drop of water had yet reached, became frantic and furious beyond all conception. Several quitted the other window and forcing themselves forward with others from the inner part of the room, threw down and trampled to death many who were before them. They now pressed so hard upon Mr. Holwell and his friends, who received the water from the guard, that the two gentlemen who were wounded, and who, notwithstanding their condition, had hitherto worked with him, were crushed to death, and he himself with his utmost effort, could scarcely sustain the weight that pressed against him on every side.

This aggravation of their distress would have been soon over, if the water that had been first ordered in mercy, had not been continued in sport. The wretches who had been ordered to bring it by the Jemmautdaar, perceiving the struggle and commotion that it produced, took care to supply it in great plenty as fast as it was wasted, that they might be entertained by seeing it fought for; and they held up lights to the bars, that they might lose no part of their inhuman diversion. As long as it was brought to the window it was necessary for Mr. Holwell to hand it into the prison, and this labour he continued without respite, from 9 o'clock till past 11. The place around him was then strewed with his friends who had been either suffocated or pressed to death in the conflict, and were trampled upon by every corporal and foot soldier who had strength enough to force his way to the window, and to whom he was obliged to hand water as they stood on the dead bodies of his friends, who had fallen a sacrifice to their impetuosity and delirium.

Till this time they had preserved some deference for Mr.

Holwell, as their chief and benefactor; but all distinction was now at an end, and not content with pressing round him, they laid hold on the bars of the window over his head, and climbing up on his shoulders, he was so pressed and wedged up, that he was utterly unable to move, and found it impracticable to keep his station at the window any longer. He therefore called out to them, and begged, as the last instance of regard he should ever request, that they would remove the pressure that was upon him, and permit him to retire out of the window, that he might die in quiet. There needed no argument to induce them to make way for him to quit a place which every one wished to fill in his stead; the people therefore that were next him gave way as far as they thought they could do it, without affording any advantage to those that were behind, and with much difficulty he forced his way into the centre of the prison. The number of dead, which was now near one third, and the crowding of those that survived to the windows, at both which there was still a supply of water, left this part of the prison comparatively empty; but the air was so putrid, and so filled with a strong, urinous, volatile effluvia, that his respiration became immediately difficult and painful.

Under the east wall, opposite the windows, there was a platform, being a continuation of that in the barracks, from which it was divided only by the north wall of the dungeon; it extended the whole length of the east side; it was raised about 3 feet and an half from the ground, and was about six feet wide. To the farther end of this platform, over against the innermost window, Mr. Holwell walked over the dead, with which the floor was now almost intirely covered; here he laid himself down, or rather leaned back against some dead bodies that were behind him, and determined in this posture to wait for his dissolution: but in about ten minutes he was seized with so violent a pain in the breast, and palpitation of the heart, that he could no longer suffer them without attempting a relief, which he knew fresh air alone could give him. There was now five ranks between him and the opposite window, but his strength being doubled by his despair, he forced his way through three of them, and then seizing a bar of the window with one hand, he forced himself also through the fourth, so that there was then but one rank between him and the window. In a few moments his pain and palpitation ceased, but being now scorched with the same thirst which those had suffered who first called for water, he forgot that he would then have prevented the bringing of it, and called out himself for *water* with the same

clamorous impatience that the rest had done. The people who were next him, and nearly in the same situation as he was first in at the other window, had preserved their presence of mind, and in some degree their regard for him; as soon therefore as they heard him cry out *Water for God's sake*, they joined in the cry, and called out *Give him water, Give him water!* and when it was brought they would not touch it till he had drank. But though by this act of generous kindness he had water in plenty, yet he found that his thirst was rather increased than allayed, and therefore he would drink no more: however, to moisten his mouth, he sucked his shirt sleeves, which were kept continually wet by excessive perspiration, and found the expedient succeed beyond his hopes. He seems to think that the moisture which he thus drained out of the linen allayed that thirst which a constant supply of water rather increased; but it is much more probable, that the action of sucking contributed much more than the moisture that was sucked, to remove the sensation of burning thirst, by continually and gently pressing the salival glands, and thus furnishing the mouth and throat with a considerable degree of their natural moisture; for it can scarcely be doubted, but that if the moisture contained in the shirt had been pressed out, and then swallowed, it would have been found as ineffectual as the more pure and plentiful supply from the spring. However, as he was observed to suck his shirt sleeve with great satisfaction by a young gentleman who stood next him without a shirt, he began to suck the sleeve that was next him, without considering it as invasion of property. But Mr. Holwell, who in these circumstances thought the man that robbed his shirt of its moisture, did him little less injury than if he had robbed his body of its blood, as soon as he discovered the theft, took care to work upon the same sleeve till it was sufficiently drained, and then had recourse to the other.

It was not yet 12 o'clock, and all that survived, except the few at the windows, were in the highest degree ungovernable and outrageous; as they found no relief from water, they now called out for air, but air could not be procured. Every insult that could be devised was incessantly repeated to provoke the guards to fire into the prison, but without effect. Soon after the general tumult and uproar subsided at once, and the greater part of those who were then living, the last remains of vital strength being exhausted, lay down and expired quietly on the dead. Some, however, there were, who made the same desperate and vigorous attempt to supplant Mr. Holwell, as he had just made to sup-

plant others, and with the same success. A heavy man, who had found means to seize on the bars over his head, pressed him almost with his whole weight; a Dutch serjeant having climbed over several others, supported himself on one of his shoulders, and a black soldier bore very hard on the other. Self-defence is always lawful, and Mr. Holwell finding it impossible to sustain this load and live, often disengaged himself from the poor serjeant and soldier by shifting his hold on the bars, and thrusting his knuckles into their ribs; but the man that hung over him by the bar, he found it utterly impossible to dislodge. Having suffered this pressure from half an hour after 11 till near 2 in the morning, his spirits sunk, and his reason began to forsake him; he found it impossible to keep his station, and he could not bear the thought of retiring again to the inner part of the prison. In this dilemma he drew a clasp knife from his pocket, intending to put an end to his misery at once, but his resolution failing, or his reason once more gaining the ascendant over his passion, he put it up; and being determined to quit the window, at all events, his burthen being absolutely insupportable, he told Mr. Carey, who with his wife was in the rank behind him, his intention, and advised him to make an attempt to get into his place. Poor Carey expressed great thankfulness for the offer of what Mr. Holwell could not keep, but though he made the attempt to succeed him, he was supplanted by the Dutch serjeant, who has been just mentioned.

Mr. Holwell, whom Mr. Carey assisted in getting through the press that was about the window, went forward among the inner ranks towards the south wall of the prison, where he laid himself down with Carey, and once more resigned himself to death. Carey died in a very few minutes, and he felt a stupor come on very fast, though he was sensible of no pain, and but little uneasiness of any kind. Before he quite lost his recollection he reflected, that if he died where he lay, he should be trampled upon as he had trampled upon others. This thought, however whimsical or superstitious, gave him some pain; he therefore got up once more, and, with some difficulty reached the platform a second time, where he soon after lost all sensibility; the last thing to which he was conscious was an uneasy sensation about his waist, supposed to be caused by his sash, which he therefore untied and threw from him.

There is no particular account of what happened from this time till day break, but it may reasonably be supposed that it was only a continuation of the same scene of strife and

distress. When the morning dawned, which was about five o'clock, no entreaty having yet prevailed to get the door open, one of the company thought of seeking for Mr. Holwell, hoping that now the night was past his influence might procure their enlargement. Two of the company undertook the search, and after some time found him by his shirt, under the bodies of several that had died and fallen upon him after he became insensible. As he appeared to have some signs of life, they carried him to the window next the door, where there was now no longer so formidable a press, only 23 of 146 being alive, and many of them unable to stand. The window itself, however, was still full, and the stench of the dead bodies being grown intolerable, nobody would resign his station in favour of another; he was therefore carried back again, and once more deposited upon the platform. But soon after, a gentleman, whose name is Mills, and who is now captain of the company's yacht, having a seat in the window, generously offered to give it up for the common good, and Mr. Holwell was again brought forward, and placed in the seat which Mr. Mills had resigned.

About this time the viceroy had received an account of the havoc that death had made among the prisoners; but instead of sending instantly to preserve the few that remained, he coldly ordered an inquiry to be made whether the chief was among the living or the dead. This inquiry was made at the window where Mr. Holwell had been seated, for the messenger had yet no orders to open the door, and the person he inquired after being shewn him, and it being probable that if the door was soon opened he would recover, the messenger hastened back, and soon returned with an order to release them all.

As the door opened inwards, and as the dead were piled up against it, and covered all the rest of the floor, it was impossible to open it by any efforts from without, it was therefore necessary that the dead should be removed by the few that were within, who were become so feeble, that the task, though it was the condition of life, was not performed without the utmost difficulty, and it was 20 minutes after the order came, before the door could be opened.

About a quarter after six in the morning, the poor remains of 146 souls, being no more than three and twenty, came out of the Black Hole alive, but in a condition which made it very doubtful whether they would see the morning of the next day. Among the living was Mrs. Carey, but poor Leech

was among the dead. The bodies were dragged out of the hole by the soldiers, and thrown promiscuously into the ditch of an unfinished ravelin, which was afterwards filled with earth.

Mr. Holwell, Mr. Court, Mr. Walcot, and Mr. Burdet were ordered into the custody of an officer, and the rest were immediately set at liberty, except poor Mrs. Carey, whose youth and beauty caused her to be detained for the conqueror, or some officer of state.

Mr. Holwell, when he came out of the prison, was in a high fever, and not able to stand; he was, however, sent for, to be examined by the viceroy, and was in this condition carried into his presence. It was some time before he could speak, but as soon as he was able, he began to relate the sufferings and death of his unhappy companions. The viceroy, without taking any notice of this tale of distress, stopt him short by telling him, that he had been informed there was treasure to a very considerable value secreted in the fort, and that if he did not discover it, he must expect no mercy. Mr. Holwell replied, that he knew of no such treasure; and then began to remind him of his assurance the day before, that no hurt should come either to himself or his friends. To this remonstrance he paid no more regard than he had done to the complaint, but proceeded in his inquiry concerning the treasure; and when he found no intelligence could be got, he ordered the general of his household troops, whose name was Mhir Muddon, to take charge of Mr. Holwell as his prisoner.

Among the guard that marched before Mr. Holwell, when he went out from the presence of the viceroy, there was a man who carried a large Mahratta battle-axe on his shoulder, which occasioned a report, first, that his head was ordered to be struck off, and afterwards that the sentence was executed.

It happened unfortunately, that Mr. Holwell, in the hurry and confusion of the siege, after the fort had been deserted by Drake, forgot to set Omychund, the black merchant, whom Drake had injuriously imprisoned, at liberty. This neglect Omychund resented as an act of wilful injustice, and Mr. Holwell is of opinion, that if it had not been for Omychund's insinuations, he should have been discharged with the rest, notwithstanding the offence he had given to the viceroy by defending the fort, and the notion that prevailed of his being privy to the concealment of money; and in this opinion he says he is confirmed by the confinement

of the three gentlemen who were detained with him, who were all of them persons against whom Omychund was known to have conceived a particular resentment.

Mr. Holwell, and his associates in captivity, were conveyed in a kind of coach, drawn by oxen, called a *hackery*, to the camp, where they were loaded with fetters, and lodged in the tent of a Moorish soldier, which being not more than 4 feet by 3 feet, they were obliged to lie, sick as they were, half in and half out the whole night, which happened to be very rainy; yet the next day their fever happily came to a crisis, and boils broke out on every part of their bodies, which, though they were extremely painful, were the certain presages of their perfect recovery. The next day they were removed to the coast, and by order of General Mhir Muddon, were soon after sent by sea to Maxadavad, the metropolis of Bengal, to wait the viceroy's return, and be disposed of as he should farther determine.

At Maxadavad they arrived after a voyage of 13 days in a large boat, in which they had no better provision than rice and water, and no softer bed than some bamboos laid on the bottom timber of the vessel; they were, besides, exposed alternately to excessive heat and violent rains, without any covering but a bit of old mat and some scraps of sacking. The boils that covered them were become running sores, and the irons on their legs had consumed the flesh almost to the bone.

When they arrived at Maxadavad, Mr. Holwell sent a letter to Mr. Law, the chief of the French factory, with an account of their distress, and Mr. Law, with great politeness and humanity, sent them not only clothes, linen, provision, and liquors, in great plenty, but money.

About four o'clock on the 7th of July they landed, and after marching a considerable way as a spectacle to the multitude that thronged round them, they were deposited under an open shed, not far from the palace.

In this place they received every possible relief, not only from the great kindness of the French and Dutch chiefs, but the Arabian merchants.

On the 18th of July the viceroy arrived, and the prisoners then learned that he had inquired for them, in order to set them at liberty before he left Calcutta, and was offended with Mhir Muddon for having so hastily removed them to Maxadavad. He did not, however, order their immediate discharge when he arrived, which it is natural to suppose he would have done, if they had been detained in custody contrary to his inclinations.

On the 15th they were conducted to the palace, to have an audience, and to know their fate, but they could have no audience that day, which, as it happened, was a favourable circumstance, for at night the viceroy's grandmother solicited their liberty, at a feast, to which she was invited on his safe return, and the viceroy promised that he would release them on the morrow.

On the morrow, about five in the morning, they were waked, and told that the viceroy would in a few minutes pass by to his palace of Mooteejeel. Upon this intelligence they got up, and when the viceroy came in sight, they paid him the usual homage, and uttered their benediction aloud. He looked at them with strong marks of compassion in his countenance, and ordering his litter to stop, he called them to him, and having heard a short extemporary petition, which was spoken by Mr. Holwell, he made no reply, but ordered two of his officers to see their irons instantly struck off, and conduct them safely wherever they chose to go, giving them a strict charge to see that they suffered no injury or insult by the way.

This act of mercy, however late, or from whatever motive, was the more meritorious, as great pains were taken by some time-serving sycophants to prevent it. They told the viceroy, that Mr. Holwell, notwithstanding his losses, was still possessed of enough to pay a considerable sum for his freedom, to which the viceroy nobly replied, "If he has any thing left, let him keep it; his sufferings have been great, and he shall have his liberty."

Mr. Holwell and his friends being thus dismissed, immediately took boat, and soon after arrived safe at the Dutch settlement at Corcomabad, where he afterwards embarked for England.

1758, *Feb.*

XXVII. An Account of a threatening Letter sent to the Duke of Marlborough, and a Prosecution which his Grace carried on against William Barnard, supposing him to have written it.

ON the 29th of November, his Grace the Duke of Marlborough received the following letter from an unknown hand.

" *To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, with care and speed.*

" My Lord, " xxviiii *November.*

" As ceremony is an idle thing upon most occasions, more especially to persons in my state of mind, I shall proceed immediately to acquaint you with the motive and end of addressing this epistle to you, which is equally interesting to us both: you are to know then, that my present situation in life, is such, that I should prefer annihilation to a continuance in it: desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and you are the man I have pitched upon, either to make me, or to unmake yourself. As I never had the honour to live among the great, the tenour of my proposals will not be very courtly, but let that be an argument, to enforce a belief, of what I am now going to write; it has employed my invention for some time, to find out a method to destroy another, without exposing my own life; that I have accomplished, and defy the law;—now for the application of it. I am desperate and must be provided for; you have it in your power; it is my business to make it your inclination to serve me; which you must determine to comply with, by procuring me a genteel support, for my life, or your own, will be at a period, before this session of parliament is over. I have more motives, than one, for singling you out first, upon this occasion; and I give you this fair warning, because the means I shall make use of, are too fatal, to be eluded by the power of physic: if you think this of any consequence you will not fail to meet the author, on Sunday next, at ten in the morning, or on Monday (if the weather should be rainy on Sunday) near the first tree beyond the stile in Hyde-park, in the foot walk to Kensington: secresy and compliance may preserve you from a double danger of this sort; as there is a certain part of the world, where your death has more than been wished for upon other motives; I know the world too well to trust this secret in any breast, but my own; a few days determine me, your friend or enemy.

" Felton.

" You will apprehend that I mean you should be alone, and depend upon it that a discovery of any artifice in this affair will be fatal to you, my safety is insured by my silence, for confession only can condemn me."

In consequence of this letter, his Grace went to the place

appointed at 10 o'clock on the Sunday morning: he was on horseback, had pistols before him, and as he was without a great coat, his star was easily to be seen. He was without any attendant, but had a friend in the park, who kept at such a distance as scarcely to be noticed. When he first came up to the tree he saw nobody either at it or near it, whom he could suspect to be the person: he continued some time about the same spot, but nobody appearing, he rode away. It happened, that when he came to Hyde-park corner, and turned his horse, he saw somebody stand loitering and looking at the water over the bridge, within twenty yards of the tree. This induced him to ride back, which he did very gently, and passing by the person expected him to speak to him, but was disappointed. He passed by him a second time, and the person still taking no notice, his Grace made him a bow, and asked if he had not something to say to him. He replied, *No; I don't know you.* His Grace then said, 'I am the Duke of Marlborough; now you know me I imagine you have something to say to me.' He replied, *No, I have not;* and his Grace then rode away.

The next day, or the day after, the Duke received a second letter, as follows:

"*To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.*

"My Lord,

"You receive this as an acknowledgment of your punctuality as to the time and place of meeting on Sunday last, though it was owing to you, that it answered no purpose, the pageantry of being armed, and the ensign of your order, were useless, and too conspicuous; you needed no attendant, the place was not calculated for mischief, nor was any intended; if you walk in the west aisle of Westminster-abbey, towards 11 o'clock on Sunday next, your sagacity will point out the person, whom you will address, by asking his company to take a turn or two with you; you will not fail on inquiry, to be acquainted with the name, and place of abode, according to which directions, you will please to send two or three hundred pound bank notes, the next day by the penny post; exert not your curiosity too early; it is in your power to make me grateful on certain terms. I have friends who are faithful, but they do not bark before they bite.

"I am, &c.

"F."

The Duke was pleased to attend a second time at the place and hour appointed, and walked five or six minutes in the Abbey before he saw any body that he suspected; he then saw the same person whom he had seen before in Hyde-park. He came in with a good-looking man, who had the appearance of a substantial tradesman, and they went about looking on the monuments. After some time the stranger went into the choir, and the person whom he had seen before, turned back and came towards the Duke. The Duke then asked him, if he had any thing to say to him, or any commands for him? and he replied, *No, my Lord, I have not:* the Duke then said, Sure you have; but he replied again with the same words, *No, my Lord.* The Duke then left him, and as he continued to walk up and down one side of the aisle, his Grace walked up and down the other, to give him a little more time, but he did not speak. The Duke had then several persons disguised in the Abbey, who were to have taken up the person he was to meet, if the signal had been given; but the Duke did not give it, because, though he was very sure the person he had spoken to was the same he had seen in the Park, yet he chose rather to run a farther risk himself, than to take up an innocent man.

Very soon after this his Grace received a third letter, as follows:

"*To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.*

"MY LORD,

"I AM fully convinced you had a companion on Sunday; I interpret it as owing to the weakness of human nature, but such proceeding is far from being ingenuous, and may produce bad effects, whilst it is impossible to answer the end proposed: you will see me again soon, as it were by accident, and may easily find where I go to, in consequence of which by being sent to, I shall wait on your Grace, but expect to be quite alone, and to converse in whispers; you will likewise give your honour upon meeting, that no part of the conversation shall transpire; these and the former terms complied with, ensure your safety: my revenge in case of non-compliance, (or any scheme to expose me) will be slower, but not less sure; and strong suspicion, the utmost that can possibly ensue upon it, while the chances would be ten-fold against you. You will possibly be in doubt after the meeting, but it is quite necessary the outside should be a mask to the in. The family of the *Bloods* is not extinct, though they are not in my scheme."

This letter, by the expression "You will *see* me *again* soon, as it were by *accident*," seems to intimate, that the writer had not only seen the Duke, but that the Duke had seen the writer, so as to know and remember him; for how else could his Grace see him *as it were by accident*, so as to note him, and find out whither he went?

His Grace, however, did not see either the person he had seen before, or any other person, whom he had the least reason to suppose to be the writer of the letters; but about two months afterwards he received the following letter, as from another hand.

"*To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.*

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"I HAVE reason to believe that the son of one Barnard a surveyor in Abingdon Buildings, Westminster, is acquainted with some secrets that nearly concern your safety, his father is now out of town, which will give you an opportunity of questioning him more privately. It would be useless to your Grace, as well as dangerous to me, to appear more publicly in this affair.

"Your sincere friend,

"ANONYMOUS.

"He frequently goes to Storey's-gate coffee-house."

About ten days after the receipt of this letter, the Duke sent a person, whose name is Merrick, to Storey's-gate coffee-house, to tell Mr. Barnard, that the Duke desired to speak with him. The message was delivered to Mr. Barnard on Tuesday the 25th of April in the evening, and he sent word by the messenger, Mr. Merrick, that he would wait upon his Grace on the Thursday morning following, at half an hour after ten.

On Thursday morning, at the time appointed, he went, and the Duke, who instantly knew him to be the person he had seen before in the Park and the Abbey, took him into a room, and shut the door. He then asked him, as he had done at their former meetings, whether he had any thing to say to him? and he said, he had nothing to say. The Duke then recapitulated all the letters, beginning with the first, and Barnard listened with attention and surprise, but without any appearance of fear. The Duke observed, that it seemed to

him a strange thing to find such letters as these written with the correctness of a scholar; to which Barnard replied, That a man might be very learned and very poor: to which he might have added, that he might be very daring and very wicked. The Duke then shewed him the 4th letter, in which his name was mentioned; upon which Barnard said, "It is very odd; my father was *then* out of town." This speech the Duke thought remarkable, because though Barnard said his father was *then* out of town, the letter was without a date. The Duke then told him, that if he was innocent, it behoved him, more than his Grace, to discover the writers of the letters, especially the last; upon which he gave the Duke a smile, and went away.

How these circumstances came to the knowledge of Mr. Fielding, does not appear; but Fielding soon after took Mr. Barnard into custody, and he was tried the last sessions at the Old Bailey, for sending a threatening letter, contrary to the statute.

In the account of the trial, as it is printed in the Sessions Paper, there is no mention of any evidence to prove the letters to be Mr. Barnard's hand-writing, nor indeed any evidence to prove that he was the writer of them, but his being in Hyde-park and in the Abbey at the times when the writers of the first and second letters appointed the Duke to meet him there.

It seems, however, to be incumbent upon Mr. Barnard, to shew how he came to be at those places just at those times; and this he has done in a very particular manner, supported by very credible testimony.

Thursday May 11, 1758, at the Old Bailey Sessions, the remarkable trial of young Mr. Barnard, for writing the letters, above alluded to, to the Duke of Marlborough, came on. What relates to the charge against him has already been narrated. What he urged in his defence was as follows: he proved that on the Sunday morning mentioned in the first letter to the Duke, his father ordered him to go to Kensington to the solicitor of the turnpike to know whether the treasurer of the turnpike had not paid some money for his use: that, in consequence of this order he did go to Kensington, saw the solicitor of the turnpike there, dined afterwards with his uncle, at his house at Kensington, in company with several other persons, to whom he related the particular of the Duke's coming up to him in Hyde-park,

and asking if he had any thing to say to him. This is attested by Barnard the father, who gave him orders to go to Kensington, by the person to whom he went, by his uncle, with whom he dined, and several others that were at the same table.

As to his being in the Abbey, he proved that Mr. James Greenwood, a relation, a brewer at Deptford, being at breakfast with him, on the Sunday mentioned in the second letter, at his father's, where he had lain the night before, desired him to get himself dressed, and go with him into the Park; that he did not comply till after much solicitation, and that when they came to the end of Henry the VIIth's chapel, Mr. Barnard would have gone into the Park, without going through the Abbey, if Mr. Greenwood had not insisted on the contrary, as he had never seen Gen. Hargrave's monument. This Mr. Greenwood was that good-looking man whom the Duke says he saw come into the Abbey with Mr. Barnard. As Barnard had told Greenwood the strange circumstance of the Duke's speaking to him in the Park, Greenwood, as soon as he saw the Duke, whom he knew, told Barnard who he was; for Barnard being very near-sighted had not seen him, and if he had, would not have known him. Mr. Greenwood observing the Duke to come up to him, and pass him several times, supposed he had a mind to speak to Mr. Barnard, but would not do it till he was alone, and for that reason he left him and went into the choir. These facts are attested by Mr. Greenwood, the only person to whom they could be known, and it should be observed, that Mr. Barnard could not appoint a meeting on these days, in consequence of his having business which at those times would call him to the places mentioned, because he did not know of his going either to the Park or the Abbey till the very day on which he went.

Mr. Barnard also proved, by unexceptionable witnesses, that he mentioned the strange circumstances of the Duke's meeting and speaking to him both in the Park, and in the Abbey, among his friends and acquaintance, openly on the day when they happened, and very frequently afterwards: that his father is established in a very reputable and profitable business, in which his son is likely to succeed him, being extremely capable of the employment, and very diligent in it. It is also proved by several persons of the highest character, particularly Dr. Markham, the present worthy master of Westminster school, that he is in plentiful circumstances, very far from being in any exigence which might urge him to obtain money at such a risk, not only of

his reputation but his life; that his conduct has been always irreproachable, and his fidelity often tried.

The fourth letter still remains an inscrutable mystery. No man could imagine from what Mr. Barnard had said from time to time, concerning the Duke's behaviour to him, that *he was acquainted with some secrets which nearly concerned his Grace's safety*, and why any person who might hear that the Duke had received threatening letters, without knowing from whom, should mention Mr. Barnard cannot easily be guessed. The only conjecture that seems probable, if on such an occasion a conjecture may be allowed, is that some officious person, who had received some slight information of the Duke's business at the Abbey, and observed him speak to Mr. Barnard, might watch him home, and taking for granted that if he should, in consequence of this information, be detected in any evil design, the informer whenever he should think fit to reveal himself, would be rewarded, might be induced to make the information at a venture, and conceal himself till the event should be known.

As to the Duke, he appears to have acted with the utmost tenderness and generosity through the whole affair, to have undertaken the prosecution purely from public principles, and to have been more desirous that the prisoner should appear innocent than guilty.

1758, *May.*

XXVIII. On the unlikeness of Shakespeare's Busts.

MR. URBAN, *Stratford upon Avon, May* 30, 1759.

A DOUBT of a new kind, and not unworthy of notice, has arisen among some, whether the old monumental bust of Shakespeare, in the collegiate church of Stratford upon Avon, Warwickshire, had any resemblance of the bard: but I find not this doubt to have taken date before the public regard shewn to his memory, by erecting for him the curious cenotaph in Westminster Abbey: the statue in that honorary monument is really in a noble attitude, and excites an awful admiration in the beholder; the face is venerable, and well expresses that intenseness of serious thought, which the Poet must be supposed to have sometimes had.

The face on the Stratford monument bears very little, if any resemblance, to that at Westminster; the air of it is

indeed somewhat thoughtful, but then it seems to arise from a chearfulness of thought, which, I hope, it will be allowed Shakespeare was no stranger to. However this be, as the faces on the two monuments are unlike each other, the admirers of that at Westminster only, will have it, that the country figure differs as much from the likeness of the original, as it does from the face in the Abbey, and so far endeavour to deprive it of its merit: this is a derogation I can by no means allow, and that for the following reasons.

Shakespeare died at the age of 53. The unanimous tradition is, that by the uncommon bounty of the then Earl of Southampton, he was enabled to purchase a house and land at Stratford, the place of his nativity; to which place, after quitting the public stage, he retired, and lived chearfully amongst his friends some time before his death. If we consider these circumstances aright, that Shakespeare's disposition was chearful, and that he died before he could be said to be an old man, the Stratford figure is no improper representation of him.

The exact time when the country monument was erected is now unknown; but, I presume, it was done by his executors, or relations, probably while his features were fresh in every one's memory, and perhaps with the assistance of an original picture too. These are no unreasonable suppositions, and which, I think, cannot easily be overthrown, especially when corroborated (as I hope to prove they are) by the following observation, not hitherto made, that I know of, by any one.

Facing the title page of one of the folio editions of Shakespeare's Works, there is an head of him engraved by one Martin Droeshout, a Dutchman, and underneath this cut appear the following lines, written by Ben Jonson, who personally knew, and was familiarly acquainted with our Poet.

> The figure that thou see'st here put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
> In which the graver had a strife
> With nature, to out-do the life.
> O could he but have drawn his wit
> As well in brass as he hath hit
> His face, the piece would then surpass
> All that was ever writ in brass.
> But since he cannot, &c. B. J.

In these verses Ben plainly asserts, that if the engraver could have drawn Shakespeare's wit in brass, as well

as he has done his face, the performance would have been preferable to every thing of the kind; a convincing proof how great a likeness he knew there was betwixt the Poet and that picture of him.

Now, if we compare this picture with the face on the Stratford monument, there will be found as great a resemblance as perhaps can well be betwixt a statue and a picture, except that the hair is described rather shorter and straiter on the latter, than on the former; and yet this difference will not, I dare say, be material enough to justify the doubt I have attempted to remove; and, if not, then I hope what I have here advanced will induce those gentlemen, who have not thought so well of the Stratford monument, to have a better opinion of it for the time to come.

1759, *June.* J. G.

XXIX. Contrivance for Muscular Exercise.

Bagnio-Court, Newgate-street, Oct. 23.

MR. URBAN,

MODERATE exercise is one of the necessary means of health; but the employments of many people oblige them to a sedentary life; and in the winter seasons valetudinary persons are often kept at home by the inclemency of the weather: I propose therefore a kind of exercise which I have found very beneficial to myself, and which may be used by persons of all constitutions, ages, and conditions, in all houses, and in all seasons, by which all the benefits that can result from common exercises may easily be obtained.

I have two box pullies with wood screws fixed in the ceiling of a room, at the distance of about three feet, or three and a half, and a sliding line, made of what is called curtain line, and two handles made of cocoa-wood, four inches and a half long, and bored through.

This apparatus cost me two shillings and two-pence. The sliding line passes through one handle, then over the pullies, and through the other handle, and at each end it is tied with a slip-knot, that the handles may be let higher or lower, according to the height of the person who is to exercise.

When I use this exercise, I begin, with lifting up my

right arm, and the heel of my right foot, and then bring them down, and strike the heel gently on the floor, at the same time lifting up my left arm and heel; and thus continue an alternative moving up and down my arms and heels, so long as I see fit; which produces reciprocal contractions and relaxations of the muscles of the arms, chest, side, back, belly, thighs, legs, and feet, and likewise of all the muscles connected with them while the exercise is continued.

I make the motions moderate as to quickness, and always count them; when both heels have struck on the floor, I say *one*, when they do so again I say *two*, and so on.

I make an hundred of these motions in about four minutes, in which time I frequently find all the pores over the surface of my body opened, and a very sensible perspiration produced.

I seldom exceed the number of two hundred at one exercise; some persons indeed require more; but I advise every one to have done when they begin to sweat.

The exercise may be repeated five or six times a day, or oftener, and takes up but little time.

It is an universal exercise; and the motions produced by it in all the muscles, and vessels of the body, and in all their contained fluids, are a most proper means to preserve the natural tenuity of the blood, and to destroy many morbid cohesions. It conduces much to an easy respiration, and to prevent asthmas, and other difficulties of breathing. It manifestly promotes the discharge by insensible perspiration, that copious and important evacuation from the body, as well as the other excretions from the blood. It affords great relief against that lowness of spirits, and those gloomy imaginations, with which many are afflicted, and in general will be found beneficial in all those disorders which are called nervous.

It will be of singular advantage to those young ladies, who, about ten or twelve years of age, become pale in their countenances and short breathed; weak and infirm persons may thus obtain the benefits of exercise, without tiring themselves; and those who are advanced in life, may preserve, or recover in some measure, that agility of their limbs, which by age and indolence is often lost.

Persons afflicted with the gout, when they can stand on their feet a few minutes together, may take the benefit of this exercise daily; and they, who cannot stand, may have the pullies so fixed, as to use them sitting, which will be of considerable service.

It may be used also by the blind, and in hospitals, where it will hasten the recovery of the sick; likewise in prisons.

I am a sincere well-wisher to all people,

And, Sir, your very humble servant,

THEOPHILUS LOBB.

MR. URBAN, *Bagnio-Court, Nov. 22.*

I APPREHEND it may be acceptable, if I add a few things relative to that sort of muscular exercise recommended in my letter of Oct. 23, and therefore must observe, that, as it is of importance rightly to order the quantity in the dose of every medicine, and the times of repeating it, for obtaining the salutary end intended, so it is of some moment nearly to determine the number of motions to be made in each muscular exercise, and how often they should be daily performed; but these must be varied according to the age and other circumstances of the people.

As a mean quantity for sedentary persons, which may be increased or diminished, as the different cases may require, I propose, that each exercise should consist of 200 motions of the right arm and heel upwards and downwards, and of as many of those on the left side of the body, all which will take up about 7 minutes, and propose that this exercise be daily performed 8 times, which will take up no more than 56 minutes, or one hour.

If any choose to spend a quarter of an hour at a time, by performing two exercises together, and to perform the whole at four times, they may do so. Persons may perform more or fewer of these exercises in a day, as they shall find most conducive to their health. It should be remembered, that lifting up and down the heel is one essential part of the exercise.

I may now observe, that the great easiness of this sort of exercise shews that a prudent use of it may prove very beneficial to persons after their recovery from fevers, especially after the small pox, the distemper being often terminated many days before the patients can be fit to go abroad; but they may begin the use of our muscular exercise very soon after the disease is come to its period, as the apparatus for it may be put up in any sick chamber, and as they may begin it with no greater number of motions, in an exercise, than they find easy to themselves, and may gradually increase the number of them.

This course is very proper to maintain in sufficient

quantity the discharge by the insensible perspiration, to promote a due distribution of the nutritious parts of the aliments they take, and to hasten the recovery of their strength.

Persons, whose feet and legs are swelled, and pit in the evenings, and the swelling of which goes down in the morning, may find great advantage from a sufficient use of our muscular exercise, as the frequent contractions and relaxations of the muscles and vessels of the parts affected, produced by it, will propel their contained fluids onward in the way of circulation, and strengthen the vessels to more vigorous contractions, and thereby prevent that slow return of the blood and lymph, through the sanguine and lymphatic veins, which occasioned the feet and legs to swell.

Our exercise, on the same account, may also be recommended to those who have a bloated habit of body, or are in danger of falling into a dropsy.

But, in such cases, exercise is only an external help. The advice of a physician to direct remedies for altering and mending the blood, and removing the cause of the morbid symptoms, is necessary.

I am, &c.

1759, *Oct. and Nov.* THE. LOBB.

XXX. Construction of an Electrical Harpsichord.

ON a rod of iron, insulated on silk strings, are hung small bells of different sizes for the different notes: there must be two bells, which are unisons to each note; the one suspended by a wire, and the other by silk: a metal ball suspended by silk between each two unison bells, serves for a hammer. From the bell suspended by silk descends a wire, whose end is fastened by another silk line, and terminates in a ring to receive a small iron lever, which rests on an insulated iron rod. Matters being thus disposed, upon turning the glass globe, the bell suspended by the wire, is electrified by the rod or conductor which supports it; and the other bell suspended by the silk, is electrified by the other iron rod on which rests the little lever. By pressing down a key, I raise this lever, and cause it to touch another uninsulated rod; at which instant the hammer moves, and strikes the two bells so quick, that only one undulous sound is produced,

imitating, in some measure, the tremulous sound of a great organ pipe. As soon as the lever drops on the electrified rod, the hammer stops: thus each touch answering to a lever, and each lever to its bell, any tune may be played as on a harpsichord or organ.

This kind of harpsichord has an advantage in common with the organ, which the common ones have not, of preserving the sound of a note in its full even force as long as the key is kept down. We have heard of an ocular harpsichord: this is so in some sort, as well as an acoustic one; for when played on in the dark, the eye is agreeably entertained as well as the ear, by the brilliant sparks which flash out like stars at every touch.

1759, *Oct.*

XXXI. Rustic Philosophy.

Matre Dea monstrante viam. VIRG.

MR. URBAN,

THE countryman, let him live at never so great a distance, has his ways of philosophising for the common uses of life, as well as you speculative gentlemen in town. It is true, his methods of proceeding are but rude and unpolished, such as mother nature suggests, but nevertheless, they are such as he is well satisfied with, and what in many cases prove very useful to him; however, they serve greatly to pleasure and amuse him in all. Thus he estimates the quantity of rain that has fallen in the night by the height of his pond in the yard, his *server*, as it is called in some places; a word either abbreviated from the *Fr. reservoir*, or denominated so from its use in *serving* the family. His compass is the smoke of his chimney; but his barometer, besides certain natural inferences that he makes from the sporting of his sheep, or the flying of the martins and swallows, is more artificial, for he has either a black line graduated on the wall of his house, with a long string stretched across it, or a Florence flask with the mouth downward in a vial of water. The chronometer is an hour glass, which he regulates once in two or three days by a line, which the shadow of his door-post never fails to touch, at such an hour, when the sun shines. He has a method also of mak-

ing a guess at the lengthening or shortening of the days, concerning which he has a saying, that I believe is very general all over England.

At new year's tide,
They are lengthen'd a cock's stride.

Every body knows the meaning of this saying, to wit, that it intends to express the lengthening of the days in a small, but perceptible degree; but very few, I imagine, are aware of the ground and occasion of it; which is the less to be wondered at, since there is something uncommon, and seemingly improper, in applying long measure, inches and feet to time. But the countryman knows what he says, and, as I take it, borrows his idea from hence: at the winter solstice, he observes where the shadow of the upper lintel of his door falls at 12 o'clock, and makes a mark. At new year's day, the sun being higher, when at the meridian, he finds the shadow is come nearer the door by four or five inches, which for rhime's sake he calls a cock's stride, and so by that he expresses the sensible increase of the day. Whereupon, sir, you will please to observe, that before the style was altered, which was long after this saying came into use, the distance of time was greater by eleven days between the solstice and new year's day, than it is now; and consequently, the difference, as to the sun's altitude, or the length of the days, at those two times, would be more perceptible than it is now.

Yours, &c.

1759, *Jan.* P. GEMSEGE.

XXXII. Anecdote of two Officers who fell before Quebec.

MR. URBAN,

THE following story, which may be depended on as authentic, seems worthy to be transmitted to posterity in your useful Magazine.

IN the first unsuccessful attack on the enemy's intrenchments near Quebec, July 31, Capt. Ochterlony, and Ensign Peyton, both of the Royal Americans, were left wounded, at a little distance from each other, on the field of battle; the captain mortally, but the ensign having only

his knee-pan shattered. Soon after, an Indian came running down, in order to scalp the former, which the latter perceiving, made shift to crawl to a musket, which lay near him, and which, not having been discharged, he took aim with it, and shot the savage. The like danger then threatened him by the approach of another Indian; him he wounded with the bayonet, but, as he still persisted, he was forced in a manner, to pin him to the ground. At last a grenadier came back to the captain, in order to carry him off the field; which, however, he refused in these words: *Thou art a brave fellow; but your kindness will be lost on me. I am mortally wounded, and the bayonet, or the scalping knife would be now a mercy: But go yonder to Ensign Peyton and carry him off; he may live.* The soldier obeyed, took up the ensign and brought him off through a severe fire, by which, they were both slightly wounded.

I shall make no reflections on this story, but leave your readers to compare it with the following remarkable one, in Cæsar's Commentaries.

"In one of the legions were two brave centurions, F. Pulfio, and L. Varenus, who were perpetually disputing the superiority, and jealously solicitous which should have the preference. Now when the intrenchments were vigorously attacked, Pulfio cries out, *Why do you hesitate Varenus? or what better opportunity can you wish to try your courage? This, this is the day that shall end our dispute.* Saying this, he rushed out of the camp, and attacked that body of the enemy which seemed to be the strongest. Nor did Varenus stay behind, but knowing that his character was now at stake, followed at a little distance. Pulfio launched his javelin at the enemy, and killed one that was rushing upon him from the front rank. His body they protected with their shields, and immediately threw all their darts, nor gave him any opportunity to retreat. Pulfio's shield was pierced, and a dart was lodged in his belt. This accident drove his scabbard, and delayed him in his attempt to draw his sword. Being thus embarrassed, the enemy closed upon him, but his antagonist Varenus now came to his relief, and succoured him in his distress. Immediately they all turn upon him, concluding that Pulfio was pierced by the dart. Varenus defended himself dexterously with his sword, fighting hand to hand; and, having killed one, the other gave way: but as he eagerly pursued, the ground being shelving he fell down; here again Pulfio in return assisted him, and both of them having made great slaughter, came back in safety, and with high renown, to the fortification. Thus, in their

dispute, fortune was so impartial, that each of these antagonists protected and saved the other, nor could any one tell which of them deserved to have the preference." *Cæsar de Bell. Gall.* V. 43.

1759, *Oct.* A. B.

XXXIII. Remarkable Anecdote from Plot's History of Oxfordshire.

SOON after the murder of King Charles I. a commission was appointed to survey the king's house at Woodstock, with the manor, park, woods, and other demesnes to that manor belonging, and one Collins, under a feigned name, hired himself as secretary to the commissioners, who, upon the 13th of October 1649, met, and took up their residence in the king's own rooms; his majesty's bed-chamber they made their kitchen, the council-hall their pantry, and the presence-chamber was the place where they sat for the dispatch of business. His majesty's dining-room they made their wood-yard, and stored it with the wood of the famous royal oak from the High Park, which, that nothing might be left with the name of king about it, they had dug up by the roots, and split and bundled up into fagots for their firing. Things being thus prepared, they sat on the 16th of the same month for the dispatch of business, and in the midst of their first debate, there entered a large black dog (as they thought) which made a dreadful howling, overturned two or three of their chairs, and then crept under a bed and vanished; this gave them the greater surprise as the doors were kept constantly locked, so that no real dog could get in or out; the next day their surprise was increased, when sitting at dinner in a lower room, they heard plainly the noise of persons walking over their heads, though they well knew the doors were all locked, and there could be nobody there; presently after they heard also all the wood of the king's oak brought by parcels from the dining-room, and thrown with great violence into the presence chamber; as also all the chairs, stools, tables, and other furniture, forcibly hurled about the room; their own papers of the minutes of their transactions torn, and the ink-glass broken. When all this noise had some time ceased, Giles Sharp, their secretary, proposed to enter first into these rooms, and in presence of the commissioners, of whom he received the key, he opened the doors, and found the wood spread about the room, the chairs

tossed about and broken, the papers torn, the ink-glass broken (as has been said) but not the least tract of any human creature, nor the least reason to suspect one, as the doors were all fast, and the keys in the custody of the commissioners. It was therefore unanimously agreed, that the power who did this mischief, must have entered the room at the key hole. The night following, Sharp, the secretary, with two of the commissioners servants, as they were in bed in the same room, which room was contiguous to that where the commissioners lay, had their bed's feet lifted up so much higher than their heads, that they expected to have their necks broken, and then they were let fall at once with so much violence as shook the whole house, and more than ever terrified the commissioners. On the night of the 19th, as all were in bed in the same room for greater safety, and lights burning by them, the candles in an instant went out with a sulphureous smell, and that moment many trenchers of wood were hurried about the room, which next morning were found to be the same their honours had eaten on the day before, which were all removed from the pantry, though not a lock was found opened in the whole house. The next night they still fared worse, the candles went out as before, the curtains of their honours beds were rattled to and fro with great violence, their honours received many cruel blows and bruises by eight great pewter dishes and a number of wooden trenchers being thrown on their beds, which being heaved off, were heard rolling about the room, though in the morning none of these were to be seen. This night likewise they were alarmed with the tumbling down of oaken billets about their beds, and other frightful noises, but all was clear in the morning, as if no such thing had happened. The next night the keeper of the king's house and his dog lay in the commissioners room, and then they had no disturbance. But on the night of the 22d, though the dog lay in the room as before, yet the candles went out, a number of brick-bats fell from the chimney into the room, the dog howled piteously, their bed clothes were all stripped off, and their terror increased. On the 24th they thought all the wood of the king's oak was violently thrown down by their bed-sides, they counted 64 billets that fell, and some hit and shook the beds in which they lay; but in the morning none were found there, nor had the door been opened where the billet-wood was kept. The next night the candles were put out, the curtains rattled, and a dreadful crack like thunder was heard, and one of the servants running to see if his master were not killed, found three dozen trenchers

laid smoothly under the quilt by him, but all this was nothing to what succeeded afterwards, the 29th, about midnight, the candles went out, something walked majestically through the room, and opened and shut the windows; great stones were thrown violently into the room, some of which fell on the beds, others on the floor, and at about a quarter after one, a noise was heard as of forty cannon discharged together, and again repeated at about eight minutes distance. This alarmed and raised all the neighbourhood, who coming into their honours room, saw the fore-mentioned great stones, four-score in number, and laid them by in the corner of a field, where, in Dr Plot's time, who reports this story, they were to be seen. This noise, like the discharge of cannon, was heard through all the country for 16 miles round. During these noises, which were heard in both rooms together, the commissioners and their servants gave one another over for lost, and cried out for help, and Giles Sharp, snatching up a sword, had well nigh killed one of their honours, mistaking him for the spirit, as he came in his shirt from his own room to them. While they were together the noise was continued, and part of the tiling of the house was stript off, and all the windows of an upper room were taken away with it. On the 30th, at midnight, something walked into the chamber treading like a bear, it walked many times about, then threw the warming pan violently on the floor; at the same time a large quantity of broken glass, accompanied with great stones and horses bones came pouring into the room with uncommon force; these were all found in the morning to the astonishment and terror of the commissioners, who were yet determined to go on with their business. But on the first of November the most dreadful scene of all ensued; candles in every part of the room were lighted up, and a great fire made; at midnight, the candles all yet burning, a noise like the burst of a cannon, was heard in the room, and the burning billets were tossed about by it even into their honours beds, who called Giles and his companions to their relief, otherwise the house had been burnt to the ground; about an hour after, the candles went out as usual, the crack as of many cannon was heard, and many pailfuls of green stinking water were thrown upon their honours beds; great stones were also thrown in as before, the bed curtains and bedsteads torn and broken, the windows shattered, and the whole neighbourhood alarmed with the most dreadful noises; nay, the very rabbit-stealers that were abroad that night in the warren were so terrified, that they fled for fear, and left their ferrets behind them. One of their honours this night

spoke, and, *in the name of God, asked what it was, and why it disturbed them so?* No answer was given to this, but the noise ceased for awhile, when the spirit came again, and, as they all agreed, *brought with it seven devils worse than itself.* One of the servants now lighted a large candle, and set it in the door-way, between the two chambers, to see what passed, and as he watched it, he plainly saw a hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three scrapes over the snuff, scraped it out. Upon this the same person was so bold as to draw a sword, but he had scarcely got it out when he felt another invisible hand had hold of it too, and pulled with him for it, and at length prevailing, struck him so violently on the head with the pummel, that he fell down for dead with the blow. At this instant was heard another burst like the discharge of the broadside of a ship of war, and at about a minute or two's distance each, no less than 19 more such; these shook the house so violently, that they expected every moment it would fall upon their heads. The neighbours on this, as has been said, being all alarmed, flocked to the house in great numbers, and all joined in prayer and psalm-singing, during which the noise still continued in the other rooms, and the discharge of cannons was heard as from without, though no visible agent was seen to discharge them. But what was the most alarming of all, and put a end to their proceedings effectually, happened the next day as they were all at dinner, when, a paper in which they had signed a mutual agreement to reserve a part of the premises out of the general survey, and afterwards to share it equally amongst them, (which paper they had hid for the present, under the earth in a pot in one corner of the room, and in which an orange-tree grew) was consumed in a wonderful manner, by the earth's taking fire with which the pot was filled, and burning violently with a blue fume, and an intolerable stench, so that they were all driven out of the house, to which they could never be again prevailed upon to return.

This wonderful contrivance was all the invention of the memorable Joseph Collins, of Oxford, otherwise called Funny Joe, who having hired himself for secretary, under the name of Giles Sharp, by knowing the private traps belonging to the house, and the help of *pulvis fulminans*, and other chemical preparations, and letting his fellow servants into the scheme, carried on the deceit, without discovery to the very last, insomuch that the late Dr. Plot, in his Natural History, relates the whole for fact, and concludes in this grave manner, "That though tricks have been often played

in affairs of this kind, many of the things above related are not reconcileable with juggling; such as, the loud noises beyond the power of man to make, without such instruments as were not there; the tearing and breaking the beds; the throwing about the fire; the hoof treading out the candle; and the striving for the sword, and the blow the man received from the pummel of it."

1762, *Feb.*

XXXIV. Harvey's Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood.

MR. URBAN, *Sunderland, June* 26, 1702.

I THOUGHT the glory of discovering the circulation of the blood had now been universally given to our immortal countryman Dr. Harvey, and that the malice of his opponents was entirely forgotten, and sunk into deserved oblivion. But it is with particular regret that I find so respectable and eminent an author as Dr. Astruc employed in raking together the objections of Vander Linden, Almelooven, and others, which have been long since fully answered and exploded.

For the sake of such of your readers as may not be acquainted with the affair, I shall endeavour to give a fair state of these objections, and vindicate the memory of that incomparable man from the depreciating spirit which some envious and malevolent foreigners have shewn against him.

In the year 1628, Dr. Harvey published his *Exercitatio Anatomica de motu Cordis et Sanguinis in Animalibus.* No sooner did it appear, than all the anatomists in Europe set themselves to oppose or defend the doctrine which he therein advanced; and this, by the bye, must surely be allowed one strong proof of its novelty. Some of his opponents entirely denied the truth of the discovery, because many passages in the ancients, of which, indeed, they might collect great numbers, flatly contradicted it. Others pretended to find absurdities and contradictions in it, and when they were beat from these weak holds, they had recourse to their last fort, and boldly charged him with stealing his noble discovery from those very ancients whose authority had just been alledged against him. Thus Vander Linden will give it to Hippocrates, Plato, Aristotle, Erasistratus, Emesius, or, in short, to any body except the only man in the world who was able to make it.

It would waste time to give all their reasons; but it surprises me to find the judicious and learned Spon inclining the same way. Hippocrates says* Ἡ τροφὴ ἐς τρίχας, καὶ ἐς ὄνυχας, καὶ ἐς τὴν ἰσχάτην ἐπιφανείην ἔνδοθεν ἀφικνέεται: ἔξωθεν τροφὴ ἐκ τῆς ἰσχάτης ἐπιφανείης ἐνδοτάτω. Upon this, M. Spon observes, *Circulationem sanguinis hoc sæculo ab* Harvæo *detectam non latuisse magnum* Hippocratem *textus hic evincere videtur. Quomodo enim alimentum, quo nomine sanguinem intelligit, in extimas usque corporis partes fertur, et ab externis ad interna redit sine circulari sanguinis motu? At si sequentes aphorismos et* 20, *sect.* 2. *addideris, ii simul quasi demonstrationem efficient:* he allows, indeed, that the circulation is not taught so distinctly as to explain the impulse of the blood through the arteries, and its return by the veins; but nobody will wonder at this, says he, who considers that many of the works of Hippocrates have perished, especially his book of the veins and arteries†.

Now it may be proved beyond contradiction, from an infinite number of places, that the divine old man was totally ignorant of the circulation. If any one doubt it, let him read the books *De locis in homine, de morbo sacro, de regimine,* nay, even in his very book *de corde,* where, if any where, one would expect to find the circulation, there is not a word to the purpose, but many things advanced which are directly opposite to that motion of the blood.

But it is time to come to Dr. Astruc, who contents himself, I find, with giving the glory of the discovery to Michael Servetus, Realdus Columbus, and Andreas Cæsalpinus.

Servetus, in his famous book entitled *Christianismi restitutio,* of which there is a copy in the library of the University of Edinburgh, compares the mystery of the Trinity to the three fluids of the body, namely, blood, phlegm, and spirit. He says the blood being sent from the right ventricle to the pulmonary artery, passes through the lungs, where it receives a considerable change, and returns to the left auricle, impregnated with æther, from whence it is distributed through all the arteries of the body. Here he plainly leans to the notion of the ancients, that the blood, in passing through the lungs, was elaborated and turned into I know not what æther, which was forced into the arteries to nourish,

* De Alimentis.
† Aphor. Nov. sect. 1. Aphor. 51.

enliven, and invigorate the body, but he does not mention one word to inform us how this blood is returned.

Columbus, indeed, who was pupil to the celebrated Vesalius*, goes farther, and in his chapter *de pulmonibus*, comes near the truth with respect to the circulation through the lungs. He also explains not only the structure, but the use too of every part belonging to the heart, with great exactness, excepting some small mistake about some of the valves; but he does not at all shew us how the blood flows from the arteries to the veins, nor does he seem to comprehend any communication between them. For he assigns the carrying of vital spirits only to the arteries, and in his chapter *de Hepate*, you will find him a rank Galenist, relapsing into the old opinion, that the liver forces the blood into all the parts of the body.

Cæsalpinus advances still farther, and is very particular concerning the uses of the valves of the heart, and gives some good observations concerning the pulse, and the veins swelling between the ligature and the extremity upon being tied up; he also has the word *anastomosis*, borrowed, perhaps, from Servetus, who has used it; by which he supposes the native heat may pass from the arteries to the veins in the time of sleep only, and that it returns from the veins into the arteries while we are awake, not allowing the blood to flow by a continued stream, or with an equal motion, but going and returning frequently backwards and forwards in the same channel; herein following Aristotle, who compares the motion of the blood to the tides of Euripus.

Thus far they went: and now let me ask what all this amounts to? Does it explain "the circulation exactly as it is now taught and believed?" Can this lame, obscure, and, in some respects, false account of the motion of the blood, be compared to the complete, clear, and just idea which our excellent countryman gives us of the circulation. So perfect and full is his account of it, that no author since his time has, in my opinion, treated it in so satisfactory a manner, his book still remaining the best we have upon the subject.

* I am surprised Dr. Astruc should omit the name of Vesalius amongst his discoverers. That admirable anatomist, in the 6th book of his incomparable work, *de corporis humani fabrica*, has many strictures upon Galen's account of the functions of the heart, and seems quite dissatisfied therewith, at the same time throwing out several noble hints towards a discovery of the truth. His want of subjects for dissection in Spain, where he was physician to the Emperor Charles V. and the misfortunes which befel him, probably prevented him from pursuing the subject, and, perhaps, completing the discovery.

If Cæsalpinus's explanation of the circulation be as perfect as Dr. Astruc pretends, how could the bulk of anatomists and physicians remain quite in the dark about it? Riolanus, who was a man of great learning, and in the highest repute for his anatomical skill, bitterly opposed Dr. Harvey upon the publication of his first Exercitation, and after he was forced, by the doctor's plain and simple experiments, to yield to the truth, it was with many exceptions and restrictions. His own notions of it were entirely false, as may be seen in *Harvey de circulatione Sanguinis Exercitatio prima*, addressed to Riolanus himself, although he was no stranger to Cæsalpinus's book.

I shall readily grant that Servetus, Vesalius, Columbus, Cæsalpinus, and perhaps others, had some faint glimmerings of the truth, and afforded useful hints towards the discovery; but it was reserved to our countryman alone to see it himself in the clearest light, and to display it to posterity in full meridian splendour.

I will conclude in the words of Boerhaave*, who must surely be allowed to be one of the best judges of this matter. After giving an account of the circulation of the blood, he adds, *Hæcque est ratio circumeuntis jugiter sanguinis, cujus inventi absoluta doctrina, accurate explanati gloria, immortale cluet* Harvei *nomen.*

1762, *July.* I. B.

XXXV. Remarkable Discovery of a Murder.

IN the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a person was arraigned before Sir James Dyer, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, upon an indictment for the murder of a man, who dwelt in the same parish with the prisoner. The first witness against him deposed, That on a certain day, mentioned by the witness in the morning, as he was going through a close, which he particularly described, at some distance from the path, he saw a person lying in a condition that denoted him to be either dead or drunk; that he went to the party, and found him actually dead, two wounds appearing in his breast, and his shirt and clothes much stained with blood; that the wounds appeared to the witness to have

* Institutiones Med. Aphor. 160.

been given by the puncture of a fork or some such instrument, and looking about he discovered a fork lying near the corpse, which he took up, and observed it to be marked with the initial letters of the prisoner's name, the witness at the same time produced the fork in court, which the prisoner owned to be his, and waved asking the witness any questions.

A second witness deposed, That, on the morning of the day on which the deceased was killed, the witness had risen early with an intention to go to a neighbouring market-town, which he named—that as he was standing in the entry of his own dwelling-house, the street door being open, he saw the prisoner come by, dressed in a suit of clothes, the colour and fashion of which the witness described—that he (the witness) was prevented from going to market, and that afterwards the first witness brought notice to the town, of the death, and wounds of the deceased, and of the prisoner's fork being found near the corpse—that upon this report the prisoner was apprehended, and carried before a justice of peace, whom he named and pointed at, he being then present in court—that he (the witness) followed the prisoner to the justice's house and attended his examination, during which he observed the exchange of raiment which the prisoner had made, since the time when the witness had first seen him in the morning—that at the time of such examination the prisoner was dressed in the same clothes which he had on at the time of the trial, and that on the witness's charging him with having changed his clothes, he gave several shuffling answers, and would have denied it—that upon the witness's mentioning this circumstance of the change of dress, the justice granted a warrant to search the prisoner's house for the clothes described by the witness as having been put off since the morning—that the witness attended and assisted at the search, and that after a nice inquiry for two hours and upwards, the very clothes, which the witness had described, were discovered, concealed in a straw bed.—He then produced the bloody clothes in court, which the prisoner owned to be his clothes, and to have been thrust into the straw bed with an intention to conceal them on account of their being bloody.

The prisoner also waved asking this second witness any questions.

A third witness deposed to his having heard the prisoner deliver certain menaces against the deceased, from whence the prosecutor intended to infer a proof of *malice prepense*. In answer to which, the prisoner proposed certain questions

to the court, leading to a discovery of the occasion of the menacing expressions deposed to, and from the witness's answer to those questions, it appeared, that the deceased had first menaced the prisoner.

The prisoner being called upon to make his defence, addressed the following narration to the court, as containing all he knew concerning the manner and circumstances of the death of the deceased, viz. "That he rented a close in the same parish with the deceased, and that the deceased rented another close adjoining to it—that the only way to his own close was through that of the deceased, and that on the day the murder in the indictment was laid to be committed, he rose early in the morning, in order to go to work in his close, with his fork in his hand, and passing through the deceased's ground, he observed a man at some distance from the path, lying down, as if dead, or drunk; that he thought himself bound to see what condition the person was in, and upon getting up to him he found him at the last extremity, with two wounds in his breast, from which a great deal of blood had issued—that in order to relieve him he raised him up, and with great difficulty set him in his lap—that he told the deceased he was greatly concerned at his unhappy fate, and the more so as there seemed to be too much reason to apprehend he had been murdered—that he entreated the deceased to discover, if possible, the occasion of his misfortune, assuring him he would use his utmost endeavours to do justice to his sufferings—that the deceased seemed to be sensible of what he said, and in the midst of his agonies, attempted, as he thought, to speak to him, but being seized with a ruttling in his throat, after a hard struggle, he gave a dreadful groan, and vomiting a great deal of blood, some of which fell on his (the prisoner's) clothes, he expired in his arms—that the shock he felt on account of this accident was not to be expressed, and the rather, as it was well known that there had been a difference between the deceased and himself, on which account he might possibly be suspected of the murder—that he therefore thought it advisable to leave the deceased in the condition he was, and to take no farther notice of the matter—that, in the confusion he was in when he left the place, he took away the deceased's fork, and left his own in the room of it, by the side of the corpse—that being obliged to go to his work, he thought it best to shift his clothes, and that they might not be seen, he confessed he had hid them in the place where they were found—that it was true he had denied before the justice that he had changed his clothes, being conscious that this was an ugly

circumstance that might be urged against him, and being unwilling to be brought into trouble, if he could help it—and concluded his story with a solemn declaration that he had related nothing but the truth, without adding or diminishing one tittle, as he should answer it to God Almighty." Being then called upon to produce his witnesses, the prisoner answered with a steady composed countenance and resolution of voice, *He had no witness but God and his own conscience.*

The judge then proceeded to deliver his charge, in which he pathetically enlarged on the heinousness of the crime, and laid great stress on the force of the evidence, which, although circumstantial only, he declared he thought to be irresistible, and little inferior to the most positive proof—that the prisoner had indeed cooked up a very plausible story, but if such, or the like allegations, were to be admitted, in a case of this kind, no murderer would ever be brought to justice, such bloody deeds being generally perpetrated in the dark, and with the greatest secresy—that the present case was exempted, in his opinion, from all possibility of doubt, and that they ought not to hesitate one moment about finding the prisoner guilty.

The foreman begged of his lordship, as this was a case of life and death, that the jury might be at liberty to withdraw, and, upon this motion, an officer was sworn to keep the jury.

This trial came on the first in the morning, and the judge having sat till nine at night, expecting the return of the jury, at last sent an officer to inquire if they were agreed in their verdict, and to signify to them that his lordship would wait no longer for them. Some of them returned for answer that eleven of their body had been of the same mind from the first, but that it was their misfortune to have a foreman that proved to be a singular instance of the most inveterate obstinacy, who having taken up a different opinion from them, was unalterably fixed in it. The messenger was no sooner returned, but the complaining members, alarmed at the thoughts of being kept under confinement all the night, and despairing of bringing their dissenting brother over to their own way of thinking, agreed to accede to his opinion, and having acquainted him with their resolution, they sent an officer to detain his lordship a few minutes, and then went into court, and by their foreman brought in the prisoner not guilty. His lordship could not help expressing the greatest surprise and indignation at this unexpected verdict, and, after giving the jury a severe admonition, he refused to

record their verdict, and sent them back again, with directions that they should be locked up all night, without fire or candle. The whole blame was publicly laid on the foreman by the rest of the members, and they spent the night in loading him with reflections, and bewailing their unhappy fate in being associated with so hardened a wretch—but he remained quite inflexible, constantly declaring he would suffer death, rather than change his opinion.

As soon as his lordship came into court the next morning, he sent again to the jury, on which all the eleven members joined in requesting their foreman to go again into court, assuring him they would adhere to their former verdict, whatever was the consequence, and, on being reproached with their former inconstancy, they promised never to desert, or recriminate upon their foreman any more—Upon these assurances, they proceeded into court, and again brought in the prisoner not guilty. The judge, unable to conceal his rage at a verdict which appeared to him in the most iniquitous light, reproached them with the severest censures, and dismissed them with this cutting reflection, *That the blood of the deceased lay at their door.*

The prisoner, on his part, fell on his knees, and with uplifted eyes and hands, thanked God for his deliverance, and addressing himself to the judge, cried out, *You see, my Lord, that God and a good conscience are the best of witnesses.*

These circumstances made a deep impression on the mind of the judge, and, as soon as he was retired from court, he entered into discourse with the high sheriff, upon what had passed, and particularly examined him as to his knowledge of this leader of the jury. The answer this gentleman gave his lordship was, that he had been acquainted with him many years—that he had an estate of his own of above 50*l.* per annum, and that he rented a very considerable farm besides—that he never knew him charged with an ill action, and that he was universally esteemed in his neighbourhood.

For further information his lordship likewise sent for the minister of the parish, who gave the same favourable account of his parishioner, with this addition, that he was a constant churchman, and a devout communicant.

These accounts rather increased his lordship's perplexity, from which he could think of no expedient to deliver himself, but by having a conference in private with the only person who could give him satisfaction. This he desired the sheriff to procure, who readily offered his service, and without delay brought about the desired interview.

Upon the juryman's being introduced to the judge, his

lordship and he retired into a closet, where his lordship opened his reasons for desiring that visit, making no scruple of acknowledging the uneasiness he was under, and conjuring his visitor frankly to discover his reasons for acquitting the prisoner. The juryman returned for answer that he had sufficient reasons to justify his conduct, and that he was neither afraid nor ashamed to reveal them, but as he had hitherto locked them up in his own breast, and was under no compulsion to disclose them, he expected his lordship would engage upon his honour to keep what he was about to unfold as secret as he himself had done; which his lordship having promised to do, the juryman then proceeded to give his lordship the following account: "That the deceased being tytheman of the parish where he (the juryman) lived, he had the morning of his decease, been in his (the juryman's) grounds amongst his corn, and had done him great injustice, by taking more than his due, and acting otherwise in a most arbitrary manner. That when he complained of this treatment, he had not only been abused with scurrilous language, but that the deceased had likewise struck at him several times with his fork, and had actually wounded him in two places, the scars of which wounds he then shewed his lordship—that the deceased seeming bent on mischief, and he (the juryman) having no weapon to defend himself, had no other way to preserve his own life, but by closing in with the deceased, and wrenching the fork out of his hands, which having effected, the deceased attempted to recover the fork, and in the scuffle received the two wounds, which had occasioned his death—that he was inexpressibly concerned at the accident, and especially when the prisoner was taken up on suspicion of the murder—that the former assizes being but just over, he was unwilling to surrender himself, and to confess the matter, because his farm and affairs would have been ruined by his lying in a gaol so long—that he was sure to have been acquitted on his trial, for that he had consulted the ablest lawyers upon the case, who had all agreed, that as the deceased had been the aggressor, he would only be guilty of man-slaughter at the most—that it was true he had suffered greatly in his own mind on the prisoner's account, but being well assured that imprisonment would be of less ill consequence to the prisoner than to himself, he had suffered the law to take its course—that in order to render the prisoner's confinement as easy to him as possible, he had given him every kind of assistance, and had wholly supported his family ever since—that in order to get him cleared of the charge laid against him, he could think

of no other expedient than that of procuring himself to be summoned on the jury, and set at the head of them, which with great labour and expence he had accomplished, having all along determined in his own breast, rather to die himself than to suffer any harm to be done to the prisoner.

His lordship expressed great satisfaction at this account, and after thanking him for it, and making this further stipulation, that in case his lordship should happen to survive him, he might then be at liberty to relate this story, that it might be delivered down to posterity, the conference broke up.

The juryman lived 15 years afterwards; the judge inquired after him every year, and happening to survive him, delivered the above relation.

1763, *Nov.*

XXXVI. On the Sheep Walks in Spain.

THE following letter relates principally to the Sheep and Sheep Walks of Spain; it contains, however, many other very curious particulars relating to the face of the country and its product and contents, the revenues of the king, the character of the ecclesiastics, and the economy of a pastoral life.

I am, Sir, &c.

A Letter from a Gentleman in Spain to Mr. Peter Collinson, F. R. S.

SIR,

THERE are two kinds of Sheep in Spain. The coarse wooled-sheep who remain all their lives in their native country, and who are housed every night in winter; and the fine wooled sheep, who are all their lives in the open air, who travel every summer from the cool mountains of the northern parts of Spain, to feed all the winter on the southern warm plains of Andalousia, Mancha, and Extramadura. From computations made with the utmost accuracy, it has appeared, that there are 5 millions of fine wooled-sheep in Spain, and that the wool and flesh of a flock of ten thousand sheep produced yearly about 24 reals a head, which we will suppose to be nearly the value of 12 English sixpences; of these

but one goes clear a-head to the owner yearly, three sixpences a-head go yearly to the king, and the other eight go to the expences of pasture, tythes, shepherds, dogs, salt, shearing, &c.

Thus the annual product of the 5 millions of sheep amounts to 37 millions and a half of sixpences, a little more or less, of which there are about 3 millions and a half for the owners; above 15 millions enter into the treasury, and 7 millions and a half go to the benefit of the public. Hence it is the kings of Spain call these flocks in their ordinances, *the precious jewel of the crown.*

Formerly this jewel was really set in the crown, a succession of many kings were lords of all the flocks; hence that great number of ordinances, penal laws, privileges, and immunities which issued forth in different reigns for the preservation and special government of the sheep. Hence a royal council was formed under the title of the council of the grand royal flock, which exists to this day, though the king has not a single sheep. Various exigencies of state, in different reigns, alienated by degrees the whole grand flock from the crown, together with all its privileges, which were collected and published in the year 1731, under the title of the laws of the royal flock; a volume in large folio of above 500 pages.

The wars and wants of Philip the first's reign forced that king to sell 40,000 sheep to the Marquis of Iturbieta, which was the last flock of the crown.

Ten thousand sheep compose a flock, which is divided into ten tribes. One man has the conduct of all. He must be the owner of 4 or 500 sheep, strong, active, vigilant, intelligent in pasture, in the weather, and in the diseases of sheep. He has absolute dominion over 50 shepherds and 50 dogs, five of each to a tribe. He chooses them, he chastises them, or discharges them at will; he is the prepositus or chief shepherd of the whole flock. You may judge of his importance by his salary, he has 40l. a year and a horse, whereas the first shepherd of a tribe has but 40s. a year, the second 34s. the third 25s. the fourth 15s. and a boy 10s. a year. All their allowance is two pounds of bread a day each. They may keep a few goats and sheep in the flock, but the wool is for the master; they have only the lambs and the flesh. The chief shepherd gives them 3s. in April, and 3s. in October, by way of regale for the road; and these are all

miserable wretches enjoy. Exposed every
o all weathers, and every night to lie in a
nd thus live, generally to old age, 25,000

men who clothe kings in scarlet and bishops in purple; for that is the number computed to keep the fine-woolled sheep of Spain, with the same number of dogs of the large mastiff-kind, who are allowed two pounds of bread a piece a day. I often saw these flocks in the summer sheep walks of the hills and vales of Leo, Old Castile, Cuenca, and Aragon. I saw them in their winter plains of Mancha, Extramadura, and Andalousia. I often met them in their peregrination from the one to the other. I saw and I saw again. One eye is worth a hundred ears. I inquired, I observed, and even made experiments. All this was done when I happily got acquainted with a good plain old Friar, who had a consummate knowledge of all the mechanical, low, minute circumstances and œconomy of a flock. He told me that he was the son of a shepherd, that he had followed 15 long years the tribe of sheep his father led, that at 25 years of age he begged an old primer, that at 30 he could read, that at 36 he had learned Latin enough to read mass and the breviary, that he was ordained by Don Juan Navarro, Lord Bishop of Albarrazin, who, as it is known even to a proverb in Spain, has ordained thousands, declaring these 40 years in a loud voice, *That a priest is the most precious boon which a bishop can bestow, in the name of God, to mankind, even though he was as unlearned as an apostle.* That thus ordained he entered into the order of St. Francis, that he had never meddled in their affairs these 24 years past, but only said mass, confessed, instructed, and gave an eye to about 500 wethers who grazed in the neighbouring downs for the use of the convent; that he had read the Bible, the Lives of the Saints, and the Lives of the Popes, with no other view in the world but to find out all that was said about shepherds; that good Abel was the first shepherd, that all the Patriarchs were shepherds, that the meek shepherd Moses was chosen to deliver the people of God out of bondage, that Saul in seeking his father's flocks, found a kingdom; that David went out from his flock to slay the Philistian giant; that 14000 sheep was the chief reward Job received for his invincible patience: that Isidro, the protecting Saint of Madrid, was not, as it is vulgarly believed, an husbandman like wicked Cain, but that he was really a keeper of sheep; that the great Pope Sextus Quintus was verily and truly a shepherd, and not a swine-herd; that, for his part, he had forsaken his sheep to become a shepherd of men. He had all these things by heart, just as he had all the minute circumstances of the sheep he had followed, and this letter would have been imperfect, had I not met him.

The five millions of sheep pass the summer in the cool mountains and hills above named. Before we begin their itineraries to their winter walks, let us see how a few flocks live in a couple of cantons, which I will choose to serve as examples for all the rest. One is the Montana, the other is Molina Aragon. I select these two for these reasons, because I passed two summers in one, and a summer in the other. One is the most northern part of Spain, and at the greatest distance from the winter walks; the other is towards the east, and the shortest journey the sheep have to make. One is the highest and the other the lowest summer walk in Spain, and because one is full of aromatic plants, and the other has none.

At the extremity of Old Castile, there is a territory called the Montana. It is divided into two parts. The low Montana is that chain of mountains which bounds the Cantabrian sea. The city of Santander is its chief port, from whence you ascend southerly 12 long leagues, a succession of high, craggy mountains, to the town of Reynosa, in the upper Montana, which ascent stretches three leagues more, and then you always descend about 14 leagues to the city of Burgos, capital of Old Castile. Reynosa is in the centre of an open plain, surrounded by a ridge of high mountains, at whose feet are low hills of pasture-land: the source of the great river Ebro is an hour's walk to the west of Reynosa. All the spring rain, and snow-waters of the mountains to the north of Reynosa, run into the bay of Biscay. The waters of the southern chain are collected in the river Pisuerga, which, running into the river Duero, are carried to the Atlantic Ocean at Oporto, and all the water that falls into the plains of Reynosa runs with the Ebro, into the Mediterranean, seven leagues below the city of Tortosa. Hence, we see that the adjacent parts of Reynosa, divide the waters of three seas, which lie north, east, and west. Eight leagues square of this upper Montana is the highest land of Spain; the mountains rise in the atmosphere to the line of congelation. I see snow from my window this 4th of August that I am writing this. Some years ago there used to fall so much snow, that the people were forced to dig lanes through the snow to go to church in winter; but there has fallen little snow since the Lisbon earthquake, and some years none at all. It certainly changed the climates of many parts of Spain. No man living saw, nor heard his father say he saw, snow fall in or about Seville, till the year 1756, which extraordinary appearance struck a dread into some convents; they rung the bells to prayers, and made processions to appease the wrath of heaven, as if

the falling flakes foreboded the last day. I found many plants only beginning to flower here, which I saw in seed, below at Santander. I remember to have seen in Switzerland all the plants, but two, which grow in the mountains, hills, and plains, of Reynosa, a small yellow-flowered genistella, with an herbaceus, triangular jointed stem, and wild gooseberry bushes. The high mountains abound with oak, beech, birch, holly, and hazel.

The hills and plains are fine pasture; I never saw a meadow in any other part of Spain, nor cows and horses feed on hay. These mountains are formed of sand-stone, lime-stone, plaster-stone, (talk) and emery-stone. The sand-stone is at the summit of the mountains and hills in some, and the lime-stone forms the body. You see the contrary in others, but the sand-stone abounds, and the plaster is always the lowest. As for example, the high mountain of Arandilla, which is about a small league north of the town, is all sand-stone at the summit; its body is a mass of ash-coloured lime-stone, in which you find imprisoned petrified Cornua Ammonis and scollop-shells, and beds of plaster-stone at its foot towards the plain, which join to strata of black marble, veined with white and yellow, which is no more than a purer lime-stone like all other marble, and you find great blocks of emery-stone in the plain, and on the hill to the east of Reynosa, of which I will say a word, because I think its nature is not truly known, at least that of emery, which the looking-glass grinders of the Kings fabrick at St. Ildefonso say is the most biting emery they ever used, and I never saw any other in its native matrix. That iron has been, and is now, in a fluid state, percolating through the earth, and that it subsides, chrystalises, or is precipitated to form different bodies, is demonstrated by the black and red bloodstone, [hematites] by some beautiful stalactites which are almost pure iron; by the eagle-stone; by figured pyrites; by native vitriol, and by native crocus. When this fluid iron penetrates a rock of sand-stone and only stains the surface of each grain of a brownish, reddish, or yellow colour, it is only sand and crocus. But when this fluid iron, joined with the chrystaline matter in a fluid state in the very act of the chrystalisation of each grain of sand, incorporates with it, increases its weight and hardness, it is emery. The earths of the mountains and hills are of the nature of the rock below. If it be lime-stone, the soil cast into any acid liquor will boil up with a violent effervescence and the acid will dissolve it. If the rock below be sand-stone, plaster-stone, or emery, the earths of the hill or mountain will remain quiet in the acid.

there is no effervescence nor dissolution. I often observed that when the rocks below are mixed, (calcary and non-calcary,) the soil of the surface is of a mixed nature too, and I always found the action of the acid to be weak or strong upon these earths, in proportion to the stone that abounds. The farmers have found out by experience the genius of these two simple, and even the mixt, soils; they know that corn grows best in the sod that covers the lime-stone, that the mixed requires much manure, and that the deep fat clayey soil, which covers the sand-stone must have more ploughing, and other labour than the farmer can afford, and corn-land and calcarious or lime-stone land, are synonimous terms, in this country. These rocks and earths would be improperly mentioned in a letter upon wool, was it not that the sheep find out the nature of these three soils as sure as farmers and acids.

The first thing the shepherd does when the flock returns from the south to their summer downs, is to give them as much salt as they will eat; every owner allows his flock of a thousand sheep 100 aroyes, or 25 quintals of salt, which the flock eats in about 5 months; they eat none in their journey nor in their winter walk. This has ever been the custom, and it is the true reason why the Kings of Spain cannot raise the price of salt to the height it is in France, for it would tempt the shepherds to stint the sheep, which, it is believed, would weaken their constitutions and degrade the wool. The shepherd places 50 or 60 flat stones at about five steps distance from each other, he strews salt upon each stone, he leads the flock slowly through the stones, and every sheep eats to his liking. But then they never eat a grain of salt when they are feeding in lime-stone land, whether it be on the grass of the downs, or on the little plants of the corn-fields after harvest-home. The shepherd must not suffer them to stay too long without salt, he leads them into a spot of [argillaceous] clayey soil and in a quarter of an hour's feeding they march to the stones and devour the salt. If they meet a spot of the mixed soil, which often happens, they eat salt in proportion. Ask the shepherd why the sheep eat no salt in limestone soil, and but little in the mixed? because, Sir, it is corn land. I know, and indeed, who does not know, that lime abounds in saline matter; but then the salt which chymists extract from it may not be the genuine salt of the lime-stone before calcination, for the fire may form new combinations. It may be sea salt, or at least the muriatic acid which rises in the vegetation of grass, and satisfies the sheep's taste for salt. The latter end of July the

rams are turned into the tribe of ewes, regulated at six or seven rams for every hundred; when the shepherd judges they are served, he collects the rams into a separate tribe to feed apart; but then there is another tribe of rams that feed apart too, and never serve the ewes, but which are merely for wool, and for the butchery; for though the wool and flesh of wethers are finer and more delicate than those of rams, yet the fleece of a ram weighs more than the fleece of a wether, who is likewise shorter lived than the ram, which compensation is the reason there are so few tribes of wethers in the royal flock of Spain. The fleeces of three rams generally weigh 25lbs.; there must be the wool of four wethers and that of five ewes to weigh 25lbs. There is the same disproportion in their lives, which depend upon their teeth, for when they fail they cannot bite the grass, and they are condemned to the knife; the ewes' teeth, from their tender constitutions and the fatigue of breeding, begin to fail after five years of age; the wethers after six, and the robust ram not till towards eight. It is forbidden to expose rams' flesh to sale, but the law is eluded; they cut the old rams, and as soon as the incision is healed, they are sold to the butchers at a lower price than course wooled wethers; that is the reason such bad mutton is generally eaten in Madrid, and that is the reason there are more rams and fewer lamb's stones sold and eaten every day in the year in Madrid, than in the rest of Europe.

At the latter end of September they put on the redding or ochre; it is a ponderous irony earth, common in Spain; the shepherd dissolves it in water, and daubs the sheep's backs with it from the neck to the rump. It is an old custom. Some say it mixes with the grease of the wool, and so becomes a varnish impenetrable to the rain and cold; others, that its weight keeps the wool down, so hinders it from growing long and coarse; and others, that it acts as an absorbent earth, receives part of the transpiration, which would foul the wool, and make it asperous.

The latter end of September the sheep begin their march towards the low plains; their itinerary is marked out by immemorial custom, and by ordinances, and is as well regulated as the march of troops. They feed freely in all the wilds and commons they pass through, but as they must necessarily pass through many cultivated spots, the proprietors of them are obliged by law to leave a passage open for the sheep, through vineyards, olive-yards, corn-fields, and pasture land common to towns, and these passages must be at least 90 yards wide, that they may not be too crowded in

a narrow lane. These passages are often so long that the poor creatures march 6 or 7 leagues a day to get into the open wilds, where the shepherd walks slow to let them feed at ease and rest; but they never stop, they have no day of repose, they march at least two leagues a day, *ever following the shepherd*, always feeding or seeking with their heads towards the ground, till they get to their journey's end, which, from the Montana to Extramadura, is about 150 leagues, which they march in less than 40 days. The chief shepherd's first care is to see that each tribe is conducted to the same district it fed in the year before, and where the sheep were yeaned, which they think prevents a variation in the wool, though indeed this requires but little care, for it is a notorious truth that the sheep would go to that very spot of their own accord. His next care was to fix the toils* where the sheep pass the night, lest they should stray, and fall into the jaws of wolves. 'Lastly, the shepherds make up their poor huts with stakes, branches and brambles; for which end, and for firing, they are allowed by the law to cut off one branch from every tree: I believe this to be the reason that all the forest-trees near the sheep walks in Spain are as hollow as willow-pollards. The roots of trees and the quantity of sap increase yearly with the branches; if you lop off these, all the sap that should go to the annual production, and to the nourishment of buds, stems, leaves, flowers, fruit, and growth of the branches, remains in the trunk, from hence stagnation, fermentation, and rottenness. Next comes the time when the ewes begin to drop their lambs, which is the most toilsome and most solicitous part of the pastoral life. The shepherds first cull out the barren from the pregnant ewes, which are conducted to the best shelter, and the others to the bleakest part of the district. As the lambs fall they are led apart with their dams to another comfortable spot. A third division is made of the last-yeaned lambs, for whom was allotted from the beginning the most fertile part, the best soil, and sweetest grass of the down, that they may grow as vigorous as the first-yeaned, for they must all march the same day towards their summer quarters. The shepherds perform four operations upon all the lambs about the same time in the month of March, but first they

* The toils are made of sparto, in meshes a foot wide, and the thickness of a finger, so that toils serve instead of hurdles. The whole square toil is light. Sparto is a sort of rush which bears twisting into ropes for coasting vessels. It swims; hemp sinks: it is called boss by the English sailors.

pay the 20th lamb; the other half tythe is paid in the winter walk. They cut off their tails five inches below the rump for cleanliness. They mark them on the nose with a hot iron. They saw off part of their horns that the rams may neither hurt one another nor the ewes. They render impotent the lambs doomed for docile bell wethers, to walk at the head of the tribe; they make no incision; the shepherd turns the testicles with his finger 20 times about in the scrotum, till he twists the spermatic vessels as a rope, and they wither away without any danger.

As soon as the month of April comes about, which is the time of their departure, the sheep express, by various uneasy motions, a remarkable restlessness, and strong desire to go off. The shepherds must exert all their vigilance lest they should escape, and it has often happened that a tribe has stolen a forced march of three or four leagues upon a sleepy shepherd; but he is sure to find them, for they return exactly the same way they came, and there are many examples of three or four strayed sheep walking a hundred leagues to the very place they fed in the year before. Thus they all go off towards their summer mountains in the same order they came, only with this difference, the flocks that go to Leo and Castile are shorn in the road, where we will stay a little to see the apparatus of this operation, whilst the other flocks march on to Molina Aragon. They begin to shear the first of May, provided the weather be fair, for if the wool were not quite dry, the fleeces which are close piled upon one another would ferment and rot; it is for this reason that the shearing-houses are so spacious. I saw some which can contain in bad weather 20,000 sheep, and cost above 5000l. sterling; besides, the ewes are creatures of such tender constitutions, that if they were exposed immediately after shearing to the air of a bleak night, they would all perish.

There are 125 shearmen employed to shear a flock of 10,000 sheep; a man shears 12 ewes a day and but 8 rams; the reason of this difference is, not only because the rams have larger bodies, stronger and more wool, but the shearmen dare not tie their feet as they do those of the unresisting ewes. Experience taught, that the bold rebellious ram would struggle even to suffocation in captivity under the shears; they gently lay him down, they stroke his belly, they beguile him out of his fleece; a certain number of sheep are led into the great shelter-house, which is a parallelogram of 4 or 500 feet long, and 100 wide, where they remain all day; as many as they judge can be dispatched by the shear-

men next day, are driven from the shelter-hall into a long narrow, low gut, which is called the sweating place, where they remain all night, crowded as close together as the shepherd can keep them, that they may sweat plentifully, which, as they say, is to soften the wool for the shears, and oil their edges. They are led by degrees in the morning into the spacious shearing-hall, which joins the sweating-room. The shepherd carries them off as fast as they are sheared to be marked with tar, and as this operation is necessarily performed upon one at a time, it gives a fair opportunity to the shepherds to cull out for the butchery all the sheep of the flock who have outlived their teeth, The sheared sheep go to the fields to feed a little if it be fine weather, and they return in the evening to pass the night in the yard before the house, within the shelter of the walls, but if it be cold and cloudy they go into the house; they are thus brought by degrees to bear the open air, and their first days journeys from the shearing-house to the mountains, are short, where we will leave them to conclude their annual peregrination, and go see how fare the flocks of Molina Aragon, which have by this time got thither; but while the mule is saddling, a word of the shorn wool.

The sheep and shearers dispatched, the first thing done is to weigh the whole pile of wool; the next is to divide each fleece into three sorts of wool; the back and belly give the superfine, the neck and sides give the fine; the breast, shoulders, and thighs, the coarse wool. A different price is fixed upon these three classes, though the general custom is to sell the whole pile together at a mean price. It is sold after it is washed, when it is to go out of the kingdom, or to any considerable distance in it; for as it never loses less than half its weight in washing, and often more when the sweating is violent, half the carriage is saved.

Here I see that I have changed the order I proposed in setting out, for I have followed the sheep from the mountains to the plains, and back again, but it is not worth mending.

Thirty-one leagues S.E. of Madrid and five leagues S. of the source of the river Tagus, is the town of Molina Aragon, capital of a lordship of the crown, which is 12 leagues wide, as many long, and almost in the centre of Spain. The highlands of this little territory are covered with pine trees; the low lands feed about 150,000 sheep: here I learnt some truths which prove that the three following opinions should be ranked amongst vulgar errors.

1. That sheep eat and love aromatic plants, and that the flesh of those that feed on hills where sweet herbs abound has a fine taste.

2. That salt springs are not found in the high primitive mountains, but in the low hills and plains only.

3. That metallic vapours destroy vegetation, that no rocks nor mountains pregnant with rich veins of ore are covered with rich vegetable soil.

The town of Molina is almost in the middle of the sheep walks. The solid part of the country is formed of red and grey sand-stone, lime-stone, white and grey granite, and plaster-stone, white, grey, yellow, bluish, greenish, and blood red; in some places these are all beautifully mixed in one stratum. Time and moisture uncompound these stones; for they have mouldered and are daily mouldering into the soil of the country, which is always of the same nature as that of the rock. The red fuller's earth, with which the manufacturers of Molina clean their cloth, is evidently the very grains of sand of the red rock degraded into earth.—The rocks about the town contain either salt or saltpetre; you see the hewn stones of the houses covered with saline efflorescences which are drawn out by the sun after rain. The whole territory of Molina is full of salt springs, but there is a copious salt spring rising out of a land yet higher than the source of the Tagus and not far from it, which is one of the highest lands in all the inward parts of Spain; for it divides the waters of the ocean and Mediterranean. The Tagus runs 150 leagues to Lisbon, and the two rivers Guadalvair, and Sucar, which rise near it, run to Valencia. This spring furnishes salt to the jurisdiction and bishopric of Albarrazin. There is another salt spring, in a high land too, which supplies the 82 towns and villages of Molina Aragon with salt. Now I will mention the salt spring that issues out of a spot in the Montana, which is higher than the source of the Ebro, and about a quarter of a mile from it.

There are many iron, copper, lead, and pure pyritous ores in these sheep-walks, where grow the same plants and the same sweet grass as in the other parts. I will give one example. About two hours walk N.W. of Molina there is a little hill called the Platilla; it is about half a league over from valley to valley: its body is solid, rocky, of white granite, through which run in different directions, and without any order, an infinite number of blue, green, and yellow veins of rich copper ores, which hold a little silver, mineralised by a great quantity of arsenic and sulphur. The very surface of the rock is in many places stained bluish and

green, and the veins of ore are not above a foot deep in the fissures and in the solid rock, which contain lead ore sometimes up to the surface.

The following plants grow out of the soil which covers these arsenical sulphureous veins, and which is not above a foot deep. True oak, ilex, whose leaves fall; white-thorn, juniper; these are poor shrubs because they are browsed by the goats. Cystus, wild-rose, uva ursi, phlomis salviæ, fol. fl. luteo, verbascum of the highways, stœchas, sage, thymum legitimum, clus, serpyllum, greater and lesser; rosemary, helianthemum, pimpinella, chamædris, filipendula, stachys lychnoides, incana, angustifolia, flo. aureo. var. The great asphodel, coronilla of the meadows, gallium luteum, yarrow, campanula radice esculenta, a jacobea which I saw grow in the sand of the sea side, and is all quite white. A gladiolus, and a little glaucium, which grow in corn-fields in Spain, leucanthemum of the meadows, orchis, ornithogalum, muscari, polygala, and above 20 kinds more, which are found likewise in meadows, corn-fields, highways, hedges, and sea-shores; yet the non-calcary earth of this mineral hill is covered with the same sweet small grass as the rest of the country, even the lime-stone land. I made the same observations at the three greatest mines in Europe; St. Mary of the Mines in Alsatia; Claustahl, in the Hartz-Mountains of Hanover; and Freyberg, in Saxony. The mines of St. Mary are at the head of a valley in the Voge-Mountains; its hills are some of them covered with oak and pines, others with apple, pear, plumb, and cherry-trees: others are fine green downs for sheep and cows, with a great variety of plants; others are fields of wheat, which the year 1759, (as I find it in my notes) gave a product of eight for one. All these things grow in a foot or two deep of soil, which covers a rock full of the most arsenical, sulphureous, silver, copper, lead, and cobalt, ores in Europe, and most of their veins near the surface.

The mines of Claustahl are in a plain which is, in truth, the summit of a mountain. The Dorothy and Caroline veins of silver, lead, and copper ore stretch away 8 miles to the Wildman Mountain. The finest meadows and sweetest grass are upon these veins and all their branches near the city; they feed 900 cows, and 200 horses. They are mowed in June; a second grass springs up, which is mowed in August. A multitude of plants grow in these meadows over the mines, as valerian, gallium fl. albo. coronilla, chrysanthemum segettum, leucanthemum, viola tricolor. bistort. bonus Henricus, St. John's wort, agrimony, ladies-mantle, tussilago, &c.

The mines of Freyberg are in the low hills near the city: I saw them all covered with barley in the month of July: a stranger would not imagine that men were reaping corn over hundreds of miners heads, who were blowing up veins of ore, arsenic, and brimstone.

It is true I also saw mines in the barren naked mountains and hills, but it is certain that their barrenness is not the effect of mineral vapours. The air, moisture, heat, and cold, have more power over the surfaces of some rocks than others, to moulder the stone into earth; such is the high mountain Ramelsberg, at whose foot is the imperial city of Goslar, whose inhabitants live, and have lived these 900 years, by the mine of this steep, barren mountain. I crept up to its summit, and found it was split and cracked into mil ions of fissures, from a foot wide to a hair's breadth; that in other places the rock was shivered into small rotten stones, which, in some spots, were perfectly uncompounded and fallen into earth, from whence sprung a little grass, moss, and a few plants. In short, I saw that the time of its decay into vegetable mould was not yet come, and that the mountain Ramelsberg will be one day as green as Claustahl, which, shews, I think, that the world is not so old as some men fancy. I will make no apology to Mr. Peter Collinson for this digression; I heard fame declare him 23 years ago an enemy to error; he must love truth, though he finds it placed out of order.

As my duty obliged me to pass hundreds of days at the Platillo mine of Molina, I saw thousands of sheep feed around it. I observed that when the shepherd made a pause, and let them feed at their will, they sought only for the fine grass, and never touched any aromatic plant; that when the creeping serpyllum was interwoven with the grass, the sheep industriously nosled it aside to bite a blade, which trouble made them soon seek out a pure graminous spot. I observed too when the shepherd perceived a threatning cloud, and gave a signal to the dogs to collect the tribe and then go behind it, walking apace himself to lead the sheep to shelter, that as they had no time to stoop they would take a snap of stæchas, rosemary, or any other shrub in their way, for sheep will eat any thing when they are hungry, or when they walk fast. I saw them greedily devour henbane, hemlock, glaucium, and other nauseous weeds, upon their issue out of the shearing-house. If sheep loved aromatic plants, it would be one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall the farmers of Spain. The number of bee-hives is incredible; I am almost ashamed to give under my hand, that

I knew a parish priest who had 5000 hives. The bees suck all their honey, and gather all their wax from the aromatic flowers, which enamel and perfume two thirds of the sheep-walks. This priest cautiously seizes the queens in a small crape fly catch, he clips off their wings; their majesties stay at home; he assured me that he never lost a swarm from the day of his discovery to the day he saw me, which I think was five years.

The shepherd's chief care is not to suffer the sheep to go out of their toils until the morning sun has exhaled the dew of a white frost, and never let them approach a rivulet or pond after a shower of hail, for if they should eat the dewy grass, or drink hail water, the whole tribe would become melancholy, fast, pine away, and die, as often happened. Hail water is so pernicious to men in this climate, that the people of Molina will not drink the river water after a violent shower of hail: experience taught the danger; but let it be never so muddy, and rise never so high after rain, they drink it without fear. Perhaps this may be the unheeded cause of many endemical-epidemics of other cities. The sheep of Andalousia who never travel, have coarse, long, hairy wool. I saw a flock in Extramadura whose wool trailed on the ground. The itinerant sheep have short, silky, white, wool. I do believe from a few experiments, and long observation, that if the fine-wooled-sheep stayed at home in the winter, their wool would become coarse in a few generations. If the coarse-wooled-sheep travelled from climate to climate, and lived in the free air, their wool would become fine, short, and silky in a few generations.

The fineness of the wool is due to the animal's passing its life in an open air of equal temperature. It is not colder in Andalousia and Extramadura in the winter than it is in the Montana or Molina in summer. There is little frost in Andalousia, sometimes it snows in June in Molina. I felt a cold day upon the least cloud in summer. Constant heat or constant cold, with housing, are the causes of coarse, black, and speckled wool. All the animals, I know, who live in the open air, constantly keep up to the colour of their sires.—There are the most beautiful brindled sheep in the world among the coarse-wooled-sheep of Spain. I never saw one amongst the fine-wooled flocks; the free but less abundant perspiration in the open air, is swept away as fast as it flows, whereas it is greatly increased by the excessive heat of numbers of sheep housed all night in a narrow place. It fouls the wool, makes it hairy, and changes its colour. The swine of Spain, who pass their lives in the woods, are all of one co-

lour, as the wild boars. They have fine, silky, curled bristles. Never did a Spanish hog's bristle pierce a shoe. What a quantity of dander is daily secerned from the glands of a stabled horse; the curry-comb and haircloth ever in hand. How clean is the skin of a horse that lives in the open air?

I am, Sir, &c.

1764, *May and June.* W. B.

XXXVII. Observations on Parish Registers.

SIR, *Whittington, June* 14, 1764.

OUR Parish Registers, to speak generally, were very ill kept during the time of the grand usurpation; but after the restoration of King Charles II. that is, from the year 1660, the entries were more regularly made. The consequence of this has been, that till of late years, it has been difficult to ascertain the ages of those people that pretended to exceed a century; but this can now, and at all times from henceforward, very easily be done. I shall here give you an instance of this, in a person who is at this instant upon record to be in her hundred and first year. In our register, at this place, the entry is,

Miria filia Ephraim Houlms bap. tricessimo Jqnuarij 1663.

I must observe here, that my predecessor, James Howet, sometimes wrote this christian name *Miria*, and sometimes *Maria*; and further, that he began the year the 25th of March. Now, this Mary Houlms, in 1703, married George Stubbinge, and is now living, being the widow of the said Stubbinge, this 14th of June, 1764; from whence it appears she is now in her 101st year.

I say nothing of Mary Stubbinge's intellects, being of opinion, that notwithstanding what is said, now and then, in the papers, of people's enjoying their eye-sight, and their other senses, in great perfection to the last, it is very far from being a desirable thing, in a general way, to attain any such great age: *Their strength then is but labour and sorrow.*

1764, *July.* SAM. PEGGE, R.

XXXVIII. Remedy for the Sting of a Wasp in the throat.

MR. URBAN, *Leigh, Oct.* 12.

READING lately in the public papers, of a man, who, by drinking beer in a cellar, did therewith swallow a wasp, which, stinging him in the throat, was the cause of his death, soon after; it induced me to offer you a similar case, but of a more fortunate consequence, that fell under my own practice and observation, to which, the other day, I was providentially the lucky instrument, by means of the following safe and simple medicine, of procuring both a speedy and effectual cure, and thereby, beyond expectation, of preserving my patient's life, of which I here send you the full account; that by your communicating the same to the public, it may hereafter conduce to the preservation of the lives of several others, who may at any time labour under the like dangerous accidents. The whole story is this:

On the 2d. day of September last, I was called up in the morning, in haste, to Samuel Stenoe, a ship-wright, of Burnham, who was at work on a vessel at this town. He, by drinking a mug of beer brought to him, much frothed upon the top, which thereby concealed a wasp, swallowed the insect; it stung him in the gullet; yet he continued caulking the hoy he was at work upon for some minutes after; till such a sudden and violent strangulation seized him, as constrained him to hurry to my house for assistance.

Wherefore, while I was, after the first notice, hastening on my clothes, and putting up a short prayer, or ejaculation rather, for success, I had a fresh call to be as expeditious as possible, or the person would be dead before I could see him, who waited below with his friend, speechless, and black in the face; kicking, and flinging his limbs about for breath, with the utmost agony and consternation, expecting nothing else but sudden death every moment.

I bid him point to the place stung; he directed his finger to his throat, at the upper end of his breast bone, on the right side. It being a case I had never met with before, and having no time to lose, I quickened my thoughts, and soon concluded all manual operations, as with those who are choaked with other kinds of extraneous bodies, would excite, instead of mitigating the spasmodic strangulation; when the following method came suddenly into my mind,

and which, to make the more haste, I made up the medicine with my own hands.

I took some honey, and sweet oil, with a little vinegar, and with a spoon beat them all up well together in a half-pint bason. This mixture I then set down on the table by him, bidding him swallow a spoonful of it every minute, while the neighbour who attended him, and I, sat in the same room to observe the consequence. The first three spoonfuls we perceived, by his wry faces, passed down with great difficulty and pain, after which, he soon swallowed very easily and freely, and spoke out all at once, to our agreeable surprise, like a dumb man come to his speech again, as loudly and boldly as ever.

Then I bid him carry the bason with the mixture with him to his lodging, and continue taking a spoonful of it often, though seldomer than before, and lie down on his bed, and compose himself, talking to no one, nor suffering any one to talk to him, least the choaking, I told him, should return again. He did so, and next morning went well to work, and continued easy without the least return of any of the symptoms.

Now, as gentlemen of our profession, in such sudden exigencies, are not always at hand, and most families have the three aforesaid ingredients within their own possession, or, at least, may soon be obtained in the neighbourhood, I thought such a general publication of this uncommon case might possibly prove of universal benefit, and wish, whenever wanted, it may prove as successful from the hands of others as it did from mine.

Yours &c.

1765, *Oct.* JOHN COOK, M. D.

XXXIX. The famous American Receipt for the Rheumatism.

TAKE of garlick two cloves, of gum-ammoniac one drachm; blend them by bruising together; make them into two or three boluses with fair water, and swallow them one at night, and one in the morning; drink, while taking this receipt, sassafras tea, made very strong, so as to have the tea-pot filled with chips.—This is generally found to banish the rheumatism, and even contractions of the joints, in a few times taking. It is very famous in America, and 100l. has been given for the receipt.

1766, *June.*

XL. Account of the Conclave at Rome, and the proceedings upon the election of a new Pope.

THE title of cardinal was formerly common to the presbyters and deacons of great churches in cities. But in the eleventh century, the presbyters and deacons of the church of Rome, restrained the appellation to themselves, and as the dignity of the Pope increased, so did theirs; the first dawn of this affected grandeur appearing under Pope Nicholas II. Innocent IV. at the council of Lyons, in the year 1243, gave them the red hat. Boniface VIII. in 1249, the red vestments, and Urban VIII. the title of Eminentissimi; whereas before they were only stiled Illustrissimi. Sixtus V. at the council of Basil, fixed their number at seventy, which is seldom complete. They are divided into three classes: 1. Six cardinal bishops, namely, the bishop of Ostia, dean of the sacred college; the bishop of Oporto, sub-dean; and the bishops of Sabina, Palistrati, Frescati, and Albano. These bishopries may be held with other bishoprics, or archbishoprics. 2. Fifty cardinal priests; and 3. Fourteen cardinal deacons. The deans of these three classes are called their chiefs. Each of the cardinal-priests and deacons bears the title of a church in the city of Rome. The cardinals insist on precedency before the electors of the empire, and require to be treated on the same footing as crowned heads. The title of cardinal has no revenue annexed to it; but embassies, protections of Roman Catholic nations, governments, archbishoprics, prelacies, and other ecclesiastical benefices, enable them to live in great state, though not suitable to the rank they assume, more especially when they are of mean extraction, and have no fortune of their own.

The conclave is the place where the cardinals chiefly endeavour to give proofs of their genius and address. The decease of the Pope is made known to the people of Rome, by tolling the great bell of the capitol, firing the cannon of the castle of St. Angelo, and opening the prisons; and to foreign cardinals by circular letters from the cardinal Camerlingo, who invites them to the approaching conclave.

Till the conclave meets, the Camerlingo acts as regent; he is attended by the Pope's life-guard, and orders all things necessary for the opening of the conclave, which is held in the galleries and some of the anti-chambers of that

noble palace, the vatican, and consists of a number of small rooms, separated by common wooden partitions, and distributed by lot, both among the cardinals then in Rome, and those that are absent. Each usually has two; one for himself, and one for his conclavist, (who are usually people of consequence, and act as secretaries.) These little rooms only contain a bed, three or four chairs, and a table. On the 11th day after the Pope's death, all the cardinals in the city meet in the morning in St. Peter's church, where the mass *Sancti Spiritus* is celebrated; and after a sermon on the duties to be observed in the election of a Pope, they proceed two by two into the conclave, which is then shut up by the governor and marshal, who are appointed upon those occasions, none being let out; except in cases of dangerous illness, till a new Pope is elected, and even then the person who leaves the conclave is not allowed to return, but loses his vote. The governor of the conclave is always previously chosen by the cardinals; and together with the marshal, resides at the entrance of the vatican. Without their express licence, no person is suffered to go in or out. Whilst the cardinals sit in conclave, refreshments are brought to the outside of the vatican and deposited in boxes, which turn round like those usually placed at the gates of convents, so that whatever they contain may be received by the person within. Every conclave is said to stand the apostolic chamber in 200,000 scudi, or according to some in 300,000. Each cardinal orders his conclavists to write down on a slip of paper, the name of the person to whom he gives his suffrage for being elected Pope. This is thrown into a chalice which stands on a long table covered with green cloth, in the beautiful chapel of the conclave, which was built by Pope Sixtus IV. Two cardinals appointed for that purpose, successively read aloud the notes, marking the number of votes for every cardinal. He who has two thirds is declared Pope: otherwise the scrutiny is repeated till this number is complete. If this manner of election does not take place, recourse is had to another, called *Accessus*, by which the notes of the former scrutiny being set aside, every cardinal must give in writing his vote to another; and if by this way two thirds do not appear of one mind, there is still another resource called *Inspiratio*, by virtue of which, such of the cardinals as are unanimous, come out of their cells and call aloud to each other, and openly mention the name of him they fix upon for Pope: on this the others, to avoid in-

curring the displeasure of the new elected pontiff, join in the cry, and thus the election is carried. If this method also fails, the scrutiny begins anew, and the election proves very tedious.

The Emperor of Germany, and the Kings of France and Spain, are allowed to exclude a person proposed for the Popedom; but this protest must be made before the complete declaration of the votes for such a person.

It is required that the Pope be an Italian, and at least fifty-five years of age; though they seldom elect any one who is not near seventy. When the election is over, the rest of the cardinals pay due homage to the Pope elect, who, after a short prayer, declares the name he will bear for the future. The chief of the cardinal deacons then proclaims him to the people, who, on these occasions, wait in great multitudes with eager expectation about St. Peter's place. The coronation of his holiness with the triple crown, is generally performed about eight days after.

1769, *April.*

XLI. Letters relative to the execution of Doyle and Valline.

ON Saturday, October 21, 1769, the Recorder of London passed sentence at the Old Bailey on several capital convicts, amongst whom were, John Doyle and John Valline*) in the following words:

"You the several prisoners at the bar, shall be taken hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the *usual* place of execution; where you are to be severally hanged by the neck till you are dead, and may God Almighty be merciful to your souls."

Thursday, Nov. 9, The Sheriffs received a warrant from the Recorder, for the execution of John Doyle and John Valline; at the most convenient place near Bethnel-Green church. The Sheriffs much startled at this variation from the sentence pronounced in court, laid their doubts before counsel; and in consequence of the opinion received, wrote the following letter to Lord Weymouth.

* They were weavers, and condemned for destroying work in the looms.

MY LORD,

THE inclosed will inform your lordship of the difficulty we are under respecting the execution of Doyle and Valline, two convicts now under sentence of death in Newgate. We propose to wait on his majesty to-morrow morning, to deliver a like paper into his own hands, of which we think it proper previously to transmit you this copy, that his majesty may be apprized of it.

J. TOWNSEND.
J. SAWBRIDGE.

Lord Weymouth's Answer.

GENTLEMEN, *Arlington-street, Nov.* 13.

I HAVE received your letter of this day's date, which was left at my office by Mr. Reynolds, at near eleven o'clock this night. I beg leave to inform you, that your intended mode of application to the king is irregular. I am ready to receive and lay before his majesty, in a proper manner, any doubts which you may entertain with regard to the discharge of your duty on this occasion, and shall not fail to signify to you his majesty's further commands thereupon.

WEYMOUTH.

The next morning, Nov. 14, the Sheriffs waited on Lord Weymouth, and delivered into his hands a petition, to be by him presented to his majesty, of which the following is a copy:

To the King's most excellent Majesty.

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

THE Recorder of London having signified to us, the Sheriffs of the county of Middlesex, that it is your majesty's pleasure that the two convicts, John Doyle and John Valline, now under sentence of death in Newgate, who, at the last sessions of gaol delivery, holden for the city of London and county of Middlesex, were sentenced to be hanged at the *usual* place of execution, should, notwithstanding, be executed at the most convenient place near Bethnel-Green church; we humbly conceive it our duty to lay before your majesty our doubts, whether we can lawfully comply with this your majesty's pleasure, to which, upon all occasions, it is our most earnest wish to be able to conform.

On the most mature deliberation and inquiry which the time has permitted, we are advised, that the sentence pronounced by the court, is our warrant for execution, to which we must look; and that we shall not be justifiable in departing from it.

We therefore humbly pray, that your majesty will be graciously pleased to respite the said execution, that the same may be re-considered; and to give us such further directions as may satisfy our doubts.

J. TOWNSEND.
J. SAWBRIDGE.

On Tuesday night, Nov. 14, the Sheriffs received the following letter from Lord Weymouth.

GENTLEMEN, *St. James's, Nov.* 14.

I DID not fail to lay before the king, the paper which you transmitted to me last night, a copy of which you put into my hands this morning, relative to the difficulties you are under, respecting the execution of Doyle and Valline, and his majesty has been graciously pleased to respite the execution for a week.—As upon the most mature deliberation and inquiry which the time hath permitted, you are advised that the sentence pronounced by the court is your warrant for execution, to which you must look, and that you shall not be justifiable in departing from it, I am commanded to signify to you his majesty's pleasure, that you transmit to me, for his majesty's information, the opinion or opinions which you have taken on this occasion, that his majesty may be the better enabled to give you such further directions as may *satisfy* your doubts *according to your request.*

WEYMOUTH.

Respite for one week.

Letter from the Sheriffs to Lord Weymouth.

MY LORD, *Nov.* 15, 1769.

WE desire your lordship to express our thankful acknowledgment of his majesty's great goodness in graciously condescending to our request, and permitting us to lay before his majesty the reason which induced us to doubt of the legality of the Recorder's directions relative to the execution of Doyle and Valline.

And first, my lord, we suppose it is agreed by all, that

the judgment pronounced is our warrant for execution to which we must look: every execution which is not pursuant to the judgment is unwarrantable: the Sheriff is to pursue the sentence of the court: if he varies from the judgment it has been held murder: and the judgment pronounced on Doyle and Valline is, that they be carried to the *usual* place of execution.

2. The king cannot by his prerogative vary the execution, so as to aggravate the punishment beyond the intention of the law: and the ends of public justice are effectually answered if the offender suffer death, the *ultimum supplicium*, without any circumstances of infamy or rigour which the judgment doth not import. The king, undoubtedly, can wholly pardon the offender, or he can mitigate his punishment with regard to the pain or infamy of it: the mercy of the crown is not bounded, but it cannot go beyond the letter of the law in point of rigour; for the law proceedeth in both cases with a perfect uniformity of sentiment and motive. The same benignity of the law, which hath left the prerogative free and unconfined in one case, hath set bounds to it in the other. Now, my lord, it will not be said that the present alteration is, or is intended as a mitigation of the judgment pronounced. To force in a manner the wives and children of the unhappy sufferers, to be spectators of the infamous death of their husbands and fathers, by executing them as near as conveniently may be to their own houses, cannot be intended, nor will it be esteemed a matter of royal grace; nor is it granted at the prayer of the parties, or their friends. Custom may sometimes give a sanction to a practice founded in humanity, and not repugnant to any law of substantial justice. But we do not suppose that either memorial, usage, or custom, can be urged in behalf of this alteration; or if they could, that they would make it justifiable; because it would not be a practice founded in mercy; and undoubtedly, where that is not the case (perhaps even where it is) *judicandum est legibus non exemplis.*

3. Our doubts, my lord, are still farther increased, and become more important, when we consider the consequences to which an admission of this power would lead us. If the crown can in one instance, contrary to the sentence, appoint a different place of execution, it may in all: if it can change the *usual* place of execution to Bethnel-Green, it may to Newgate-street, or even to Newgate itself: and thus our boasted usage of public execution (not less necessary to the satisfaction and security of the subject, than public

trial,) may make way for private execution, and for all those dreadful consequences with which private executions are attended, in every country where they have been introduced.

4. Had this power of alteration been in the crown, (which we humbly conceive not to be the case,) yet we imagine, that his majesty's pleasure has not been properly notified to us; and that the Recorder's authority alone would not be sufficient to justify us for acting in consequence of it, for departing from the sentence pronounced by the court.

For these reasons, and for those contained in the opinion, which, since your lordship requests it, accompanies this, we humbly pray his majesty either to suffer the sentence of the court to be executed at the *usual* place of execution, or to permit us to have the sanction of the judges opinion on a matter of so great importance to ourselves, and, as we conceive, to the whole nation.

We are, &c.

J. TOWNSEND.
J. SAWBRIDGE.

Case, and Serjeant Glynn's opinion.

Case.

A MAN convicted for felony without benefit of clergy, receives sentence in court, in the words following, viz. "That you be taken hence to the place from whence you came and from thence to the *usual* place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

For the execution of the same man, a warrant is sent by the Recorder, signifying, "That it is his majesty's pleasure that the said sentence be executed in the most convenient place near Bethnel-Green church, in the county of Middlesex.

Your opinion is desired, whether a Sheriff will by law be justified in executing such warrant of the Recorder.

Mr. Serjeant Glynn's opinion.

I CONFESS a very great difficulty in answering this question. If the place is a *material* part of the sentence, the omission of which would vitiate the judgment, the execution must be conformable to it, and I know no authority that can justify a deviation from it. The king may pardon all or part of the sentence, but cannot alter it; the Sheriff's authority is the sentence, he is bound to look to it, and see it rightly

executed. If the place is *not material*, then I should conceive it to be in the Sheriff's discretion, he being responsible for the fitness and propriety of the place. I know not how to account for the many instances of execution in places different from the judgment by command of the judges upon the circuit, or his majesty in London and Middlesex, than as recommendations to the Sheriffs and intended indemnities to them against the consequences of departing from ancient usage. There are certain cases in which the Sheriffs must disobey such commands, viz. if the crown commanded an execution in a private room or a church, &c. Though I am not determined in my judgment with respect to the *materiality* of the place in the sentence, I have no doubt of the conclusion that must follow from either proposition: if it is *material*, no power can change it; if it is *not material*, the Sheriff is entrusted with the execution of the sentence, and must have it in his power to judge of the place. I should advise the Sheriffs to represent to his majesty the doubts conceived by them; the more so as I cannot but doubt of the propriety of signifying his majesty's pleasure through the Recorder, being much inclined to think that the Sheriffs cannot in any case be justified but by the commands of the king, or the court, directed to them.

Nov. 13, 1769. JOHN GLYNN.

Respite for a fortnight.

Nov. 23, The Sheriffs received the following letter from the Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor.

GENTLEMEN, *Lincoln's-Inn fields, Nov.* 13, 1769.

I HAVE the honour to send you herewith inclosed a copy of the case and question referred, by his majesty's command, to the twelve judges, and hope the case is so stated as to bring the point upon which your doubts have been conceived, fully and completely before their lordships. I have this day laid the case before my lords the judges, who will return their answer as soon as they have considered and formed their opinion upon the same.

I have, &c.

CAMDEN.

Case referred to the Judges.

JOHN Doyle and John Valline were convicted at the last sessions of gaol delivery for the county of Middlesex, at the Old Bailey, of felony without benefit of the clergy, and received sentence of death.

The sentence pronounced in court, by the Recorder of London, was as follows: "That you the several prisoners at the bar, be taken hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the *usual* place of execution, where you are to be severally hanged by the neck till you are dead, and may God Almighty be merciful to your souls."

His majesty was afterwards pleased to signify his pleasure to the Recorder, by his *sign manual*, that he should by his warrant direct the prisoners to be executed in the most convenient place near Bethnel-Green church, in the county of Middlesex; whereupon the Recorder of London, issued his warrant in the following words:

London and Middlesex. } To the Sheriffs of the city of London, and to the Sheriffs of the county of Middlesex, &c.

Whereas at the sessions of the general gaol delivery of Newgate, for the city of London and county of Middlesex, holden at Justice Hall in the Old Bailey, on Wednesday, the 18th day of Oct. last, John Doyle and John Valline received sentence of death for their offence in the indictment against them mentioned: and whereas it hath been duly signified to me that it is his majesty's pleasure that the said sentence be executed in the most convenient place near Bethnel-Green church, in the county of Middlesex: now it is hereby ordered, that the execution of the said sentence be made and done upon them, the said John Doyle and John Valline, on Wednesday, the 15th day of this instant month of November, at the most convenient place near Bethnel-Green church, in the said county of Middlesex.

Given under my hand and seal,
This 9th day of November, 1769,

JAMES EYRE, RECORDER.

The Sheriffs of London have entertained a doubt whether it is lawful for them to execute the said convicts, according

to the tenor of the above warrant, at the most convenient place near Bethnel-Green church, in the county of Middlesex.

Therefore the question is, whether it is lawful for them to execute the said convicts, according to the tenor of the above warrant, at the most convenient place near Bethnel-Green church, in the county of Middlesex?

The Sheriffs letter to the Lord Chancellor.

MY LORD, *Nov.* 24, 1769.

WE return your lordship many thanks for your letter, and for the copy of a case which accompanied it.

We are sorry to say, that the case is not so stated as to bring the points upon which our doubts are conceived, fully and completely before the judges. My lord, it is so far from being *full* and *complete* that it is not the *same* case. It differs essentially as we conceive, from the case which we delivered to Lord Weymouth, to be laid before his majesty; and on which his lordship taught us to expect such farther directions as might *satisfy* our doubts.

It is not the same case:—For the copy inclosed by your lordship states his majesty's pleasure signified by a sign manual. (Note, this sign manual is not given, as the sentence and the Recorder's warrant are, for the judges consideration.)

His majesty's pleasure, my lord, signified by a sign manual, makes no part of our case. To us there is no such sign manual. *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.* This difference is material; for on it is founded our fourth objection in the case, as stated by us.

It is not full and complete:—For the copy inclosed by your lordship concludes that the question is, whether it is *lawful* for the Sheriffs to execute the said convicts, according to the tenor of the Recorder's warrant, at the most convenient place near Bethnel-Green church, in the county of Middlesex. The question in our case is not only whether it is *lawful*, but also whether it is *necessary*; not only whether the Sheriffs *lawfully may*, but whether *by law they must* execute according to the tenor of the Recorder's warrant.

The case, of which your lordship has favoured us with a copy, consists of four parts.

The sentence of the court.

The Recorder's warrant.

A stating of a sign manual,—*which is not our case.*

A conclusion, —*which is not our question.*

The case and question therefore referred by his majesty's command to the twelve judges, is neither our case nor our question.

A naked opinion of the judges, on the case referred to them, will not *satisfy* our doubts, as to that due execution of our office, to which we are bound by law and oath. For by stating, as part of the case, the sign manual (of which we know nothing) the judges perhaps may not confine their considerations to the validity of the Recorder's warrant, which yet is the only one we have for execution, except the sentence of the court, with which it militates; and by concluding that the question is, whether it is *lawful* for the Sheriffs to execute the convicts according to the tenor of the Recorder's warrant, *our* questions may chance to receive no answer; for should their lordships, the judges, be of opinion that these words—the *usual* place of execution—are not a *material* part of the sentence: and should they, observing the discretion which is still left to the Sheriffs, even in the Recorder's warrant; and that if the discretion is in the crown, and not in the Sheriffs, it cannot be delegated by the crown to the Sheriffs; should the judges upon this or any other account, be farther of opinion that the place is left to the discretion of the Sheriffs, making themselves responsible for the fitness of the place; their lordships might then answer the question referred to them in the affirmative; and might thereby seem to vest the discretion in the crown, whilst the very reason of their answer would be, that they judged it to be in the Sheriffs.

For these, and many other reasons, my lord, we wish humbly to intreat his majesty, that the same method may be followed with us, as was practised in Sir Edward Coke's case, who, after having been chief-justice, was appointed Sheriff of the county of Buckingham, and taking four exceptions to the oath proposed to him, both his exceptions and his reasons were, by the Lord Keeper, laid before all the judges, and received each a separate answer with *their* reasons.

In the same manner we pray, that this letter, and *our* objections, as we delivered these to the Secretary of State, may be laid before the judges, that so *our* case, and *our* questions, may receive an answer, since it is intended to satisfy *our* doubts.

We are, my Lord, &c.

J. TOWNSEND.
J. SAWBRIDGE.

The Lord Chancellor's answer.

GENTLEMEN,

I RECEIVED your letter at Westminster this morning, and have transmitted it to Lord Weymouth, and am inclined to believe, that when you have seen the judges opinion that was sent to me last night, and, which I have desired Lord Weymouth to send you a copy of, you will be satisfied that the Recorder's warrant is a lawful authority for you to see execution done, according to the tenor of the warrant.

If the warrant is a lawful authority, I conceive that you will be under a necessity to obey it. I will only add, that your reasons and petition, together with Serjeant Glynn's opinion, were transmitted by me to Lord Mansfield, and I dare say, have been perused by the judges, though they make no part of the case.

After you have perused the judges opinion, I should be obliged to you if you would state your own case, with your question, which will be taken into consideration if you remain dissatisfied, and it should appear that any material fact has been stated that ought to be omitted, or any thing omitted that ought to have been stated, or if the question has been defectively or improperly drawn.

CAMDEN.

On Friday, Dec. 1. the Sheriffs received the following letter from Lord Weymouth.

GENTLEMEN, *St. James's, Nov* 30.

HIS majesty having thought proper to take the judges opinion upon the difficulties you were under with regard to the execution of Doyle and Valline, in order to satisfy your doubts upon that head I am commanded to acquaint you, that the judges are of opinion, "that the time and place of execution, are, in law, *no part* of the judgment, and that the Recorder's warrant was a lawful authority to the Sheriffs, as to the time and place of execution."

WEYMOUTH.

From Lord Weymouth to the Recorder.

SIR, *St. James's, Nov.* 30, 1769.

THE Sheriffs having expressed doubts with regard to the

execution of Doyle and Valline, it was thought proper to take the judges opinion on that matter, which I send you herewith; and I am to acquaint you, that, having laid the same before the king, it is his majesty's pleasure, that there shall be no further respite for those convicts.

WEYMOUTH.

From the Sheriffs to the Lord Chancellor.

MY LORD,

WE did not receive from Lord Weymouth, any account of the judges opinion, given on Friday last, Nov. 24th till last Friday, the 1st of Dec. We thought it not right to trouble your lordship with a reply, whilst we were in daily expectations of that opinion. And we waited with the greatest impatience, lest your lordship, not imagining that such a delay could have happened, should suppose us either backward to acknowledge our satisfaction, or negligent to avail ourselves of your lordship's very kind and candid offer of farther consideration, if we remain dissatisfied. We cannot but lament, my lord, that by the inclosed letter from Lord Weymouth, our doubts are *over-ruled*, without being *satisfied*. We can account for it no otherwise, than by supposing, *if the judges saw our objections and our questions*, that they deemed them too trivial to deserve an answer. Whilst we submit entirely to the judges opinion, as conveyed to us by Lord Weymouth, we are unhappy to be sent to execution without the least information where this discretion is lodged, or by whom it is exercised. We have received, as in our last letter we apprehend, a naked opinion from the judges, "that the place of execution is in law no part of the judgment, and that the Recorder's warrant is a lawful authority to the Sheriffs as to the place of execution."

If we have had our doubts, and have been mistaken in our opinion, we hope your lordship will excuse us when you consider, that even the Recorder, so conversant in these matters, and whose warrant is, for the future, to be our authority, was himself uncertain: for when he directed us in court to the *usual* place of execution, he must either have supposed it a part of the sentence, or that he was exercising a discretion, in that particular, vested in himself. His subsequent warrant contradicted both these suppositions.

Supposing the place to be no part of the sentence, how could we avoid being startled when we saw,

First, A discretion exercised by the Recorder directing us to the *usual* place of execution.

Secondly, A discretion exercised by the crown, setting aside the Recorder's discretion.

Thirdly, This discretion of the crown not signified to us by writ, or sign manual, but by warrant from the Recorder, whose discretion it over-ruled. And

Lastly, A discretion left to ourselves to execute, not *in*, but as *near* to a *church* as we should judge convenient.

We need not repeat to your lordship many other reasons as well as those we have before given, to justify our conduct. The judges have determined, and we do not presume to hesitate on their decision. What is now said is not meant to cause any farther trouble, but only as an apology for that which we have already occasioned to your lordship.

We are, &c.

J. TOWNSEND.
J. SAWBRIDGE.

From the Sheriffs to Lord Weymouth.

MY LORD, *London, Dec.* 2.

THE opinion of the judges, as conveyed to us by your lordship, has over-ruled our doubts, and we must request your lordship to present his majesty our most humble thanks for his majesty's royal condescension, in directing our case to be laid before the judges.

We are, &c.

J. TOWNSEND.
J. SAWBRIDGE.

P. S. We shall be obliged to your lordship, if you will direct Mr. Serjeant Glynn's opinion to be returned to us.

Letter from Lord Weymouth.

GENTLEMEN, *St. James's, Dec.* 4.

I AM glad to find that the opinion of the judges has over-ruled your doubts. I shall not fail to lay before the king your thanks for his majesty's goodness upon this occasion. As Mr. Serjeant Glynn's opinion was transmitted to me by you as one of the reasons which induced you to doubt of the legality of the Recorder's directions, and was,

by me, laid before his majesty, *the original must remain in my office,* but I send you the inclosed copy.

I am, &c.

WEYMOUTH.

John Doyle and John Valline were executed at Bethnel-Green, on Wednesday, December 6, 1769.

The next sentence which Mr. Recorder of London passed, was on Monday the 11th of December, when he pronounced the following words *only.*

" You the several prisoners at the bar shall be severally hanged by the neck till you are dead, and may God Almighty be merciful to your souls."

1769, *Sept.*
1770, *Jan.*

XLII. Want of CHARACTER, a common Defect.

Nothing so true, as what you once let fall,
Most women have no character at all.

POPE.

MR. URBAN,

THERE are an infinity of persons in the world, who have absolutely no character; the temperament of whose minds is so equal, so insipid, that no one passion predominates, no talent appears conspicuous above the rest; and I know not whether this evenness of disposition be not a state much to be envied, since the maxim is, *qui bene latuit, bene vixit;* most men, however, will be aiming at an excellency in some way, though they so frequently miscarry in their views and designs; and it is doubtless a very laudable ambition for a man to endeavour to distinguish himself above the herd, especially when his object, or point in view, is honourable and praiseworthy, as tending to the benefit and advantage of his fellow creatures; and as his view is splendid, so he will be sure to display his best parts and abilities in the pursuit of it. Hence arises *character,* and as men's minds are various, and their pursuits different, characters will of

course be both numerous and distinct. I will here recite a few instances of men, both ancient and modern, in whose characters all the world have in a manner agreed, and have accordingly conferred upon them a *peculiar epithet* expressive of the turn, the genius, and superior excellency of them in their several departments.

Amongst the Orientals.

Moses was eminent for his meekness.
Job for his patience.
Solomon for his wisdom, &c.

In Greece.

The poet, κατ' ἐξοχήν, meant Homer.
The philosopher, Aristotle.
Heraclitus was called ὁ Σκοτεινὸς, on account of the obscurity of his stile.
Alexander was *the Great*, and
Plato the Divine, &c.

At Rome

Valerius was Publicola.
Fabius, Maximus.
Pompey, Magnus.
Cicero, the Orator.
M. Aurelius, the Philosopher, &c.

And lastly, amongst ourselves, all have consented to give to Beda the title of *Venerable*, whilst amongst the Schoolmen, one was *Doctor Subtilis*, another *Doctor Profundus*, &c.
Mr. Hooker is usually termed the judicious.
Mr. Hales of Eton, the memorable.
Camden, the learned.
Milton, the sublime.
Newton, the sagacious, &c.

So in regard to Kings.

Lewis was le debonnaire.
Charles, le sage.
Philip, le hardi.
Lewis, le bien aimé.
Henry, Beauclerc.

Richard, Cœur de Lion.
William, of glorious memory, &c.

And the Pope upon occasion hath much in the same manner characterised several of the Europeans, by the titles of
Christianissimus. Fidei Defensor.
Catholicus. Fidelissimus, &c.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

1770, *Jan.* T. ROW.

XLIII. On the general application of the Word GREAT.

MR. URBAN,

IN speaking, or writing of those persons, who have been very eminent and conspicuous in their way, of whatever kind their excellence has been, we are very apt to call them, and to dignify them with the title of *great*. Thus we say, the great Lord Bacon, the great Doctor Harvey, the great Newton, meaning Sir Isaac Newton, the great Locke, &c. But besides this, there are certain subjects in history, on whom, by general consent, the posterities have conferred the addition of *great*, *magnus*, or μέγας, κατ' ἐξοχήν, distinguishing them thereby from others, who have happened to bear the same names.

For the amusement of your readers, Mr. Urban, I have here sent you a short list of those extraordinary personages, who, so far as I can recollect them, have been honoured with this noble *agnomen*, leaving it to others to supply deficiencies from their own reading and memory; and only observing, that though here speaking in general, I have termed it a *noble agnomen*, yet greatness separate from *goodness*, does not always constitute a noble, a finished, and exalted character, but perhaps in some instances may be the reverse; goodness being, without doubt, much more amiable and valuable, and consequently more noble, than mere greatness, how transcendant soever.

Cyrus the Great, founder of the Persian Monarchy.
Alexander, son of Philip of Macedon.
Antiochus, King of Syria.
Herod, the Idumean, King of Judea.
Pompey, the rival of Julius Cæsar.

Valentinian, Roman Emperor.
Theodosius, Roman Emperor.
St. Basil, one of the Greek Fathers.
Leo the Pope.
Gregory the Pope;
Constantine, Roman Emperor.
Charles, Charlemagne, Emperor of the Franks.
Offa, King of Mercia.
Egbert, King of Wessex.
Ælfred, King of England.
Egbar, Great Mogul.
Lewis XIV. King of France.
Peter, Czar of Muscovy.

I have omitted, you observe, St. James Major, one of the Apostles, so called to distinguish him from St. James the Less; also Olaus Magnus, Johannes Magnus, and Albertus Magnus, have no place assigned them in the list; neither have I noted the expressions, the Great Mogul, the Grand Sighior, the Grand Chan, and the Grand Lama of Tartary; as these do not so much denote the pre-eminence of particular persons, as the grandeur of their several states and empires.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

1771, *March.* T. Row.

XLIV. Description of a wonderful Automaton. In a Letter from the Rev. Mr. Dutens.

Sir, *Presburg (in Hungary) July 24.*

I LEAVE others to describe to you the magnificent feasts and rejoicings occasioned here by the presence of the Empress Queen, the Emperor, and all the Imperial family. It is in my opinion almost impossible to do justice to that affability and condescension, so full at once of regard and confidence, with which these great personages converse with their subjects; and no less so to describe that noble tribute of love and reverence which they receive from their subjects in return. I shall content myself to inform the public, through the channel of your correspondence, of an invention which reflects no less honour on the sciences, than on the city of Presburg which hath produced it.

During my stay in this city, I have been so happy as to

form an acquaintance with M. de Kempett, an Aulic Counsellor and Director General of the salt mines in Hungary. It seems impossible to attain to a more perfect knowledge of Mechanics, than this gentleman hath done. At least no artist has yet been able to produce a machine, so wonderful in its kind, as what he constructed about a year ago. M. de Kempett, excited by the accounts he received of the extraordinary performances of the celebrated M. de Vaucanson, and of some other men of genius in France and England, at first aimed at nothing more, than to imitate those artists. But he has done more, he has excelled them. He has constructed an Automaton, which can play at chess with the most skilful players. This machine represents a man of the natural size, dressed like a Turk, sitting before the table which holds the chess-board. This table (which is about three feet and a half long, and about two feet and a half broad) is supported by four feet that roll on castors, in order the more easily to change its situation; which the inventor fails not to do from time to time, in order to take away all suspicion of any communication. Both the table and the figure are full of wheels, springs, and leavers. M. de Kempett makes no difficulty of shewing the inside of the machine, especially when he finds any one suspects a boy to be in it. I have examined with attention all the parts both of the table and figure, and I am well assured there is not the least ground for such an imputation. I have played a game at chess with the Automaton myself. I have particularly remarked, with great astonishment, the precision with which it made the various and complicated movements of the arm, with which it plays. It raises the arm, it advances it towards that part of the chess-board, on which the piece stands, which ought to be moved; and then by a movement of the wrist, it brings the hand down upon the piece, opens the hand, closes it upon the piece in order to grasp it, lifts it up, and places it upon the square it is to be removed to; this done, it lays its arm down upon a cushion which is placed on the chess-board. If it ought to take one of it's adversary's pieces, then by one entire movement, it removes that piece quite off the chess-board, and by a series of such movements as I have been describing, it returns to take up its own piece, and place it in the square, which the other had left vacant. I attempted to practise a small deception, by giving the Queen the move of a Knight; but my mechanic opponent was not to be so imposed on; he took up my Queen and replaced her in the square she had been removed from. All this is done with the same readiness that a com-

mon player shews at this game, and I have often engaged with persons, who played neither so expeditiously, nor so skilfully as this Automaton, who yet would have been extremely affronted, if one had compared them to him. You will perhaps expect me to propose some conjectures, as to the means employed to direct this machine in its movements. I wish I could form any that were reasonable and well-founded; but notwithstanding the minute attention, with which I have repeatedly observed it, I have not been able in the least degree to form any hypothesis which could satisfy myself. The English ambassador, Prince Guistiniani, and several English Lords, for whom the inventor had the complaisance to make the figure play, stood round the table while I played the game. They all had their eyes on M. de Kempett, who stood by the table, or sometimes removed five or six feet from it, yet not one of them could discover the least motion in him, that could influence the Automaton. They who had seen the effects produced by the loadstone in the curious exhibitions on the Boulevards at Paris, cried out, that the loadstone must have been the means here employed to direct the arm. But, besides that there are many objections to this supposition, M. de Kempett, with whom I have had long conversations since on this subject, offers to let any one bring as close as he pleases to the table the strongest and best-armed magnet that can be found, or any weight of iron whatever, without the least fear that the movements of his machine will be affected or disturbed by it. He also withdraws to any distance you please, and lets the figure play four or five moves successively without approaching it. It is unnecessary to remark, that the marvellous in this Automaton consists chiefly in this, that it has not (as in others, the most celebrated machines of this sort) one determined series of movements, but that it always moves in consequence of the manner in which its opponent moves; which produces an amazing multitude of different combinations in its movements. M. de Kempett winds up from time to time the springs of the arm of this Automaton, in order to renew its MOVING FORCE, but this, you will observe, has no relation to its GUIDING FORCE or power of direction, which makes the great merit of this machine. In general I am of opinion that the contriver influences the direction of almost every stroke played by the Automaton, although as I have said, I have sometimes seen him leave it to itself for many moves together; which, in my opinion, is the most difficult circumstance of all to comprehend in what regards this machine. M. de Kempett has the more merit in this invention,

as he complains that his designs have not always been seconded by workmen so skilful as was requisite to the exact precision of a work of this nature; and he hopes he shall, ere long, produce to the world performances still more surprising than this. Indeed one may expect every thing from his knowledge and skill, which are exceedingly enhanced by his uncommon modesty. Never did genius triumph with less ostentation.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

1771, *Jan.*

XLV. Method of taking Impressions from Medals.

Mr. Urban,

CHIEFLY owing to the cost required for purchasing a cabinet of medals, it has happened, that the study of them has hitherto been confined, comparatively, to a few individuals. Another principal impediment to the cultivation of an acquaintance with them has arisen from the difficulty of understanding the inscriptions thereon, for want of a sufficient knowledge of languages; on which account in particular, this study has been condemned by the illiterate as barren and useless; but such as are acquainted with the advantages which have already resulted from these *nummi memoriales*, cannot hesitate a moment to assist the promotion of a more general pursuit of the subject.

While colossian statues, and the hardest marbles, with their deepest inscriptions are destroyed by accident or by time, and paintings finished with the highest colours quickly fade, a medal shall survive innumerable accidents, and disclose historical facts a thousand years after statues are crumbled away; and when nothing but the names of an Apelles or a Praxiteles remain. Does not a single medal of which we are in possession, give us greater light into history, than the once famous libraries of Alexandria and Pergamus, which are now no more? From these and many other considerations, I would willingly contribute my endeavours to render this study more general, and consequently more useful. I have tried a variety of methods to enable a young medalist to collect a cabinet, which may initiate him into the knowledge of medals and coins at a trifling expence.

The method of taking off plaster-of-Paris and sulphur impressions, is known to every body: the first is too soft to

preserve them from injury, and the brittleness of sulphur is a greater objection.

I found by forming a coat or layer of thin metal over the plaster of Paris, it would be a considerable defence. Tin is the cheapest and most convenient metal for the purpose, as it is sufficiently flexible, and at the same time very much resembles silver. The tin-foil I have tried, is of the same kind with that used for silvering looking-glasses. It should be laid over the medal or coin intended to be taken off, and then rubbed either with a brush, the point of a skewer, or a pin, till it has received perfectly, the impression of the medal; the tin-foil should now be pared off round the edge of the medal till it is brought to the same circumference: the medal must then be reversed, and the tin-foil will drop off into a chip box or mould ready to receive it, the concave side of the foil, or that which laid on the face of the medal, being uppermost; upon this pour plaster of Paris made in the usual manner, and when dry, the cast figure may be taken out of the box or mould, with the tin-foil sticking on the plaster, the convex side being now uppermost again, in which position it is to be kept in the cabinet, after it becomes dry. To have an impression very perfect, the thinnest tin-foil should be made use of.

The impressions taken in the foregoing manner almost equal silver medals in beauty, and are very durable. If the box or mould be rather larger than the impression of tin-foil, the plaster, when poured on, runs round its edges, and forms a kind of white frame, or circular border round the foil, whence the new made medal appears more neat and beautiful. If this tin-foil be gilt with gold leaf, by means of thin isinglass glue, the medal will resemble gold.

Having thus endeavoured to put it into the power of a young medalist to procure, in this manner, what number of medals and coins he pleases, for at most as many pence, I shall conclude, with only saying, that if by this means I may prove instrumental to the promotion of a more general knowledge thereof, by rendering the expence inconsiderable, it will be adequate to the motives of

1771, *Feb.* INVESTIGATOR.

XLVI. Lunar Head Ache, with Remedies.

MR. URBAN,

I SEND you the following remarkable case, in hopes that some of your medical correspondents will take the trouble of considering, and giving their opinion upon it.

And am yours, &c.

W. E.

A YOUNG man, by trade a gardener, of the age of 22 years, has been for seven years past (at every change of the moon) afflicted with a most violent head ache, which entirely destroys his appetite, depsives him of rest, and renders him totally incapable of following his business. He expects the return of his disorder about 24 hours before the change, from which time, till the change, the pain, and the ill consequences attending it increase, then gradually decrease, and about sun-set of the second day after, he finds himself perfectly recovered. He has frequently bathed in the sea, and taken vast quantities of medicine without the least good effect, as he thinks every return of his disorder is more violent than the former. He is, at all other times, extremely hearty, and of a healthy appearance.

MR. URBAN, *Leeds, May 18th*, 1771.

HAVING been much afflicted with an obstinate head ache, from which I feared I should find no deliverance, and being now greatly relieved of that troublesome complaint, I felt more compassion for the young man mentioned in your last month's Magazine, than would probably have been excited by the recital of another case equally troublesome.

My compassion for him has made me venture to give my opinion upon his case, and to offer a hint for his relief.

If the case is fairly stated, and no material circumstances concealed, I should apprehend this disorder to arise from a partial plethora, and would recommend the following method of cure.

Let his diet be very temperate both in quantity and quality; let no liquor be drunk stronger than mild table beer, of a good age and well hopped. It would probably be still better to drink only water with his victuals. Let him eat no flesh meat but at dinner; let his breakfast and supper be

of milk, or water gruel: let his belly be kept gently open by some mild purgative taken occasionally at bed time. Let his head be kept cool: if he wears his own hair, let it be always cut thin; if a wig, let his head be shaved all over twice a week. I would advise him not to bathe his body, but to wash his head and neck every morning with the coldest water he can procure. Let him wear nothing tight or very warm about his neck, and in the night always sleep with the collar of his shirt unbuttoned. Let him frequently wash his feet in water, new-milk warm, and wear warm stockings. And at every approach of his head ache, let him apply about six leeches to his temples or behind his ears, a day or two before the usual beginning of the paroxysm. During the fit he may keep his feet in warm water about half an hour, three times a day. In this method he should persevere for six months at least, before he lays it aside; taking no medicines, except the aperient occasionally, during this course.

If these hints be judged worth notice, I sincerely wish the young man all imaginable success; and should be glad to know the result in some future Magazine.

Yours, &c.

W. H. CHIR.

MR. URBAN, *Looe, June* 17, 1771.

IN your Magazine for April last, there is a request to some of your medical correspondents, for their opinion on a remarkable case, from a young man under the signature of W. E. As I take delight in relieving the distresses of my fellow-creatures, I recommend to him the following powder:—Take of Wild Valerian Root and Peruvian Bark in powder, each half a drachm; to be taken three times a day in any agreeable liquid, using for his common drink an infusion of sassafras shavings, or, as it is commonly called, sassafras tea. To begin taking it soon after the recovery from the paroxysm, and to defer taking it a day before its return is expected, and during its existence, that is, it is to be taken only in the intervals of the disorder.

I recommend the above medicine from the experience of having cured a girl, who laboured under the same disorder three years; each successive return increasing in violence. The symptoms were exactly similar in every respect, excepting, that my patient had, during the paroxysm, or return of the disorder, a pretty free discharge of limpid serum from the eyes, mouth, and nose; and, at the decrease, an

hemorrhage from the latter. She had tried various medicines before she applied to me, without the least relief. I ordered the above, and a complete cure was effected, having only two returns of the disorder. The first was much milder than usual, the second, with greater severity; during each of which there appeared a redness behind the ears, and small lumps in the scalp, all over the head, which, however, vanished as the disorder decreased. Should it happen to prove successful upon trial with the person who now applies, it will afford me pleasure to be made acquainted therewith through the channel of your Magazine.

I am, &c.

1771, *April, May, and July.* G. C.

XLVII. Enumeration of Vulgar Errors.

MR. URBAN,

AS arts and sciences make very perceptible advances in Europe, after every ten years, an Encyclopædie or Magazine, wherein to register our new stores, becomes, of necessity, a periodical publication. But as these dictionaries contain not only what is new, but generally a system of all that is known both new and old upon every article, they are too bulky and expensive for common use. Perhaps a more eligible method to treasure our acquisitions, and to mark the ground we have gained, would be to republish from time to time a book of vulgar errors, as fast as new lights, and better knowledge concurred to remove our old prejudices. Having long entertained this thought, my expectations were very greatly raised upon seeing an advertisement not a great while since, promising us a book of vulgar errors, by a fellow of one of the colleges in Cambridge, most celebrated for good philosophers and naturalists. I cannot say, however, that I found my knowledge very much advanced by this collection; and though every attempt to increase the fund of science deserves the acknowledgment of its votaries, yet I suppose every gentleman of reading will allow that a more scientific choice of articles might have been made than this of Mr. Fevargues. A collection of vulgar errors is not a collection of the errors of the vulgar, that would, indeed, be a large book, but of the errors of the common rate of philosophers and men of science. Such is that of Sir Thomas

Brown, in which you will not find many errors of the common people, except that body was much more learned than it is at present. Of all the books recommended to our youth, after their academical studies, I do not know a better than this of Sir Thomas's to excite their curiosity, to put them upon thinking and inquiring, and to guard them against taking any thing upon trust from opinion or authority. His language has, indeed, a little air of affectation, which is apt to disgust young persons; and it would be doing a very great service to that class, if any gentleman of learning would take the pains to smooth and adapt it a little more to modern ears.

It is near a century and a half since this book, which was the first of the kind that in any degree answered its title, was published. Since that age I know of no other but that above-mentioned, of the gentleman of St. John's. Yet as the growth of science has been so rich and fertile in the last century and this, I have no doubt but the *list of errors removed* would make a much larger book than even Sir T. Brown's. Out of more than three hundred I find minuted by myself, here follow a few in one part of Natural History only.

I. That the scorpion does not sting itself when surrounded by fire, and that its sting is not even venomous. Keysler's Travels, Maupertuis, Hughes's Barbadoes, Hamilton's Letter in the Philosophical Transactions.

II. That the tarantula is not poisonous, and that music has no particular effect on persons bitten by it, more than on those stung by a wasp. De la Lande's Travels, Naples; Abbé Richard's ditto, Experiments of the Prince of San Severo.

III. That the lizard is not friendly to man in particular, much less does it awaken him on the approach of a serpent. Hughes's Barbadoes, Brook's Natural History.

IV. That the remora has no such power as to retard the sailing of a ship by sticking itself to its bottom. De la Lande, *alii passim.*

V. That the stroke of the cramp fish is not occasioned by a muscle. Bancroft's Guiana concerning the torporific eel.

VI. That the salamander does not live in fire, nor is it capable of bearing more heat than other animals. Sir. T. Brown suspected it, Keysler has clearly proved it.

VII. That the bite of the spider is not venomous. Reaumur. That it is found in Ireland too plentifully. That it has no dislike to fixing its web on Irish oak. That it has no

antipathy to the toad. Barrington's Letter, Philosophical Transactions, &c. Swammerdam.

VIII. It is an error to suppose that a fly has only a microscopic eye. Dragon flies, bees, wasps, flesh flies, &c. will turn off and avoid an object in their way on the swiftest wing, which shews a very quick and commanding sight. It is probable, that the sight of all animals is in quickness and extent, proportioned to their speed.

IX. The porcupine does not shoot out his quills for annoying his enemy; he only sheds them annually, as other feathered animals do. He has a muscular skin, and can shake the loose ones off at the time of moulting. Hughes, *et alii passim.*

X. The jack-all, commonly called the lion's provider, has no connection at all with the lion. He is a sort of fox, and is hunted in the East as the Fox is with us. Shaw, Sandys.

XI. The fable of the fox and grapes is taught us from our childhood, without our ever reflecting that the foxes we are acquainted with, do not eat grapes. This fable came from the East, the fox of Palestine is a great destroyer of grapes. V. Hasselquist, Shaw.

XII. The eye of birds is not more agile than that of other animals, though their sight is more quick. On the contrary, their eye is quite immoveable, as is that of most animals and insects of the quickest sight. British Zoology, &c.

XIII. The tiger, instead of being the swiftest of beasts, is a remarkably sluggish and slow animal. Owen's Dictionary *in verbo.* Experiment at Windsor Lodge.

XIV. Sir Thomas Brown, who wrote against Vulgar Errors, maintains that apes and elephants may be taught to speak.

I am afraid of trespassing farther on your paper at this time. At some future opportunity I will convey to you a much larger list, under the heads of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, insects, vegetables, and minerals. This common division seems more commodious, than that of Sir Thomas, who has given a Miscellany of Errors in Natural History, Arts, Civil History, Religious Traditions, Paintings, &c. Natural History alone, would furnish a considerable volume, if we add to the heads I have just mentioned, the errors as to the Elements, the Air and Meteors, the Earth, the Waters, the Heavens. Civil History is a very large field also. A French author has lately given us a collection of various

articles of Ancient History, which pass current, yet are many of them demonstrably false. His work has some trifling articles.

I am, yours, &c.

H.

MR. URBAN, *June* 19.

HAVING accidentally been this day a spectator of the funeral procession of Sir Barnard Turner, I was referred, by a learned friend, in consequence of a conversation on the subject of the delay in moving the body, to Mr. Barrington's "Observations on the more ancient statutes," p. 474; where it clearly appears, that, whatever was the real cause of the delay, it could not possibly have been from any LEGAL ARREST*. "It is difficult," says the honourable and very learned judge, "to account for many of the prevailing vulgar errors with regard to what is supposed to be law. Such are, THAT THE BODY OF A DEBTOR MAY BE TAKEN IN EXECUTION AFTER HIS DEATH; which, however, was practised in Prussia; before this present king abolished it by the Code Frederique. Other vulgar errors are, that the old statutes have prohibited the planting of vineyards, or the use of sawing-mills; which last notion I should conceive to have been occasioned by 5 and 6 Edw. VI. cap. xxii. forbidding what are called *gig-mills*, as they were supposed to be prejudicial to the woollen manufacture. There is likewise an act of 23 Eliz. cap. v. which prohibits any *iron mills* within two and twenty miles of London, to prevent the increasing dearness of wood for fuel. As for sawing mills, I cannot find any statute which relates to them; they are, however, established in Scotland, to the very great advantage both of the proprietors and the country. It is supposed likewise to be penal to open a coal mine, or to kill a crow, within five miles of London; as also to shoot with a wind gun, or to carry a dark lanthorn. The first of these I take to arise from a statute of Henry the Seventh, prohibiting the use of a crossbow; and the other from *Guy Fawkes's dark lanthorn* in the powder plot. To these vulgar errors may be added the sup-

* Much has been said, on the present occasion, about the Spanish ambassadors in one of the chapels of Westminster Abbey, who are said to have been kept above ground for debt; but this story also, we have no doubt, may be classed among the vulgar errors, and attributed to the ignorance of the vergers, like the old story of the lady who died by pricking her finger in working on a Sunday.

posing that the king signs the death-warrant (as it is called) for the execution of a criminal; as also, that there is a statute which obliges the owners of asses to crop their ears, lest the length of them should frighten the horses which they meet on the road. To these vulgar errors may be perhaps added the notion, that a woman's marrying a man under the gallows will save him from the execution. This probably arose from a wife having brought an appeal against the murderer of her husband, who afterwards repenting the prosecution of her lover, not only forgave the offence, but was willing to marry the appellee. It is also a very prevailing error, that those who are born at sea belong to Stepney parish. I may likewise add to these, that any one may be *put into the Crown-office* for no cause whatsoever, or the most trifling injury. An ingenious correspondent, to whom I have not only this obligation, suggests two additional vulgar errors. When a man designs to marry a woman who is in debt, if he takes her from the hands of a priest clothed only in her shift, it is supposed that he will not be liable to her engagements. The second is, that there was no land-tax before the reign of William the Third."

These curious particulars, Mr. Urban, are from the Observations on Stat. 3 Henry VIII. whence, I am persuaded, your readers will not be displeased to see a further extract.

"Not only physicians are intended by this law to be put upon the liberal footing which that most learned and useful profession merits from the public, but surgeons also, who receive a further encouragement from a statute of the fifth of Henry the Eighth, which exempts them from an attendance upon juries. It may, perhaps, be thought singular to suppose that this exemption from serving on juries is the foundation of the vulgar error that a surgeon or butcher (from the barbarity of their business) may be challenged as jurors. A ridicule has been thrown upon surgeons, from their having been incorporated, formerly, with barbers; from which union they have but within these few years separated themselves. The ridicule, however, arises from the change in the barber's situation, and not that of the surgeon*. Before the invention of perukes, barbers were not

* "It appears, by Joinville's Life of St. Lewis, that barbers in other countries were anciently the surgeons who attended armies during a campaign. It is believed that there is not, by the laws of any other country, so early an attention to the promotion of anatomical knowledge as by the thirty-first of Henry the Eighth, which empowers the united companies of barbers and surgeons to dissect four of the bodies of condemned malefactors executed at Tyburn."

employed often in the low office of shaving, and as for the making of wigs, it is a branch of trade which hath no sort of connection with chirurgery.—It should seem, from ancient portraits, that the beard was suffered either to grow to its full length, or else to have been clipped in part only. There were anciently the same disputes between the French barbers and surgeons, in which the physicians interfered in order to support the barbers against the regular surgeons, who were supposed to encroach too nearly on the province of the physicians. See Pasquier's Recherches de la France, p. 866. et seq. It appears, in part of this controversy, that the barbers were very desirous of hearing lectures in anatomy. *Glorieux comme un barbier* is a French saying; and Du Chat imputes the origin of it to their very near contact of the faces of kings and great men. (Ducatiana, vol. ii. p. 458.) It appears, by an instrument in Rymer, intituled, '*Pro barbitonsore Regis*,' that the king's palace, in the time of Henry the Sixth, was surrounded with little shops *(opellæ)*, which were to be entirely under the direction and controul of this *great officer*, together with the clerk of the Ewry. As there were then no carriages, and the streets very dirty, it is not improbable that those who went to court were shaved, as likewise dressed, in these stalls or shops, before they appeared in the royal presence. (Rymer, vol. V. part i. p. 180.) A considerable fee is also given to this barber for shaving every knight of the Bath on his creation, as well as forty shillings from every baron, 100 from every earl, and 10l. from every duke, on the like occasion."

1771, *June.*
1784, *June.*

XLVIII. On Avarice in Old Age.

Mr. Urban,

THE *miser* in the play is generally, I believe always, an *old man*, and we commonly use the expression, *an old miser*. Indeed there seems to be something extremely unnatural for young men to be guilty of this vice, though no doubt some are. However, the frailty is not so observable in them, because the gaiety, the vanity, usually incidental to that age, in some degree, and as it were by fits and starts, renders the foible much less conspicuous. I do not pretend,

Mr. Urban, to palliate or excuse this odious and unsociable vice in either old or young. And yet something may be said in favour of old age, so far at least as to account for its being more peculiar to that time of life, and by way of assigning reasons why, from the nature of things, it may be so.

1st, *Care* naturally grows with years. Experience teaches the old stager the value of money, which, in the common way, is not generally apprehended by young men, who are apt to launch out into extravagance, and often to their hurt or ruin. Hence Virgil uses the expression *tristisque Senectus*, not so much, I apprehend, from the infirmities that commonly attend the decline of life, as from the black and corroding, the incessant and brow-wrinkling care, which in a manner always accompanies it, disposing the party to anxiety, to scraping, and the most penurious parsimony; cares, which generate money indeed, but bring their punishment along with them, and therefore are emphatically termed by the poets *ultrices curæ*.

But the principal thing, 2dly, is, that the old man has, in effect, should he come to want, nothing to have recourse to, but his money. Labour he cannot, for that day is passed. And he has little to recommend him any other way; his person is altered, and disgusting; his accomplishments, whatever he had formerly been possessed of, are all flown and gone; insomuch that want is a formidable, an insuperable evil to *him*, whilst a young man can cheerfully disregard it, can run any where to avoid it, and has a thousand remedies against it. One scarce, methinks, can wonder, that an attention to money, though blameable enough, no doubt, when carried to excess and to a mistrust of God's providence, should so often be seen to assault the fearful breasts, and the helpless state of the aged, who think they have nothing else to trust to. Many, no doubt, on this very account, will not use the good things they are possessed of.

Is not, 3dly, the old man too often sensible, that money is the thing now, that makes him valued and esteemed, courted and attended? That were he once poor, contempt and neglect would immediately follow? whence it is, that the only method he has, as he thinks, of attaching people to him, is by the credit and reputation of his wealth, which consequently, and under this persuasion, he continues to preserve, and even to increase, though he has already one foot, as it were, in the grave.

We have known many a one, Mr. Urban, who has had the

ambition of dying worth a certain sum; a plum, or perhaps two plums. This he never dreamed of at first setting out, but now finds it within his reach, and so,

Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit;

and the consequence of such a view, when once it enters a man's thoughts, must be perpetual avarice and rapacity, even to the last hour. The man's honour is at stake, and his reputation, he supposes, will suffer, if he acquires not so many, or so many, thousands; a scheme, that never invades the youthful mind.

It appears to me, from these considerations, that for a truly sordid mind, devoid of all religion, (and it is scarcely possible, that such a disposition should be impressed with any right notion of religion, either towards God or man) to grow daily more and more anxious and solicitous about his pelf, is a thing so far from being an object of wonder, that on the contrary it is no other, though in itself so detestable, than what may be naturally expected and accounted for.

I am, Sir, yours,

1771, *July.* T. Row.

XLIX. Distillation of a Spirituous Liquor from Milk.

MR. URBAN, *Black Bourton, Oxon, Dec.* 23, 1771.

BOERHAAVE, Shaw, and the Chemical Writers, all lay it down as an indisputable truth, that no vinous or spirituous liquor can be produced from any other than vegetable subjects; notwithstanding which, the History of the Tartars is full of accounts of ebriety among them, from spirituous liquors distilled from cows and mares milk; and they also frequently put flesh into the milk, to increase the strength of it for distillation. And although flesh and vegetables are so very different in appearance, it may be worthy of observation, that the food of all terrestrial animals is of vegetables, or of such animals as feed on them; so that what is said in Scripture in a figurative sense, that *all flesh is grass*, is really and philosophically true; and that, by digestion and the operations of the body, the food is assimilated and transmuted into the body of the animal which receives it. And as there is such an apalogy between terrestrial and marine

animals, and such great quantities of vegetable marine productions, it is natural to conclude, they are designed by Providence for the support of them, and that fish are sustained and nourished in the same manner that all other animals are.

That all animal and vegetable substances are ultimately the same, I think, may be strongly enforced, by observing, that, by putrefaction, they are both resolved into one uniform, undistinguished mass, the properties of which are exactly the same, be the subjects ever so different; so that the matter is originally the same, only modified into different forms.

Now, I should imagine, if spirituous liquors could be produced in any considerable quantities from milk, it would be a matter of important and beneficial consequence to the public, by increasing the number of cattle for that purpose, which must ultimately become provision, and thereby lessen the price of it, besides the increase of hides, tallow, &c. and as this would be a substitute for so much corn, now used in distillation, the price of that, in the same proportion, would be lessened; so that, on the whole, if this could be effected, it would be of the most extensive benefit in every point of view.

The manner how milk is prepared by the Tartars for distillation, is thus related by Strahlenberg, in his Historical and Geographical Description of the North and East Parts of Europe and Asia, 332: "Ariki or Arki; thus the Tartars and Calmucks call the brandy which they distil from cows or mares milk. They put the milk in raw ox-hides sown into bags, and there let it grow sour and thick; they afterwards shake it so long till a thick cream settles upon it; this they take off, and dry it in the sun, and treat their guests with it; and the sour milk they either drink, or distil into brandy. The sour milk which they drink they call Kumise." So that this is really no more than letting the milk grow sour, and then doing what is in their manner equivalent to churning it, to separate the aqueous and serous, from the oleaginous parts of the milk; and which, perhaps, might be made use of, and preserved as some species of cheese, and thus no loss sustained.

And it may be worth trying, whether the whey from cheese, suffered to grow sour, and treated in the same manner, might not produce the same effect as by the Tartarian method; the design of the whole process seeming to be, to free the milk from its oleaginous parts before distillation, as those might prevent the uniting and coalescence of those particles, from which, by distillation, spirits are

formed: and this I am more inclined to think may be the case, as it is well known to the makers of sugar, that a small quantity of butter or fat thrown into the syrup will totally prevent its granulating, that is, the union and adhesion of its parts.

1771, *Suppl.* P. E.

L. Wonderful Effects of a Sympathetic Powder.

MR. URBAN, *Kent, July* 10, 1773.

ON reading the account in the papers some time ago, of a man who pretended to open the head of any animal, and to cure it again in a very short time, it put me in mind of Sir Kenelm Digby's sympathetic powder, of which he gives the following remarkable account:

"Mr. James Howell, says Sir Kenelm, well known for his public works, endeavouring to part two of his friends engaged in a duel, seized, with his left hand, the hilt of the sword of one of the combatants, and, with his right hand, laid hold of the blade of the other. They, being transported with fury one against the other, struggled to rid themselves of the hinderance their friend made to prevent mischief; and one of them, roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cut to the very bone the nerves and muscles of Mr. Howell's hand; and then the other, disengaging his hilt, gave a cross blow at his adversary's head, which glanced towards his friend, who lifting up his wounded hand to save the blow, he was wounded on the back of his hand as he had been before on the inside. The two combatants, seeing Mr. Howell's face besmeared with blood by lifting up his wounded hand, left off fighting at once, and ran to embrace him; and, having searched his hurts, they bound up his hand with one of his garters, to close the veins which were cut and bled abundantly. They brought him home, and sent for a surgeon; but this being heard at court, the King sent one of his own surgeons, for his Majesty much respected Mr. Howell.

"It was my chance to be lodged hard by him, and four or five days after, as I was making myself ready, he came to my house, and prayed me to view his wounds; "for I understand," said he, "that you have extraordinary remedies upon such occasions, and my surgeons are apprehensive that my wound may grow to a gangrene, and so the hand

must be cut off." In effect, his countenance shewed that he was in much pain, which he said was insupportable, in regard of the extreme inflammation. I told him I would willingly serve him, but if haply he knew the manner how I would treat him, without touching the wound, or seeing it, perhaps he would not expose himself to my cure, because he might think it either ineffectual or superstitious. He replied, "the wonderful things of which many have related unto me of your way of curing, make me nothing at all doubt of its efficacy." I asked him then for any thing that had the blood upon it; so he presently sent for his garter wherewith his hand was first bound; and, having called for a bason of water, as if I would wash my hands, I took a handful of powder of vitriol, which I had in my study, and presently dissolved it. As soon as the bloody garter was brought me, I put it within the bason, observing, in the mean while, what Mr. Howell did, who stood talking with a gentleman in the corner of my chamber, not regarding at all what I was doing; but he started suddenly, as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him, what he ailed? "I know not what ails me," replied he, "but I find that I feel no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kind of freshness, as if a wet cold napkin did spread over my hand, has taken away the inflammation that tormented me formerly." I answered, "since you feel already so good an effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your plaisters; only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold." This was reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the King, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the business, which was, that, after dinner, I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a great fire. It was scarce dry but Mr. Howell's servant came in running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more; for his heat was such, as if his hand was betwixt coals of fire. I answered, that though that had happened at present, yet he should find ease in a short time; for I knew the reason of this accident, and I would provide accordingly; for his master should be free from that inflammation, it may be, before he could possibly return unto him; but, in case he found no ease, wished him to come presently back again; if not, he might forbear coming. Thereupon he went; and, at the instant, I did put again the garter into the water, and he found his master without any pain at all.

"King James, who had received a punctual information of what had happened, would fain know how it was done: I

readily told him what the author, from whom I had the secret, said to the great Duke of Tuscany on the like occasion: (it was a religious Carmelite, who came from the Indies and Persia to Florence; he had also been in China, and had done many strange cures with his powder, after his arrival in Tuscany,) the Duke said he would be very glad to learn it of him; and the Carmelite answered, that it was a secret he had learnt in the oriental parts, and he thought there was not any person in Europe who knew it but himself, and that it deserved not to be divulged, which could not be done if his Highness meddled with the practice of it, because he was not likely to do it with his own hand, but must trust a surgeon, or some other servant; so that in a short time divers others would come to know it as well as himself. But a few months after, I had an opportunity to do an important courtesy to the Carmelite, which induced him to discover unto me his secret, and the same year he returned to Persia; so that now there is no other knows this secret in Europe but myself. The King replied, that I need not be apprehensive that he would discover any thing, for he would not trust any body in the world to make experience of his secret, but that he would do it with his own hands, and therefore desired some of the powder, which I delivered, instructing him in all the circumstances; whereupon his Majesty made sundry proofs, whence he received singular satisfaction."

How far this may be credited in this enlightened age, I will not pretend to say; yet Mr. Bayle, the author of the celebrated dictionary which bears his name, relates something no less strange, in a letter to a friend, dated Rotterdam, March 27, 1697. "It is," says he, "some time ago that I mentioned to you a physician in Friezeland, who has performed several cures without giving any thing to his patients. He contents himself with mingling with their urine somewhat, which, as the malady requires, either sweats, vomits, or purges. He continues this practice, and I am told he was domestic to a certain great Lord of Italy, who was sent for to the court of Vienna, to cure the Emperor, which he actually did. This man discovered his master's secret, and has set up for himself. Yet he is not the only one who professes it, for there are three others who pursue this practice as well as he; one at Leyden, one at Antwerp, and a third has been here at this city of Rotterdam for two or three months. He has but lately been in any degree of credit.—His house at present is like the pool of Bethesda, all who are diseased run thither. It is certain that he has cured some,

and that he has sweated a great many. The physicians cry out against him with the utmost fury; and, as there are more in this country than in any other, who are apt to deny, as impossible, whatever they do not comprehend, so there are numbers who join in the same outcry with the physicians, but, not being able to deny the fact that many have been sweated, they attribute this to a prepossessed imagination. For my own part I cannot think it impossible, physically speaking, that a man may be made to sweat by having something put into his urine."

These relations, with others no less wonderful that are mentioned in the great philosopher Bacon's Natural History, seem to give countenance to the pretensions of this new operator, who, the papers say, did actually perform some extraordinary cures.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

1774, *Jan.* A. B.

LI. Physical Error exploded.

MR. URBAN,

I HOPE that by your means an error, which is of the greatest consequence to the lives of many poor unhappy wretches, may no longer exist, but be exploded out of all societies. It is this, that, if the lungs of a deceased infant, when put into water, swim, it is admitted as evidence, that the child was born alive. Now, Sir, if this experiment (so much relied on) is proved to be uncertain and fallacious, I hope you will grant with me, it is an experiment of very dangerous import. That it has proved to be such, there are many gentlemen of the faculty can testify, who were present at Surgeon's-hall when it was lately declared to be so by a learned gentleman in full court, when, on reading a lecture on the lungs, he took occasion to break off from the subject, and deliver himself in words to this effect:

"And here I must beg leave, gentlemen, to take notice of a method made use of by some of the faculty, to ascertain whether an infant is born alive or dead, which is by opening the thorax of the suspected infant, taking out the lungs, and casting them into water; if they sink, it is looked upon as a fact the child was still-born; but if they swim, then without all doubt the child was born alive. The truth of this expe-

riment is founded on these reasons: all creatures which come into the world alive must breathe, which breath being received into the lungs, must necessarily inflate and puff them up; and though in death it in a great measure expires, yet there still remains so much air in the vesiculæ, as to make them buoyant in water; on the contrary, when still-born, as it is impossible, in that state, for the lungs to receive air, they must consequently subside and sink.

"Now, this manner of reasoning, however specious it may appear, or whatever authority it may be supported by, is not strictly true, as I myself can affirm, having in the course of my practice, had an opportunity of trying the foregoing experiment upon two different births; the one was born alive, but died soon after; the other dead; when behold the lungs of the former sunk, and those of the other, to our great astonishment, swam. These, together with many other experiments I have since made upon the lungs of different animals, convince me that there is no dependance upon what Dr. Gibson looked upon as infallible; for, although it may sometimes prove true, upon the whole it should be regarded no otherwise than as a very uncertain and precarious proof of the fact in question. I make bold, therefore, humbly to recommend it to all the gentlemen who now hear me (as a thing of the utmost consequence) to take every opportunity to explode such a notion out of our practice, and to be particularly careful to caution our pupils against giving judgment in such cases, since it may come to pass, that on such judgment may depend the lives of many poor unhappy women."

These, Sir, were the remarks made by that learned gentleman, whose name and great merit is well known in London, and whose opinion in this matter I am proud to lay before the public, hoping it may have its due weight, and answer the salutary purpose for which it was delivered.

1774, *Oct.* W. P.

LII. Various Anecdotes.—Extraordinary Predictions.

ABOUT the year 1735, a book was published, intitled, the Cure of Deism. The author, Mr. Elisha Smith, had the misfortune to be confined in the Fleet prison, for a debt of 200l. William Benson, Esq. one of the auditors of the Imprest, was highly pleased with this work. He inquired who the author was, and, having received the foregoing account, not

only sent him a very handsome letter, but discharged the whole debt, fees, &c. and set him at liberty. This deserves to be recorded, as an uncommon instance of generosity and good-nature; though Mr. Auditor Benson, having been thrust into the Dunciad, will probably be known to posterity only as a bad critic:

On two unequal crutches propp'd, he came,
Milton on this, on that one Johnston's name.

To Milton he erected a monument in Westminster-Abbey, and gave Mr. Dobson, of New College, 1000l. for translating Paradise Lost into Latin; Johnston's Latin psalms he preferred to Buchanan's. Mr. Benson published, however, a translation of the first and second Georgics, which had merit.

In the year 1747, Mr. M——, a gentleman of an ample fortune, about 55 years of age, travelled through Kent in quest of a wife. He was a widower, and had one son, about 12 years old. The qualifications he required were, that the party should be a widow, between 30 and 35, should have a daughter between 6 and 8, and be of good repute; but neither birth, beauty, nor fortune, were desired. At length, the happy woman was found at Rochester, where the nuptial knot was tied. Mr. M. however, previously stipulated, that, if he thought fit to be absent from home three or four months, his wife should never ask him where he was going, nor, on his return, where he had been, nor shew the least uneasiness on that account. She was not to stay at London, but only to pass through it. He settled on her a jointure of 500l. a year, and arrayed her in clothes and jewels to the amount of 1000l.

The following lines, written by Pope, were occasioned by the removal of an old Doric gate from Chelsea road, into Lord Burlington's gardens at Chiswick. It did belong to Sir Hans Sloane, but he neglecting it, Lord Burlington begged it of him.

PASSENGER.

O Gate, how cam'st thou here?

GATE.

I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather;
Inigo Jones put me together;

Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone;
Burlington brought me hither.

A LADY, soon after, seeing a gate carried by between two men, made these lines extempore, in allusion to the others:

O gate, where art thou going?
But it was not so knowing
As yonder gate
That talk'd of late;
So on it went, without reply;
At least I heard it not, not I.

IN the year 1707, John Needs, a Winchester scholar, foretold the deaths of Mr. Carman, chaplain to the college, Dr. Mew, Bishop of Winchester, and himself, within that year, to several of his school-fellows, among others, to George Lavington. This exposed him to much raillery in the school, and he was ludicrously styled *Prophet Needs.* Mr. Carman died about the time he mentioned. For this event, however, he had little credit, it being said, that the death of such an old man might reasonably be expected. Within the time prefixed Bishop Mew also died, by a strange accident. He was subject to fainting fits, from which he was soon recovered, by smelling to spirits of hartshorn. Being seized with a fit while a gentleman was with him, perceiving its approach, he pointed eagerly to a phial in the window; the visitor took it, and in his haste, poured the contents down the bishop's throat, which instantly suffocated him. This incident was accounted for in the same manner as the other. As the time approached which Needs had prefixed for his own dissolution, of which he named even the day and the hour, he sickened, apparently declined, and kept his chamber, where he was frequently visited and prayed with by Mr. Fletcher, second master of the school, and father to the late Bishop of Kildare. He reasoned and argued with the youth, but in vain; with great calmness and composure, he resolutely persisted in affirming that the event would verify his prediction. On the day he had fixed, the house-clock being put forward, struck the hour before the time; he saw through this deception, and told those that were with him, that when the church-clock struck, he should expire. He did so.

Mr. Fletcher left a memorandum in writing to the above purport; and Bishop Trimnell, about the year 1722, having heard this story at Winchester, wrote to New college, of which Mr. Lavington was then fellow, for farther information. His answer was, that "John Needs had indeed foretold that the Bishop of Winchester (Mew) and old Mr. Carman should die that year; but then they being very old men, he had foretold for two or three years before, that they should die in that number of years. As to foretelling the time of his own death, I believe he was punctually right."

Dr. Lavington gave the same account to his friends after he was Bishop of Exeter.

1774, *Dec.*

LIII. Description of a Picture in Windsor Castle, representing the Interview between King Henry VIII. and Francis I. of France.

THIS picture is very remarkable, as well on account of the importance and singularity of its subject, as of the immense number of figures which it contains, the variety of matter which it exhibits, and the manner in which the whole is executed.

It is preserved in the royal castle at Windsor; but, being there placed in the king's private apartments below stairs, which are seldom permitted to be shewn, hath long remained, in great measure, unknown to the public.

The interview between the two monarchs was on Sunday, June 7, 1520, on the open plain, within the English pale, between the castle of Guſnes and Ardnes. It continued twenty-eight days. The right-hand side of the picture exhibits a bird's-eye view of the market-place, church, and castle of Guſnes, with part of the town walls and the surrounding ditch. In the fore-ground of this is the English cavalcade (hereafter mentioned;) over these, in the back ground, and towards the top of the picture, is a view of the morass which lies on the north side of the town, and of the river that runs from thence towards Calais. Several persons are sitting on the roof of the shambles, and others standing at the doors of the houses of the town, looking at the cavalcade. The town-guard also is drawn up and under arms in the market-place.

In the middle of the left-hand side of the picture, and near the castle gate, is the elevation of the principal front

of a most stately square castellated palace, intended to represent that magnificent temporary palace, made of timber, which was brought ready framed from England, and after the interview, was taken down and carried back. Besides a chapel, and the royal apartments, it contained lodgings for most of the great officers of state, hung with the richest tapestry, and cloth of gold and silver, paned with green and white silk, the favourite colours of the house of Tudor.

On the plain before the palace are two superb conduits, cased over with different kinds of marble, framed in pannel; from both of these, through masks of lions heads, red wine is discharged into cisterns, and from thence through like masks, to the populace, who, by their looks and actions, express its various effects from hilarity to inebriety. Near these conduits, in the lower part of the foreground, stand two men, facing each other, and dressed alike, in blue caps, like tiaras, with golden tassels, and cocks-tail feathers, and yellow gowns with black lace and black tufted frogs. They have long scymetars by their sides, and are sounding long trumpets, to announce the near approach of the English cavalcade. On their left-hand are many spectators, and among them two gentlemen conversing together. These figures being placed thus conspicuously in the fore-ground, and being much more laboured and finished than any that are near them, are supposed to be the portraits of the painter of this piece, and of Edward Hall, who was enjoined by King Henry to draw up the description of the interview.

In the fore-ground, on the right-hand side, is the very numerous English cavalcade, marching out of the town of Guines, and entering the castle gate by a bridge thrown over the ditch. Its farther progress is not here represented; but it may be supposed to have passed from the castle, through the sally-port, to the place of interview, along the valley, and by the side of the rivulet there described. The guns of the castle are represented as firing while the king passed. The advanced guard consisted of his guard of bill-men, with their officers. Then follow three ranks of men on foot, five in a rank, and all unarmed. After them are five of Wolsey's domestics on horseback, two of which are his chaplains, the one in a black gown bearing his cross, and the other in a scarlet gown carrying his hat on a cushion. Of the rest, two are dressed in black, with massy gold chains, (perhaps his chamberlain and steward of the household,) and the other in a white linen habit, not unlike a modern surplice. Whether these three carried any ensigns of office is uncertain, as their backs are turned to the spec-

tators. These are succeeded by two persons on horseback, in orange-coloured gowns, with a mace-bearer dressed in crimson on each side of them. After them march two others on horseback, with black bonnets on their heads, and gold chains round their necks, supported also on their right and left by a mace-bearer, dressed in a sanguine-coloured habit.

Then Sir Thomas Wriothesly, Garter King at Arms, bare-headed, and in the tabard of his order, mounted on a pye-bald horse, richly trapped and caparisoned, supported on his left-hand by a sergeant at arms, mounted on a black horse, and followed by

Sir Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, bare-headed, carrying in its sheath the sword of state upright, dressed in a gown of cloth of gold, over which hangs the collar of the garter, and mounted on a beautiful dun horse, richly trapped and caparisoned; by his side run two milk-white greyhounds, with collars round their necks.—[Why these animals should be introduced thus conspicuously in such a solemn piece, connoisseurs seem at a loss to ascertain. We therefore beg leave to hazard a conjecture, that, agreeably to the fantastic humour of the times, it was in allusion to the family name of the marquis whom they accompanied.]

The Marquis of Dorset is followed by six yeomen of the guard on foot, their partisans on their shoulders, in scarlet habits, guarded and laced with blue velvet, and on their breasts and backs the union rose, ensigned with the crown royal, embroidered in gold.

Then come two of the king's pages on foot, the one bare-headed, the other bonneted, both dressed in crimson, embroidered on the back with the union rose, between a greyhound and a dragon. Their breeches and sleeves are large, slashed, and puffed with fine cambric, and their stockings and shoes are white.

The King's Majesty, mounted on a stately white courser, most richly caparisoned, all the trappings, reins, stirrups, &c. being covered with wrought gold, highly embossed. The king has on his head a black velvet hat, with a white feather on the upper side of the brim, and under it a broad lacing of rubies, emeralds, &c. intermixed with pearl. His garment is cloth of gold, plaited, over a jacket of rose-coloured velvet. His collar* is composed of rubies and pearls, set alternately; and on his breast is a rich jewel

* This inestimable great collar of ballast rubies, as it was called, was sold beyond the seas by the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Holland, by order of King Charles I. See Rymer's Fœdera, Vol. xviii. p. 836. It had long been a heir-loom of the crown of England.

of St. George, suspended by a ribbon of the order. His boots are of yellow leather, and in his right-hand is a small whip.

Parallel with the king, on the left, rides Cardinal Wolsey, dressed in a gown of violet-coloured velvet, and mounted on a stately mule, with trappings, headstall, reins, and a broad breast-plate of black velvet, embroidered with gold. His page, having a cardinal's red hat embroidered on the breast of his doublet, walks before him bear-headed. On each side of the king are two other pages, all in the same livery, with nine yeomen of the guard, on the right and left, three in a rank, bearing their partisans shouldered.

The king is immediately followed by four of his principal nobles, riding a-breast; that on his right is Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, in the collar of the garter, mounted on a white horse. Next to him, on his left, is Henry Bourchier, Earl of Essex, Earl-Marshal *pro tempore*, dressed in his collar, and bearing a silver rod tipped with enamel, the badge of his office. Next to him is an elderly person, with a longish face, and a forked beard, wearing also the collar of the order. The outermost person, towards the left, has only a gold chain hanging down from his shoulders. These, perhaps, may be George Neville, Lord Abergavenny, Knight of the Garter, (and then advanced in years,) and George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Steward, who, as Hall says, both "rode with the king." They are followed by two other rows of noblemen, four in a row. In the first row is one with a long lank visage, and a forked beard of great length. On his bonnet are a string of pearls, and a white feather. His doublet is scarlet, and the sleeves of his jacket are white linen cloth. One of those in the second row is certainly Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. On their right-hand march six more ranks of yeomen of the guard.

All the principal figures above-mentioned, and, probably, many others now unknown, are portraits painted from the life: that of King Henry in particular is a striking likeness, highly finished, and in no way inferior to the celebrated head painted by Holbein, now at Kensington. And those of Dorset, Suffolk, Essex, and Wolsey, strongly resemble their portraits now remaining.

The numerous ranks that follow are composed of the nobility and royal attendants on horseback, succeeded by a large party of billmen, demi-lances, and others, who form a continued line of march from the back of the parish-church of Guines, through the market place, &c.

Near the foot of the castle-bridge is a large group of spectators, and among them a respectable grey-headed man, with a very long white beard, dressed in a scarlet uniform laced with gold, and having the letters H. R. embroidered on his breast. Both his hands (his bonnet is in his right) are held up with pleasure and astonishment. This figure, being highly finished, and singularly dressed, was probably some old servant of the crown well known and respected at the time.

In the back-ground of the middle part of the picture, is seen the place of interview, represented as a spacious circular plain, on the summit of an elevation, between the town of Guînes and the road from thence to the vale of Ardern or Andres. It is marked out by white* camp colours, and surrounded by several demi-lance men, and other guards and attendants, of both nations, on horseback. Within its area is a circular line of round tents and square pavilions, placed alternately, and communicating with each other. Their coverings and curtains are painted green and white, the favourite colours of the house of Tudor. In their centre is pitched a large single tent, covered with cloth of gold, flowered with red, and lined with blue velvet, powdered with *fleurs de lys*. On its top stands a gold or gilt figure of St. George and the dragon. The curtains are thrown back, and discover the two monarchs embracing one another: being drawn somewhat larger than the surrounding figures, and highly finished, the resemblance of each is perfectly well expressed. Before the front of this tent stand several attendants, and also the masters of the horse to the two kings, each holding his sovereign's courser; that of King Henry is white, and that of Francis is dun.

According to the scale of the picture, this plain is exactly half a mile from Guînes (the distance assigned by Wolsey in his regulations,) just before the entrance into the vale of Andres; in which part of that village is shewn, and the whole chorography of the country is minutely observed.

At the top of the picture, towards the left, is a slig view of the town of Ardnes, from whence Francis and l train issued; and the whole valley between that and the place of interview is filled with French soldiery, completely armed. Lower down, and nearer to Guînes than the place of interview, is a group of tents, covered with linen cloth,

* For the reason of these colours being white, or French, see Hall, Vol. I. xxiii.

some paned green and white, and others red and white, to accommodate such of the English as could not be lodged within that town. Between these tents and the temporary palace, stands a large pavilion, consisting of one long and two round tents, all covered with cloth of gold, flowered with black. On the finyall of each of the round tents is a vane, charged with the arms of France and England quarterly. In this pavilion, Henry and Catharine frequently entertained at dinner the French king and queen, and their principal nobility. At a small distance from it is a view of the culinary offices set up on the plain, consisting of a large group of ovens, at which several bakers are busied; and two spacious tents, whose fronts being thrown open, discover the one to be intended for boiling, and the other for roasting, in which offices several cooks are employed. From these kitchens fourteen yeomen of the guard, each carrying a covered dish, are going towards the royal pavilion, preceded by the Lord Steward (Earl of Shrewsbury,) bearing his white staff, and attended by a gentleman wearing a sash.

Near to the ovens, is a cabaret, at the door of which several persons are drinking; and not far from thence is a lady carried in a horse litter, covered with crimson velvet embroidered with gold, preceded by a groom, and followed by two other ladies and a man-servant. She turns her face out of the window, and seems talking to a page, behind whom is another lady masked and on horseback, with a female attendant. These ladies seem persons of great dignity; she in the litter may be one of the queens going *incognito* to view the offices.

Beneath these, and in a line with the palace, is an open circular tent of white cloth, embroidered with blue tracery, over which are an union rose and a fleur de lys. Its curtains thrown open discover a magnificent sideboard of plate, and a table spread, at the upper end of which sits an elderly gentleman, on one side is a lady, and at the lower end another gentleman, partaking of a repast, which is served up by several attendants. This, probably, was the tent of the Lord Steward. Behind this, and in the adjacent fields, are pitched several others, for the use of sutlers, covered with green and white, and red and white, linen cloth.

In the back-ground, and at the extremity on the left-hand side, appear the lists or camp set apart for the justs and tournaments. On the left is a scaffold, or long gallery, for the royal personages and their attendants; and the whole, except the entrance, is fenced with a rail and barrier, guarded by demi-lance men and others on horseback,

completely armed. French soldiers, in a blue and yellow uniform, with a salamander, the badge of Francis I. embroidered on it, keep the entrance on one hand; and the English yeomen, with their partisans, on the other. Close to the gallery-end, on a rise at the left, stands a large artificial tree of honour; its trunk is wrapped round with red velvet, embroidered with gold, and on its branches hang the shields of arms of the two challengers, and of their respective aids, the tables of the challenges, the several answers, &c. This tree, thirty-four feet in height, spreading 129 feet, and from bough to bough forty-three feet, historians say, was composed of the raspberry, the badge of Francis, and of the hawthorn, Henry's badge, artificially twined and twisted together.

In the gallery stand the two kings, Francis on the right, and Henry on the left; with their queens, and attendant ladies. A carpet of cloth of gold covers the front before the kings, and rich tapestry the rail before the queens. Within the area are two combatants, armed cap-a-pee, mounted on horses richly based and barbed, and tilting against each other; near them is a herald picking up the pieces of a broken spear, his perquisite.

Near to the lists are a few tents for the use of the combatants.

The remaining upper part of the back-ground gives a most correct and faithful view of the adjacent country, with a variety of figures, farm-houses, mills, cottages, woods, cattle, sheep, fowls, &c. all of them highly finished. To introduce such a variety of subjects, the horizon is remarkably high.

Towards the top of the picture is a dragon, flying in the air, and hovering over the English cavalcade; which some conceive to be a memorial of a firework in that form exhibited during the interview—[but we rather think, that, as it seems attendant on King Henry, the painter had in view one of his supporters, which, at the beginning of his reign, was *a red dragon;* and if our former conjecture of the greyhounds should not be admitted, those animals, perhaps, might be intended for the other, his left supporter (in right of his mother) being, at the same time, *a greyhound argent;* and in this very piece, as before observed, the king's pages have on their backs *a greyhound and a dragon.*]

The picture here described, which is five feet six inches high, by eleven feet three inches in breadth, has been generally ascribed to Hans Holbein, but without foundation, as he did not arrive in England till near six years after the

interview; and, besides, his style, colouring, &c. are widely different. The name of the painter, however, is immaterial.

We must add, that the head of King Henry appears to have been cut out of the picture, and afterwards restored. This was a contrivance of Philip Earl of Pembroke, after the death of King Charles I. to prevent a French agent, who was in treaty for it, from purchasing the piece: and it succeeded, for, finding it thus mutilated, the Frenchman declined the purchase. By this means it was preserved in the palace till the Restoration, when the Earl of Pembroke delivered the mutilated piece to King Charles II. who immediately ordered it to be restored to its place.

Of this remarkable picture, at the request of the Society of Antiquaries, his majesty having given permission for a drawing to be taken, it was accordingly executed, with great correctness, by Mr. Edwards, of the Royal Academy, and is now said to be in the possession of the Earl of Huntingdon and from it Mr. Basire, at the society's expence, engraved his plate (just published;) the largest ever engraved in England, being, in height, two feet three inches; in breadth, four feet and one inch; and equally an honour to those artists and their employers.

The frame for the paper (which is two feet seven inches, by four feet four inches) was made on purpose by Mr. Watman, near Maidstone, at the expence of about 50l. for which (we hear) there has since been a great demand from abroad, as plates can thus be worked off of a larger size than before was practicable.

The above exact description, which we have abridged from that which was read at the Society of Antiquaries, by Sir Joseph Ayloffe, Bart. in 1770, will enable any purchaser of this most curious print to have it coloured with tints of the original picture; of which (if executed with judgment) it will then have all the effect. And every other reader of taste, we doubt not, will be gratified by the historical anecdotes here conveyed.

1775, *June.*

LIV. Effects of Salt in fattening Cattle.

Mr. Urban, *Surry, Dec. 17.*

In looking over the first volume of the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, I met with a paper entitled "Physical Observations on the Effects of Salt in fattening Cattle." The title excited my curiosity; and, on reading the Memoir, the author's reasoning appeared to me not only plausible, but convincing. His views are certainly enlarged, and directed to objects of the most important kind, viz. the improvement of land, and the increase of cattle. He lays it down as an axiom, or self-evident truth, that by increasing cattle, land may be improved; and, by improving land, cattle may be multiplied.

The farmer, he says, who has a more than ordinary stock of working cattle, reaps a double advantage; one, by having his work done in season; the other, by enriching a greater proportion of his land by means of their additional manure; the only difficulty is, how to maintain an increased number without increasing the expence. This, he asserts, may be done by the use of salt; and advances the three following propositions:

1. That salt, given with the food of cattle, augments the nourishment of that food.

2. That, in proportion to the quantity of salt eaten by cattle, the effects of that augmentation will be perceivable.

3. That no ill consequences will follow from excess of salt eaten by cattle, even though it should be given them without stint.

These propositions he endeavours to support by unquestionable facts.

In the jurisdiction of Arles, in the county of Provence, there is, he says, a district called the Crau, extending in length about six leagues, and in breadth about three, the whole surface of which is covered with small rough stones, and not a tree or bush is to be seen in the whole district, except here and there on the borders; yet on this spot, so seemingly sterile, by the free use of salt, more numerous flocks of sheep are bred and reared, than upon any other common of equal extent throughout the whole kingdom; and, what is no less remarkable, the sheep are healthier, hardier, and endure the severity of the winter with less loss, though they have fewer sheep-cots for covering, than those bred and fed on more copious pastures, and that have, be-

sides, the advantage of more convenient shelter. Add to this, that the wool of the flocks bred and brought up in the Crau is not only the finest in the whole county, but bears the highest price of any in France. From hence he concludes, that it is to the unlimited use of salt that these surprising effects are to be ascribed; for it frequently happens that the Crau is so burnt up in the summer, that the poor animals are forced to turn up the very stones to come at the few blades of grass that grow round them, and yet none perish for want of food. Let every excellence, therefore, that can reasonably be supposed inherent in the herbage, be allowed to it, yet the quantity of it is so small, that, without the abundant use of salt, a fourth part of the sheep kept in the Crau could not subsist in it.

But, as a still farther demonstration, that this astonishing effect is solely to be attributed to salt, we have, says the writer, in Languedoc, on the borders of the Rhone, a spot of the same kind of stony land, in every respect similar to that of the Crau; yet, for want of the free use of salt, that of Languedoc does not maintain a tenth part of the number of sheep that are brought up in the Crau, though in other respects it is nowise inferior, the wines and other fruits produced on the borders of both being, in their goodness and other essential qualities, equal.

Having proved his first proposition incontrovertibly, he proceeds in proof of the second, to recommend an easy experiment, which it is in every farmer's power to make; and that is, to give to one half of his cattle salt, and to the other half none. By this simple trial, he says, in less than a month, the difference will be discernible. The cattle to whom the salt is given will shew it in their looks, in the sleekness of their coats, in their growth, and in their strength and fitness for labour. He adds, that with little more than half their usual food all these effects will be produced.

To establish his third proposition, he appeals to the practice about Arles, where the cattle have as much salt as they will eat, and none are so healthy, or thrive so fast, as those that eat the most of it.

From these observations, there cannot remain a doubt of the good effects of salt in the feeding and fattening of cattle; but it is much to be regretted, that the writer is totally silent with respect to the method of giving the salt to the labouring cattle. He has, indeed, informed his readers, that in eight days his flock of 300 sheep eat 15lb. of salt, being one pound to every score; and it should seem by his manner of expressing himself, that he gave them the whole

quantity in one day, as he cautions the farmer against suffering his sheep to drink on the day the salt is administered, apprizing him at the same time how much it sharpens their appetite; and that he had seen them not only browse upon stubs after eating the salt, but even gnaw pieces of wood of a surprising bigness.

As the subject of the above Memoir appeared to me of importance, I have only to request of you, Mr. Urban, the immediate insertion of the few hints which are here extracted from it; as, during the present scarcity of hay, it may be interesting to many; and as it has, in its consequences, a tendency to lower the price of provisions, it is to be hoped, that a discovery that promises so much benefit to the public, will not wholly be overlooked.

1776, *Dec.* W. W.

LV. Particulars relative to large Diamonds.

MR. URBAN,

PERHAPS your curious correspondent may receive some pleasure from the following account of the most capital diamonds now known; and will excuse some palpable inaccuracies in the relation, owing probably to different weights being used in different countries.

The Duke of Tuscany's diamond, according to Tavernier, weighs 140½ carats (the biggest in Europe before Gov. Pitt's); is of a yellowish water; said to have been bought for 75,000 scudi, equal to 8,750l. of a religious, who bought it at a stall in Piazza Navona, as a bit of chrystal, for a single paolo, value sevenpence. Keysler's Travels, ii. 183.

The Mogul's famous diamond is not so broad as Mr. Pitt's, though it exceeds the largest [then] in Europe for depth. Keysler, iv. 298.

The diamond brought into England by Governor Pitt in 1706, weighed, when cut, 136⅝ carats; was two years in cutting, which cost 4500l. the pieces *sawed* off were valued at 5000l. was sold to the crown of France, in 1717, for 125,000l. and was paid for at several times. Dr. Mead's model of it measured, in the expanse, 1 inch and ¼, and in depth $\frac{13}{16}$ of an inch. I have seen another account which makes this stone to weigh only 127 carats, and that it was sold for 120,000l.

It is well known, that diamonds are cut to perfection in Europe only. Mr. Hanway, in his Travels, mentions seeing a prodigious fine suit of horse-furniture of Kouli Khan's covered with diamonds, but so disadvantageously, that he could not help telling the person who shewed them, that, if he was allowed to take them to Europe, he would return them in a far superior condition; and seems to express some surprise at his offer not being accepted. The European method of cutting diamonds was, I think, the invention of a Fleming; and now, I believe, the English artists are in the highest repute. Diamonds now are rarely sawn, as the powder of them, which comes off in grinding, is of great value for cutting others, and the sawing is exceeding tedious, which is done by drawing backwards and forwards a very fine copper wire; every minute almost the wire snaps in two, and then a fresh one is taken, and so on. I do not know whether diamond-powder, emery, &c. is used in this process:* however, after constant working for a month, perhaps a hair-like line may be perceived on the diamond.

It is remarkable, that the Czarina could buy, and pay for at once, one or more of the finest diamonds upon sale, that no other crown was disposed or able to do, and that, too, towards the close of a long and expensive war. She gave about 70,000l. for one, which was much below its value.

In 1741, a diamond was brought from the Brazils to the King of Portugal, weighing 17 ounces, in shape of a turkey-egg, but much bigger, and was found on the surface of the ground. The same account says, it weighed 1680 carats, or 12 ounces and $\frac{1}{2}$, in 1746, I suppose, after it had been cut.

As the history of all these diamonds is pretty well known, except the Duke of Tuscany's, may it not be proposed as a proper subject of a literary inquiry, What is become of all the Diamonds of the Ancients? Are they all lost in the ravages of war, &c. or do they subsist in the ancient crowns of the present sovereigns of Europe? or, indeed, Is it certain, that those alluded to were true diamonds? To say a word of the inferior stones: the largest emerald in a dish is at Genoa, though Condamine believes it to be only coloured glass; and the largest granate and turquoise are at Venice. See the figures of them in Motraye's Travels, Engl. edit.

* Diamond-powder *only* is used. *Edit.*

fol. vol. ii. p. 149. The turquoise vessel is 8 inches in diameter: vol. i. p. 65.

1776, *Feb.*

LVI. Sermon in praise of Derbyshire.

Mr. Urban,

As your truly valuable Magazine has such a free and general currency in the county of Derby, I shall here present you with an Extract from a long old MS. Sermon, preached, as I think, before a society of Derbyshire-men, in London, and in which you will find an eulogium of that county.

T. Row.

Extract.

"If you fall out amongst yourselves, you'll discredit the county that bred ye. For give me leave to tell you, there is hardly a county in England where faction and division lesse thrives then in Derbyshire. Nay, you will also dishonour this honourable city, as if this place and aire (which has greate influence on mens bodyes and minds, say physicians) had much alter'd your naturall temper and disposition. It was the county of Derby (as I am credibly inform'd) that first of all revived these Love-feasts*, which, by reason of our late civill dissensions, were layd aside. By this you may see the naturall genius and disposition of your country, and may easely judge how like ye are still unto yourselves.

"And now I have mention'd Derbyshire, it may possibly be expected by some that I should make a long description and commendation of it. But that is the business rather of a topographer than of a preacher; of the mappe than of the pulpit. And, indeed, why should I goe about to describe or commend it unto you, who know it as well as, yea better than, myselfe†. Yet if any one be desirous to have a sight

* They seemed to have dined together, after a sermon. In one place, he mentions in the margin, as condescending to mix with the inferior sort, H. L. Mansfeild, Sir S. Sleigh, Sir J. Curzon, Jer. Poole, Esq. Alderman Ireton.

† As I had this sermon from the Gardiner family, I imagine it was preached by Dr. Gardiner, Rector of Eckington, who was not a Derbyshire man born.

of Derbyshire, they may see it as in a landskip, described by Moses, Deut. viii. 7, 8, 9, whilst he is setting forth the choicest excellencies of that country that God chose out of all the world to enfeoffe his own beloved people in.

7. " It's a good land, a land of brookes of water, of fountains, and depths, that spring out of the hills.

8, 9, " A land of wheate and barley, ... wherein ye may eate bread without scarcenes. . . . It's a land, whose stones are iron. A land wherein thou shalt not lacke any thing.

" What's this but a description, as in a type, of our own county Derbyshire? What pen could have drawen it forth more graphically and exactly? *It's a good land*, not a hungry soile, that eates up the inhabitants*, but one that feedes, even where it's most barren, in the mountainous Peake, thousands of sheepe, and imployes a farr greater number of men.

" It's a land there richest where it's poorest by its mines and grooves; where its surface promises least, it yields most, and what's wanting in Nature is supplied by miracles or wonders†.

" It's a land also (like that which flowed with milke and honey) full of brookes of waters, of depths and fountaines, that spring out of the hills. It is not like the dry desarts of Arabia, or the barren sands of Lybia, but like the delicious plaines of Jordan. A land well water'd, even like Paradise, the garden of the Lord. *Quot tubera, tot ubera.* Every exuberant hill is as one of nature's springing duggs, alwayes running to meete and refresh the thirsty traveller. In shorte, *Naturæ gaudentis opus*‡, a country wherein Nature sports itselfe, leaping up and down, as it were, in the pleasant variety of hills and valleys, untill being weary it recreate itselfe at Chatsworth, Boulsover, or Hardicke.

" It's a land whose stones by indefatigable industry are turned into iron, and by labouring men, for their owne worke and sustenance, into bread. Out of whose hills more lead is digged in a yeare, than Canaan afforded brass in ten.

" What shall I say more? for time would fayle me sooner than matter. A land of wheate and barley, oates and pease,

* Numb. xiii. 32.

† Here in the margin is written, *wonders of the Peake.*

‡ Plin. de Campanie, lib. 3.

that affords seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, who takes paines to get a good stomacke.

" In a word, and what can be said more? Derbyshire is a country where there is lacke of nothing. *Sibi sufficit unus.* It's England's cornu-copiæ, having almost all necessaries within itselfe, and supplying with its abundance, the wants of other places. It enjoys good aire, fertile ground, pleasant waters; fire and fuel of the best; neighbouring counties fetch her coles from farr, who, being warmed by her fires, cannot but wish* and call her blessed. Cattell, corne, sheepe, mill-stones, iron, lead of all sorts and colours, these are her native commodities, which enrich even the Indies, and visit the uttermost coastes of the earth.

" I might goe on even to the tyring both of you and myselfe, yet after all I must still leave Derbyshire ever as it is, most of her worth and riches hid under ground, in the place of silence. In truth, it's almost a pity to breake up so rich a Haddon-field† of discourse, unless we had more time to worke it. I shall onely adde, Derbyshire is a county that lyes in all counties, yea in all parts of Christendome, and beyond; the Sun's County‡; where it never setts, but upon which it shines perpetually. She parts with her entrayles, and without complaints suffers her bowells to be continually torne out, to serve the necessities of all nations under heaven."

There was a collection made, I imagine, at the feast, for the benefit of the poor natives of the county resident in town, for after the last observation there follows, as very naturally to be expected, an inference or exhortation:

" Let us be children resembling our deare mother. Let us draw forth our soule, [Is. lviii. 10.] our bowells of mercies, our purses at least, to supply out of our sufficiency the necessitie of others; I shall not propose, much less prescribe, I would have it a free-will offering."

1776, *April.*

* I am not sure that this word is read rightly.

† A large field much famed for its excellent herbage, here used metaphorically.

‡ Here in the margin, "As the Isle of Rhodes was called Insula Solis, on which it shone every day. Plin. Nat. Hist. 2."

LVII. Dr. Beattie's Account of Second Sight.

MR. URBAN,

THE following remarks upon the *second sight*, wherewith some of the inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland are still supposed to be haunted, are extracted from the truly ingenious "Essays" of the celebrated Dr. Beattie, lately printed at Edinburgh, in a large quarto volume, consisting of "Essays on Truth: on Poetry, and Music: on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition: and on the Utility of Classical Learning." Your readers will, I doubt not, be pleased with the sentiments of this philosopher upon so curious a subject. They occur in p. 480, 1, 2, of the work, and will not be deemed unworthy of a place in your valuable Magazine, if an occasional correspondent is not greatly mistaken in his opinion. He has therefore taken the trouble of transcribing them, and hopes they will be inserted as soon as possible.

"I do not find sufficient evidence for the reality of *second sight*, or at least of what is commonly understood by that term. A treatise on the subject was published in the year 1762, in which many tales were told of persons, whom the author believed to have been favoured, or haunted, with these illuminations; but most of the tales were trifling and ridiculous: and the whole work betrayed, on the part of the compiler, such extreme credulity, as could not fail to prejudice many readers against his system. That any of these visionaries are liable to be swayed in their declarations by sinister views, I will not say; though a gentleman of character assured me, that one of them offered to sell him this unaccountable talent for half a crown. But this I think may be said with confidence, that none but ignorant people pretend to be gifted in this way. And in them it may be nothing more, perhaps, than short fits of sudden sleep or drowsiness attended with lively dreams, and arising from some bodily disorder, the effect of idleness, low spirits, or a gloomy imagination. For it is admitted, even by the most credulous highlanders, that, as knowledge and industry are propagated in their country, the *second sight* disappears in proportion; and nobody ever laid claim to this faculty, who was much employed in the intercourse of social life. Nor is it at all extraordinary, that one should have the appearance of being awake, and should even think one's self so, during these fits of dozing; or that they should come on suddenly, and while

one is engaged in some business. The same thing happens to persons much fatigued, or long kept awake, who frequently fall asleep for a moment, or for a longer space, while they are standing, walking, or riding on horseback. Add but a lively dream to this slumber, and (which is the frequent effect of disease) take away the consciousness of having been asleep; and a superstitious man, who is always hearing and believing tales of *second sight*, may easily mistake his dream for a waking vision: which, however, is soon forgotten when no subsequent occurrence recalls it to his memory; but which, if it should be thought to resemble any future event, exhalts the poor dreamer into a highland prophet. This conceit makes him more recluse and more melancholy than ever, and so feeds his disease, and multiplies his visions; which, if they are not dissipated by business or society, may continue to haunt him as long he lives; and which, in their progress through the neighbourhood, receive some new tincture of the marvellous from every mouth that promotes their circulation. As to the prophetical nature of this *second sight*, it cannot be admitted at all. That the deity should work a miracle, in order to give intimation of the frivolous things that these tales are made up of, the arrival of a stranger, the nailing of a coffin, or the colour of a suit of clothes, and that these intimations should be given for no end, and to those persons only who are idle and solitary, who speak Erse, or who live among mountains and deserts, is like nothing in nature or providence that we are acquainted with; and must therefore, unless it were confirmed by satisfactory proof, (which is not the case,) be rejected as absurd and incredible. The visions, such as they are, may reasonably enough be ascribed to a distempered fancy. And that in them, as well as in our ordinary dreams, certain appearances should, on some rare occasions, resemble certain events, is to be expected from the laws of chance; and seems to have in it nothing more marvellous or supernatural, than that the parrot, who deals out his scurrilities at random, should sometimes happen to salute the passenger by his right appellation."

1777, *March.*

LVIII. Useful Hints for learning to swim. By Benjamin Franklin, LL.D. F. R. S. In a Letter to a Friend.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT be of opinion with you, that it is too late in life for you to learn to swim; the river near the bottom of your garden, affords a most convenient place for the purpose. And, as your new employment requires your being often on the water, of which you have such a dread, I think you would do well to make the trial; nothing being so likely to remove those apprehensions, as the consciousness of an ability to swim to the shore in case of an accident, or of supporting yourself in the water till a boat could come to take you up.

I do not know how far corks or bladders may be useful in learning to swim, having never seen much trial of them. Possibly they may be of service in supporting the body while you are learning what is called the stroke, or that manner of drawing in and striking out the hands and feet that is necessary to produce progressive motion. But you will be no swimmer till you can place some confidence in the power of the water to support you; I would therefore advise the acquiring that confidence in the first place, especially as I have known several who, by a little of the practice necessary for that purpose, have insensibly acquired the stroke, taught as it were by nature.

The practice I mean is this; chusing a place where the water deepens gradually, walk coolly into it till it is up to your breast, then turn round your face to the shore, and throw an egg into the water, between you and the shore; it will sink to the bottom, and be easily seen there, as your water is clear. It must lie in the water so deep as that you cannot reach it to take it up but by diving for it. To encourage yourself in order to do this, reflect that your progress will be from deeper to shallower water, and that at any time you may, by bringing your legs under you, and standing on the bottom, raise your head far above the water. Then plunge under it with your eyes open, throwing yourself towards the egg, and endeavouring, by the action of your hands and feet against the water, to get forward till within reach of it. In this attempt you will find that the water buoys you up against your inclination; that it is not so easy a thing to sink as you imagined; that you cannot, but by active force, get down to the egg. Thus you feel the

power of the water to support you, and learn to confide in that power; while your endeavours to overcome it, and to reach the egg, teach you the manner of acting on the water with your feet and hands, which action is afterwards used in swimming to support your head higher above water, or to go forward through it.

I would the more earnestly press you to the trial of this method, because, though I think I satisfied you that your body is lighter than water, and that you might float in it a long time with your mouth free for breathing, if you would put yourself in a proper posture, and would be still and forbear struggling, yet, till you have obtained this experimental confidence in the water, I cannot depend on your having the necessary presence of mind to recollect that posture, and the directions I gave you relating to it. The surprise may put all out of your mind. For, though we value ourselves on being reasonable knowing creatures, reason and knowledge seem, on such occasions, to be of little use to us: and the brutes, to whom we allow scarce a glimmering of either, appear to have the advantage of us.

I will, however, take this opportunity of repeating those particulars to you, which I mentioned in our last conversation, as, by perusing them at your leisure, you may possibly imprint them so in your memory, as on occasion to be of some use to you.

First, that, though the legs, arms, and head of a human body, being solid parts, are specifically somewhat heavier than fresh water, yet the trunk, particularly the upper part, from its hollowness, is so much lighter than water, as that the whole of the body, taken together, is too light to sink wholly under water, but some part will remain above, until the lungs become filled with water; which happens from drawing water into them instead of air, when a person, in the fright, attempts breathing, whilst the mouth and nostrils are under water.

2dly, That the legs and arms are specifically lighter than salt water, and will be supported by it; so that a human body would not sink in salt water, though the lungs were filled as above, but from the greater specific gravity of the head.

3dly, That therefore a person throwing himself on his back in salt water, and extending his arms, may easily lie so as to keep his mouth and nostrils free for breathing; and, by a small motion of his hands, may prevent turning, if he should perceive any tendency to it.

4thly, That, in fresh water, if a man throws himself on

his back, near the surface, he cannot long continue in that situation, but by a proper action of his hands on the water. If he uses no such action, the legs and lower part of the body will gradually sink till he comes into an upright position, in which he will continue suspended, the hollow of the breast keeping the head uppermost.

5thly, But if in this erect position the head is kept upright above the shoulders, as when we stand on the ground, the immersion will, by the weight of that part of the head that is out of water, reach above the mouth and nostrils, perhaps a little above the eyes, so that a man cannot long remain suspended in water with his head in that position.

6thly, The body continued suspended as before, and upright, if the head be leaned quite back, so that the face looks upwards, all the back part of the head being then under water, and its weight consequently in a great measure supported by it, the face will remain above water quite free for breathing, will rise an inch higher every inspiration, and sink as much every expiration, but never so low as that the water may come over the mouth.

7thly, If therefore a person, unacquainted with swimming, and falling accidentally into the water, could have presence of mind sufficient to avoid struggling and plunging, and to let the body take this natural position, he might continue long safe from drowning, till perhaps help would come. For, as to the clothes, their additional weight, while immersed, is very inconsiderable, the water supporting it; though, when he comes out of the water, he would find them very heavy indeed.

But, as I said before, I would not advise you or any one to depend on having this presence of mind on such an occasion, but learn fairly to swim, as I wish all men were taught to do in their youth; they would, on many occurrences, be the safer for having that skill, and on many more the happier, as freer from painful apprehensions of danger, to say nothing of the enjoyment in so delightful and wholesome an exercise. Soldiers particularly should, methinks, all be taught to swim; it might be of frequent use either in surprising an enemy, or saving themselves. And, if I now had boys to educate, I should prefer those schools (other things being equal) where an opportunity was afforded for acquiring so advantageous an art, which, once learnt, is never forgotten.

I am, &c.

1777, *Oct.* B. FRANKLIN.

LIX. Account of the burning a Gentoo Woman with her deceased Husband.

MR. URBAN, *Broomhead.*

IT being asserted by Mr. Guthrie, in his Geographical Grammar, and some other authors, that the custom of the Gentoo women burning themselves with their deceased husbands was disused in India, I desire you would insert the following Extract of a Letter from Mr. Joseph Wilson, at Azumabad, (lately called Cansbang,) in the kingdom of Bengal, by which it appears that custom is yet kept up and practised, in your next Magazine. I give it in his own words. It is dated March 1, 1777.

Yours,

JOHN WILSON.

"I was last September an eye-witness to a Gentoo woman burning with her husband; and as I stood by all the time, and took notes of all that passed, you may depend upon the following narration to be strictly true; I mean the ceremonies that were used by these people, who had always got their bread by their labour, and indeed were so very poor, that the son was obliged to go from house to house to beg fire-wood to burn them with: the richer people are more curious, and have their piles made of a sweet-scented wood called Sandal, and much larger than the people I am speaking of can possibly afford.

"*The Account of Jananca, Wife of Otram Gose, who was burnt alive with her Husband, Sept.* 2, 1776, *at the Head of the Bazaar at Cansbang.*

"As soon as her husband was given over by the Doctor, she sent for a Bramin, and declared her intentions to burn herself, son, and daughter, (which was the whole of the family together,) which some neighbours endeavoured as much as possible to dissuade her from, but all to no purpose, and from that time she refused eating any thing, except a few plantains and betel-nuts. She sent for all her friends, who staid with her all night, and with whom she was very merry. In the morning the man died, and his son came to me to ask leave to burn his father and mother in the Bazaar (or market-

place), as it belongs to the plantation, and is close to my house. I told him very well; but that I should take care no force was used to make her burn against her will. He told me he was so far from forcing, that he had offered her two rupees a month for life; but yet could not help saying it would reflect an honour on his family for his mother to burn. The man was scarce cold before he and his wife were carried upon men's shoulders, she sitting by him; and having provided herself with some couries (small shells which go current for money here), she distributed them amongst the populace, together with rice fried in butter and sugar, very plentifully, as she passed from her house to the place of burning; where, when she arrived, they had not begun to make the pile: so she was set down, together with her dead husband, and gave several orders to the people in making the pile, and was so far from being in the least afraid, that she rejoiced much. I went up to her, and asked her if it was her own free will and consent? She told me it was, and that she was much obliged to me for giving her liberty to burn in that place, and desired I would not offer to oppose it, as she would certainly make away with herself, was she prevented. She sat there, talking with her friends and neighbours, till the pile was ready, which was above an hour, and then went a little distance off, where the deceased was also carried, and were both washed with Ganges water, and clean clothes put on them. The son of the deceased then put a painted paper crown, or cap, on his father's head, of the same kind as is usual for them to wear at their marriages; and a Bramin woman brought four lamps burning, and put one of them into the woman's hand, and placed the other three round her upon the ground: all the time she held the lamp in her hand the Bramin woman was repeating some prayers to her; which, when finished, she put a garland of flowers round her head, and then gave the son of the deceased, who was standing close by, a ring made of brass, which she put upon one of his fingers, and an earthen plate full of boiled rice and plantains mixed up together, which he immediately offered to his deceased father, putting it three times to his mouth, and then in the same manner to his mother, who did not taste it. The deceased was supported all this time, and set upon his breech close by his wife, who never spoke after this, but made three selams to her husband, by putting her hands upon the soles of his feet, and then upon her own head. The deceased was then carried away and laid upon the pile, and his wife immediately followed, with a pot under her arm, containing 21 couries, 21 pieces of saffron, 21 pons for betel-nut, and the

leaf made up ready for chewing; one little piece of iron, and one piece of sandal-wood. When she got to the pile, she looked a little at her husband, who was lying upon it, and then walked seven times round it; when she stopped at his feet, and made the same obeisance to him as before. She then mounted the pile without help, and laid herself down by her husband's side, putting the pot she carried with her close to her head; which as soon as done, she clasped her husband in her arms; and the son, who was standing ready with a wisp of straw lighted in his hand, put the blaze of it three times to his father and mother's mouths, and then set the pile on fire all round, whilst the populace threw reeds and light wood upon them; and they were both burnt to ashes in less than an hour. I believe she soon died, for she never moved, though there was no weight upon her but what she might have easily overset, had she had any inclination. It was intirely a voluntary act, and she was as much in her senses as ever she was in her life. I forgot to mention that she had her forehead painted with red paint, which she scraped off with her nails, and distributed amongst her friends, and also gave them chewed betel out of her mouth, for which favours every one seemed solicitous. The above, I assure you, is a true account of what I saw."

1777, *Dec.*

LX. Bergamot Pears recommended for the Stone and Gravel.

Mr. Urban,

I HAVE sent you the following case to be published in your Magazine, if you shall think proper.

I had for some years been afflicted with the usual symptoms of the stone in the bladder, when accidentally meeting with Dr. Lobb's Treatise of Dissolvents for the Stone and Gravel, I was induced on his recommendation to try the use of Bergamot pears, and eat a dozen or more every day, with the rind, when in less than a week I observed a large red flake in my urine, which, on a slight touch, crumbled into the finest powder; and this was the case for several succeeding days. It is ten years since I made the experiment, and I have been quite free from all complaints of that kind ever since.

Yours, &c.

Benevolus.

If any one should be so happy to receive the same benefit, it is to be hoped that he will publish his case for the good of mankind.

P. S. I do not know whether it may be material to observe that the pears I eat were of the small sort, and full of knots.

1778, *Sept.*

LXI. Account of Valentine Greatrakes, the Stroker.

MR. URBAN,

IN the year 1666, Mr. Valentine Greatrakes, an Irish gentleman, came to England, being invited thither by the Earl of Orrery, to cure the Viscountess Conway of an inveterate head-ache, and, though he failed in that attempt, he wrought many surprising cures not unlike miracles. He was born Feb. 14, 1628, at Affane, in the county of Waterford, and bred a Protestant in the free-school at Lismore till he was 13 years of age; he was designed for the college of Dublin, but, the rebellion breaking out, was forced with his mother to fly into England, where he was kindly received by his great uncle, Edmund Harris, Esq. after whose death his mother placed him with one John Daniel Getsius, a German minister, of Stoke Gabriel, in Devonshire. In five or six years he returned to his native country, which he found in a distracted state, and therefore spent a year in contemplation at the castle of Caperquin. In 1649, he was a lieutenant in Lord Broghill's* regiment, then acting in Munster against the rebels; and in 1656, great part of the army being disbanded, retired to Affane, his native place, and was made clerk of the piece for Cork county, register for transplantation, and justice of the peace; but losing his places after the Restoration, he grew discontented. He seemed very religious; his looks were grave but simple, and not like those of an impostor. He said himself, that ever since the year 1662, he had felt a strange impulse or persuasion that he had the gift of curing the King's evil; and this suggestion became so strong, that he stroked several persons,

* Afterwards Earl of Orrery above-mentioned.

and cured them. Three years after, an epidemical fever raging in the country, he was again persuaded that he could also cure that. He made the experiment, and he affirmed that he cured all who came to him. At length, in April, 1665, another kind of inspiration suggested to him, that he had the gift of healing wounds and ulcers; and experience, he also said, proved that he was not deceived. He even found that he cured convulsions, the dropsy, and many other distempers*. Crowds flocked to him from all parts, and he performed such extraordinary cures, that he was cited into the bishop's court at Lismore, and, not having a licence for practising, was forbid to lay hands on any for the future. Nevertheless, being engaged by the lady above-mentioned to come over to England, he arrived there in the beginning of 1666, and, as he proceeded through the country, magistrates of the cities and towns through which he passed begged him to come and cure their sick. The king, being informed of it, ordered him, by the Earl of Arlington, Secretary of State, to come to Whitehall. The court, though not fully persuaded of his miraculous power, did not forbid him to make himself known. He went every day to a particular part of London, where a prodigious number of sick persons of all ranks, and of both sexes, assembled. He did nothing but stroke them. Pains, the gout, rheumatism, convulsions, &c. were driven by his touch from one part to another, to the utmost extremities of the body, after which they entirely ceased. This occasioned his being called *The Stroker*. He ascribed several disorders to evil spirits, which he divided into different kinds. As soon as the possessed saw him, or heard his voice, they fell on the ground, or into violent agitations. He cured them, as he did other sick persons, by stroking. He could not, however, convince every one of the reality of his miraculous gift; many wrote violently against him, but he found some zealous advocates, even among the faculty. He himself published, in 1666, a letter addressed to the celebrated Mr. Boyle, in which he gave a succinct history of his life†, from which the above particulars are extracted. He annexed to this pamphlet a great number of

* Among others, Mr. Flamsteed, the famous Astronomer, (then in his 20th year,) went over to Ireland, in August 1665, to be touched by him for a natural weakness of constitution, but received no benefit.

† This letter was entitled, "A brief Account of Mr. Valentine Greatrakes, and divers of the strange Cures by him performed, &c." See also "The Miraculous Conformist &c." By Henry Stubbe, M. D. Printed at Oxford, 1666.

certificates, signed by persons of known probity, and among others by Mr. Boyle, and by the celebrated Drs. Wilkins, Whichcot, Cudworth, and Patrick, who attested the truth of some wonderful cures that he had wrought. Notwithstanding all this, his reputation did not last much longer than that of James Aymar*. It appeared at length that all these miraculous causes were only built on the credulity of the public. The noise which this man made gave rise to a novel (in French) by M. St. Evremond, entitled, "The Irish Prophet," in which he finely rallies the credulity of the people, and the spirit of superstition. He also shews that there is no kind of conjuration which is able to lay this kind of demon, which sometimes disturbs the peace of society.

He returned to Ireland in 1667, and though he lived there many years, he no longer kept up the reputation of performing those strange cures which have procured him a name even in our general histories. But in this, his case is very singular, that on the strictest inquiry no sort of blemish was ever thrown upon his character; nor did any of those curious and learned persons, who espoused his cause, draw any imputation upon themselves, though at the same time it must be allowed that there were several very eminent and knowing virtuosi, who could not be brought to have any great opinion of his performances, but were rather inclined to attribute all he did to the mere efficacy of friction.

1779, *Jan.*

LXII. Lord Mansfield's Opinion on Patents.

MR. URBAN,

THE following opinion of Lord Mansfield, relative to patents in general, and to Dr. James's in particular, seeming to me to deserve being more universally known than it is likely to be in the pamphlet which contains it, I have therefore sent it to be inserted in your Magazine. Through whose hands patents from the crown pass, or who are the managers and conductors of them, I am totally ignorant; but it were to be wished, that, for the future, attention

* A peasant of Dauphiny, who made much noise in France, in 1692 and 3, by the marvellous effects of his divining rod.

should be paid to the circumstances mentioned in the following extract.

BENEVOLUS.

"THE third point is whether the specification is such as instructs others to make it; for the condition of giving the encouragement is this:—That you must specify upon record your invention in such a way as shall teach an artist, when your term is out, to make it, and to make it as well as you, by your directions; for then, at the end of the term, the public have the benefit of it. The inventor has the benefit during the term, and the public have the benefit after. But if, as Dr. James did with his powders, the specification of the composition gives no proportion, there is an end of his patent, and, when he is dead, nobody is a bit the wiser. The materials were all old; antimony is old, and all the other ingredients. If no proportion is specified, you are not, I say, a bit the wiser: and therefore I have determined, in several cases here, the specification must state, where there is a composition, the proportions, so that any other artist may be able to make it, and it must be a lesson and direction to him by which to make it: if the invention be of another sort, to be done by mechanism, they must describe it in a way that an artist may be able to do it."

Reply to Observations on two Trials at Law, respecting Mess. Adams's new-invented Stucco.

1779, *Oct.*

LXIII. Rough water calmed by oil.

MR. URBAN,

DR. FRANKLIN (if I mistake not) lately plumed himself on the discovery of a method to still rough water by means of oil*. Though this phenomenon was noticed so long ago as the days of Pliny, yet I suspect that the doctor first learnt it from the Indians who live on the American lakes, as it is well known that the same expedient is practised by

* Dr. Franklin only confirms the report of Pliny and others who have mentioned this phenomenon. His only discovery is the effects of a single drop of oil on a large surface of water. *E.*

them. In what light this discovery was considered during the dark times of monkery the following passage will clearly evince:

"As St. Germanus [Bishop of Auxerre in the beginning of the 15th century] was sailing to Britain [to extirpate the heresy of Pelagianism, which had been planted in England by one Agricola, son of a Pelagian bishop, in the year 429,] a horrible tempest arose, raised by the devil, as it afterwards appeared. The Saint was fast asleep in the ship; but being rouzed by the cries of the perishing crew, he rebuked the storm, and in the name of the Trinity sprinkled a few drops of holy oil upon the raging waves, and instantly there was a calm."—See the 2d of Dr. Jortin's Six Dissertations, p. 73.

1779, *Nov.* X.

LXIV. Some account of a Musical Prodigy.

HAVING about the year 1777 received a letter from Norwich, with an account of the extraordinary powers of a child of two years old in playing upon the organ, we deferred publishing the particulars till the fact should be better authenticated. We have now the pleasure of entertaining our readers with a narrative of what Dr. Burney calls an uncommon exertion of the human faculties, at a more early period of life than they usually develope. It is abridged from a paper written by Dr. Burney, addressed to Dr. Hunter, in the first part of the Philosophical Transactions for the present year, and is as follows:

WILLIAM CROTCH was born at Norwich July 5, 1775. His father, by trade a carpenter, having a passion for music, of which however he had no knowledge, undertook to build an organ, on which, as soon as it would speak, he learned to play two or three common tunes, such as *God save great George our King*; *Let Ambition fire thy Mind*; and *The Easter Hymn*; with which, and such chords as were pleasing to his ear, he used to try the perfection of his instrument.

About Christmas 1776, his child William, then only a year and a half old, was observed to pay an uncommon attention to music, by leaving his food and listening when the organ was playing: and about Midsummer 1777, he would

even touch the key-note of his particular favourite tunes, in order to persuade his father to play them. Soon after this, as he was unable to name these tunes, he would play the two or three first notes of them when he thought the key-note did not sufficiently explain that which he wished to have played.

But, according to his mother, it seems to have been in consequence of his having heard the superior performance of Mrs. Lulman, a musical lady, who came to try his father's organ, that he first attempted to play a tune himself: for, the same evening, after her departure, the child cried, and was so peevish that his mother was wholly unable to appease him. At length, passing through the dining-room, he screamed and struggled violently to go to the organ, in which when he was indulged, he eagerly beat down the keys with his little fists.

The next day, however, being left in the dining-room with his brother, a youth of about fourteen, he would not let him rest till he blew the bellows of the organ; and while he sat on his brother's knee, he beat down the keys, at first promiscuously, but presently, with one hand, he played enough of *God save great George our King* to awaken the curiosity of his father, who, being in a garret, which was his work-shop, hastened down stairs to inform himself who was playing this tune on the organ. When he found it was the child, he could hardly believe what he heard and saw. At this time he was exactly two years and three weeks old.

It is easy to account for *God save great George our King* being the first tune he attempted to play, as it was not only that which his father often performed, but had been most frequently administered to him as a narcotic by his mother. It had likewise been more magnificently played than he was accustomed to hear by Mrs. Lulman, the afternoon before he became a practical musician himself; and, previous to this event, he used to tease his father to play this tune on his organ, and was very clamorous when he did not carry his point.

His performance was first remarked in the absence of the mother, who no sooner came home than the father, with a look which at once implied joy, wonder, and mystery, desired her to go up stairs with him, as he had something curious to shew her. She obeyed, wondering what she was to see; but was as much surprised as the father, on hearing the child play the first part of *God save great George our King*; and more so the next day when he had made himself

master of the treble of the second part. The third day he attempted the base, which he performed nearly correct, except the note immediately before the close, which, being an octave below the preceding sound, was out of the reach of his little hand.

In the beginning of November 1777, he played both the treble and base of *Let Ambition fire thy Mind.*

Upon the parents relating this extraordinary circumstance to some of their neighbours, they laughed at it; and, regarding it as the effect of partial fondness for their child, advised them by no means to mention it, as such a marvellous account would only expose them to ridicule. However, a few days after, Mr. Crotch being ill, and unable to go out to work, Mr. Paul, a tradesman by whom he was employed, passing accidentally by, and hearing the organ, fancied that Crotch, instead of being ill, had been idle, and had stayed at home in order to divert himself on his favourite instrument: fully prepossessed with this idea, he entered the house, and, suddenly opening the dining-room door, saw the child playing on the organ while his brother was blowing the bellows. Mr. Paul thought the performance so extraordinary, that he immediately brought two or three of the neighbours to hear it, who propagating the report, a crowd of near a hundred people came the next day to hear the young performer, and, on the following days, a still greater number; till at length, the child's parents were forced to limit his exhibition to certain days and hours, in order to lessen his fatigue, and exempt themselves from the inconvenience of constant attendance

[This account agrees in most particulars with the letter we received from Norwich.]

The first voluntary the child ever heard with attention* was performed at his father's house by Mr. Mully, a music-master; and as soon as he was gone, the child seeming to play on the organ in a wild and different manner from what his mother was accustomed to hear, she asked him, what he was doing? and he replied, "I am playing the gentleman's fine thing." But she was unable to judge of the resemblance: however, when Mr. Mully returned a few days after, and was asked, whether the child had remembered any of the passages in his voluntary, he answered in the

* When his father carried him to the cathedral, he used to cry the moment he heard the loud organ, which *Dr.* Burney supposes was too powerful for the delicacy of his nerves.

affirmative. This happened about the middle of November 1777, when he was only two years and four months old, and for a considerable time after he would play nothing else but these passages; for being in every other respect a mere infant, he could no more be persuaded to play than a bird to sing. Yet such was the rapid progress he had made in judging of the agreement of sounds, that he could play soon after, when in the humour, the Easter-hymn with full harmony; and in the last two or three bars of *Hallelujah*, where the same sound is sustained, he played chords with both hands, by which the parts were multiplied to six, which he had great difficulty in reaching on account of the shortness of his fingers.

From this period his memory was very accurate in retaining any tune that pleased him; and being present at a concert where a band of gentlemen performers played the overture in Rodelinda, he was so delighted with the minuet, that the next morning he hummed part of it in bed; and by noon, without any further assistance, played the whole on the organ.

His chief delight at present is in playing voluntaries, which certainly manifest such a discernment and selection of notes as is truly wonderful, and which, when spontaneous, surprise at any age. But though he executes fragments of common tunes in very good time, yet no adherence to any particular measure is discoverable in his voluntaries; and indeed his ear, though exquisitely formed for discriminating sounds, is as yet only captivated by vulgar and common melody, and is satisfied with very imperfect harmony; an instance of which appeared when he first heard the voice of Signor Pacchierotti, the principal singer of the opera: he did not seem sensible of the superior taste and refinement of that exquisite performer; but called out very soon after the air was begun, "He is singing in F."

And this is one of the astonishing properties of his ear, that he can distinguish at a great distance from any instrument, and out of sight of the keys, any note that is struck, whether A, B, C, &c. a circumstance the more extraordinary, as many practitioners and good performers are unable to distinguish by the ear in what key any air or piece of music is executed. I was, says Dr. Burney, curious to know when, and in what manner, this faculty first discovered itself; and, on inquiry, his father gave this answer, that, in the middle of January 1778, while he was playing the organ, a particular note hung, or, to speak the language of organ-builders, ciphered, by which the tone was continued

without the pressure of the finger: and though neither himself nor his elder son could find out what note it was, the child, who was then amusing himself with drawing on the floor*, left that employment, and going to the organ immediately laid his hand on the note that ciphered. Mr. Crotch thinking this the effect of chance, the next day purposely caused several notes to cipher, one after the other, all which he instantly discovered; and at last his father weakened the springs of two keys at once, which, by preventing the valves of the wind-chest from closing, occasioned a double cipher, both of which the child directly found out.

Another wonderful part of his pre-maturity was the being able, at two years and four months old, to transpose into the most extraneous and difficult keys whatever he played; and now, in his extemporaneous flights, he modulates into all keys with equal facility.

The last qualification which I shall point out as extraordinary in this infant musician, is the being able to play an extemporary base to easy melodies when performed by another person upon the same instrument. But these bases must not be imagined correct, according to the rules of counterpoint, any more than his voluntaries. He generally gives, indeed, the key-note to passages formed from its common chord and its inversions, and is quick at discovering when the fifth of the key will serve as a base. At other times he makes the third of the key serve as an accompaniment to melodies formed from the harmony of the chord to the key note; and if simple passages are played slow, in a regular progression ascending or descending, he soon finds out that thirds or tenths below the treble will serve his purpose in furnishing an agreeable accompaniment.

Of this Dr. Burney made trial, and found that the child was equally ready in finding a treble to a base, as a base to a treble, if played in slow notes; that is, if, after the chord of C natural is struck, C be made sharp, he soon finds out that A makes a good base to it; and on the contrary, if, after the chord of D with a sharp third, F is made natural, and A is changed into B, he instantly gives G for the base.

Dr. Burney to this account has added the names of several musical prodigies of this kind, and among others the two sons of the Rev. Mr. Westley, the eldest of whom, Charles,

* It must not be forgotten, that this child is equally delighted with drawing as with music, and, when tired at his organ, he is ever making sketches of one thing or other as he crawls on the floor.

at two years and three quarters old, surprised his father by playing a tune on the harpsichord readily, and in just time: soon after he played several, whatever his mother sung, or whatever he heard in the streets.

Samuel, the youngest, though he was three years old before he aimed at a tune, yet by constantly hearing his brother practise, and being accustomed to good music and masterly execution, before he was six years old arrived at such perfection as to surpass, in many particulars, the attainments of most professors, and before he could write was a composer, and mentally set the airs of several oratorios, which he retained in memory till he was eight years old, and then wrote them down.

1779, *Dec.*

LXV. Names of those who first constituted the Antiquarian Society.

A List of the Society of Antiquaries, extracted from their Charters of Incorporation, dated November 2, 1751.

THE FIRST COUNCIL.

MARTIN FOLKES, esq. President.
Sir John Evelyn, bart. V. P.
Sir Clement Cottrel Dormer, V. P.
James West, esq. V. P.
James Theobald, esq. V. P.
Richard Viscount Fitzwilliam.
Hugh Lord Willoughby, of Parham.
Sir Joseph Ayloffe, bart.
Charles Compton, Esq.
Philip Yorke, esq.
Samuel Gale, esq.
Edward Umfreville, esq.
Philip Carteret Webb, esq.
Daniel Wray, esq.
John Ward, LL.D.
Jeremiah Milles, D.D.
Cromwell Mortimer, D.D.
Richard Rawlinson, LL.D.
Browne Willis, LL.D.
George Vertue, gent.
Joseph Ames, gent.

On the fourteenth of November the following Members were nominated under the Power of the Charter.

Maurice Johnson, esq.
Thomas Martin, esq.
Henry Johnson, esq.
Allen Cooper, M.A.
Sir Charles Mordaunt, bart.
Wm. Lethieullier, esq.
Sir John Clerke, bart.
Isaac Wood, gent.

George Lynn, esq.
William Bogdani, esq.
James Mundy, esq.
Robert New, esq.
Nicholas Hardinge, esq.
Charles Frederick, esq.
William Hall, esq.
William Draper, esq.
Walter Bowman, esq.
Samuel Tuffnel, esq.
Wm. Richardson, D.D.
Edward Vernon, D.D.
David Papillon, esq.
Thomas Birch, M.A.
John Sawbridge, esq.
Andrew Mitchel, esq.
Zachary Chambers, esq.
Geo. Lewis Scott, esq.
William Bowyer, gent.
John Cay, esq.
Thomas Barret, esq.
John Locker, esq.
Peter Collinson, gent.
Sir Arthur Forbes, bart.
And. Ducarel, LL.D.
Thom. Morell, D.D.
Theodore Jacobson, esq.
John Carter, esq.
John Greene, esq.
William Hanbury, esq.
Charles Lyttleton, Dean of Exeter.
Rt. Hon. John Lord Viscount Tyrconel.
David Hartley, M.A.
Joshua Blew, gent.
Henry Baker, gent.
James Burrough, esq.
George North, M.A.
Andrew Lawrence, gent.
Richard Pococke, D.D.
Robert Bootle, esq.
Sir Peter Thomson, knt.
Thomas Lennard Barret, esq.
Augustine Earle, esq.
Allan Ramsay, gent.
William Sotheby, esq.
Philip Henry Warburton, esq.
George Shelvocke, esq.
William Cowper, esq.
John Eardley Wilmot, esq.
Thomas Edwards, esq.
William Strahan, esq.
John Lawry, M.A.
Peter Davall, esq.
John Booth, gent.
Marsh Dickenson, esq.
William Cole, M.A.
Charles Chauncy, M.D.
Benjamin Prideaux, esq.
Erasmus Earle, esq.
Henry Rooke, gent.
Samuel Reynardson, esq.
Samuel Squire, D.D.
Charles Joy, esq.
John Hill, esq.
Josiah Colebroke, gent.
Wm. Townshend, gent.
John Locke, esq.
Francis Blomefield, M.A.
Hon. Heneage Legge, esq
Gustavus Brander, gent.
Edmund Sawyer, esq.
John Taylor, LL.D.
Sir Tho. Robinson, bart.
Rev. Andrew Gifford.
James Parsons, M.D.
William Hooker, gent.
Francis Wise, B.D.
Philip Smith, gent.
Samuel Mead, esq.
Walter Johnson, gent.
Francis Woollaston, esq.
Henry Read, esq.
Edward Lye, M.A.
Henry Cheere, esq.
Samuel Berkley, esq.
William Mitford, esq.
[illegible]uel Pegge, M.A.
Thomas Wilson, gent.
Godolphin Edwards, esq.
James Burrow, esq.

The names of Archbishop Herring and Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, were added December 12, 1751.

1780, *Jan.*

LXVI. Writers in the Controversy on the Confessional.

MR. URBAN, *March* 16, 1780.

THE following is a catalogue of the names of the writers in the two controversies occasioned by the publication of the Confessional, and the presentation of the clergy's petition to the House of Commons. It is left to the more curious and inquisitive to appropriate their respective works to their rightful owners; and this catalogue is subject to the correction of your correspondents, who may be possessed of better information than your occasional contributor,

A Country Clergyman.

Allen, John, M. A. Vice Principal of Magd. Hall, Oxford.
Balguy, Thomas, D. D. Archdeacon of Winchester.
Barker, Robert, B. D. Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge.
Bellward, John, A. B. Rector of Burgh Castle, Suffolk.
Bemow, Mr. of Houghton, near Darlington.
Blackall, Samuel, B. D. Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge.
BLACKBURNE, FRANCIS, M. A. Archdeacon of Cleveland.
Blackstone, Sir William, D. C. L.
Buckler, Mr. Benjamin.
Burnaby, Andrew, M. A. Vicar of Greenwich.
Carlos, James, M. A. Chaplain to the Bishop of St. David's, and Rector of Blofield.
Carter, Nicholas, D. D. Rector of Woodchurch, Kent.
Clarke, Richard, Rector of Hartley, Kent.
Cooper, Samuel, M. A. Rector of Merley and Yelverton, Norfolk.
Dawson, Benjamin, LL.D. Rector of Burgh, Suffolk.
Disney, John, D. D. Vicar of Swinderby, Lincolnshire.
Duncan, John, D. D. Rector of South Warmborough, Hants.
Edwards, Thomas, D. D. late Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge.
Evanson, Edward, M. A. late Vicar of Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire.

Firebrace, John, A. B. late Lecturer of St. Paul's, Deptford.
Forster, Nathaniel, M. A. of All Saints, Colchester, and Tolleshunt Knights, Essex.
Fleming, Caleb, D. D.
Furneux, Philip, D. D.
Goddard, T. M. A. Rector of Swell, Somersetshire.
Gwatkin, Thomas, of Malden, Essex, since Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in William and Mary College, Virginia.
Hallifax, Samuel, LL.D. King's Professor of Civil Law, Cambridge.
Hardy, Samuel, Rector of Little Blakenham, Suffolk, and Lecturer of Enfield, Middlesex.
Harris, Dr. of Lupit, near Honiton.
Harvest, George, M. A. Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge.
Harwood, Edward, D. D.
Haslet, Rev. ——, of Maidstone, Kent.
Hey, John, B. D. Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and Preacher at Whitehall.
Hopkins, William, A. B. Vicar of Bolney, and Master of the Grammar School of Cuckfield, Sussex.
Hurd, Bishop.
Ibbetson, James, D. D. Archdeacon of St. Alban's, Rector of Bushy, Herts, and Prebendary of Lincoln.
Jebb, John, M. A. and M. D.
Jones, —— Vicar of Shephall, Hertfordshire.
Jones, William, A. B. late of University College, Oxford, Rector of Pluckley, Kent.
Law, Bishop.
Lindsey, Theophilus, M. A. (late) Vicar of Catterick, Yorkshire.
Madan, M. A. B. Chaplain to the Lock Hospital.
Norman, Henry, late Minor Canon of Winchester.
Paley, William, M. A. Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge.
Palmer, Rev. John.
Hatten, Dr.
Peckard, Peter, M. A.
Plumptree, Robert, D. D. President of Queen's College, Cambridge.
Powell, W. S. D. D. F. R. S. Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Archdeacon of Colchester.
Priestley, Joseph, LL.D.
Purver, Anthony.
Pye, Benjamin.

Randolph, Thomas, D. D. President of C. C. C. Oxford, Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, and Archdeacon of Oxford.
Ridley, Gloucester, D. D. Minister of Poplar.
Robinson, Rev. Robert, of Cambridge.
Robertson, William, D. D. of Wolverhampton.
Roe, Samuel, M. A. Vicar of Stotfolde, Bedfordshire.
Rose, William, M. A. of Chiswick.
Rotherham, John, M. A. Rector of Ryton, Durham.
Rutherforth, Thomas, D. D. and F. R. S. Archdeacon of Essex, and King's Professor of Divinity in Cambridge.
Secker, Archbishop.
Seward, Thomas, Canon Residentiary of Litchfield.
Sheppard, Richard, B. D. Fellow of C. C. C. Oxford, and Rector of Friskney in Lincolnshire.
Stevens, Thomas, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.
Stone, Francis, M. A. Rector of Cold-Norton, Essex.
Sturges, John, M. A. Preb. of Winchester, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty.
Temple, Anthony, M. A. Master of the Free School of Richmond, and Vicar of Easby, Yorkshire.
Tillard, Richard, M. A. Vicar of South Leverton, Nottinghamshire.
Tisler, Mr. of Deptford.
Toplady, Augustus, A. B Vicar of Broad-Hembury, Devon.
Tottie, John, D. D. Archdeacon of Worcester, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.
Towers, Joseph, LL. D.
Towgood, Rev. Mr.
Tucker, Josiah, D. D. Dean of Gloucester.
Watson, Richard, D. D. King's Professor of Divinity in Cambridge.
Whitfield, Henry, D. D. Vicar of Brightlingsea, Essex.
Williams, Rev. David.
Wollaston, Francis, LL.B. and F. R. S. Rector of Chislehurst, Kent.
Wood, John, B. D. Rector of Cadleigh, Devon. and formerly Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.
Wyvill, Christopher, LL.B. Rector of Black Notley, Essex.

LXVII. Origin of the Mayor of Garrat.

MR. URBAN, *July 25.*

THE learned antiquary finds a pleasure in tracing the origin of ancient customs, even when time has so altered them as totally to obliterate their use. It may therefore not be unpleasing to the generality of your readers, while it is yet recent in memory, to record in your Magazine the laudable motive that gave rise to the farcical custom of electing a Mayor of Garrat, which is now become truly ridiculous.

I have been told, that about thirty years ago, several persons who lived near that part of Wandsworth which adjoins to Garrat Lane, had formed a kind of club, not merely to eat and drink, but to concert measures for removing the encroachments made on that part of the common, and to prevent any others being made for the future. As the members were most of them persons in low circumstances, they agreed at every meeting to contribute some small matter, in order to make up a purse for the defence of their collective rights. When a sufficient sum of money was subscribed, they applied to a very worthy attorney in that neighbourhood, who brought an action against the encroachers in the name of the president (or, as they called him, the MAYOR) of the club. They gained their suit with costs; the encroachments were destroyed; and ever after, the president, who lived many years, was called "The Mayor of Garrat."

This event happening at the time of a general election, the ceremony upon every new parliament, of choosing *outdoor* members for the borough of Garrat, has been constantly kept up, and is still continued, to the great emolument of all the publicans at Wandsworth, who annually subscribe to all incidental expences attending this mock election.

1781, *July*. M. G.

LXVIII. Explanation of the Terms used in the Game of Quadrille.

AS this is the season for cards, and you, Mr. Urban, have no aversion, I apprehend, to a sober game at *Quadrille* now and then, I shall here present you with a few slight observa-

tions on that game; not to instruct you how best to play it, for as I am but a mean proficient myself, I cannot pretend to that, (I refer you to Hoyle, and the other authors) but only to explain the terms.

Quadrille is founded on the noble Spanish game of *Hombre*, or *Man*, but came to us immediately from France, for which reason we find in it a mixture both of Spanish and French expressions.

Matadores in Spanish are *murderers*, and the specifical cards so called do cut down and *murder* all the rest; and the names of those cards do accord perfectly well with this meaning.

Spadille, in French; in Spanish, *Spadilla*, or *espadilla*, *a little sword*. Hence comes the name of one of our suits, *Spades*, though it be not marked with *espadas*, or swords, as in Spain it is, but with *picks*, after the French, who call this suit *Piques*. The Spanish name is here therefore retained, though the device, or picks, be altered.

Manille seems to be a corruption of the Spanish *malilla*, a wicked woman, capable of any sort of mischief.

Basto, quasi *the Club*, by way of eminence, which is the meaning of it in Spanish. We, however, have changed the device of this suit into a Trefoil after the French, who therefore call it *Trefle*.

Punto is the Spanish ace.

Basted, for so it should be written, and not *beasted*, in Spanish means *beaten*. The French call it *Remise* from *remettre*, to put down again, or return a stake, as the party that is basted is obliged to do.

Sans prendre is French, and means playing without taking a partner.

Vole is the French word for a slam, or winning every trick.

Codille. The chief difficulty lies in this word, as when we say, *it is codille*, for I am told that this is the proper expression, and not, *you are codill'd*, or *we have got the Codille*. Wherefore if you, Mr. Urban, or any of your numerous correspondents, will be so good as to explain this term,* you, or he, will lay an obligation on, Sir,

Yours, &c.

1781, *Suppl.* T. Row.

* From the Spanish word *caudillo*, a general. See the word *codille* in Richelet's French Dictionary. *E.*

LXIX. On Apparitions.

MR. URBAN, *May* 10.

IN the six original letters you have published between the Rev. J. Hughes, of Jesus College, in Cambridge, the learned editor of St. Chrysostom on the Priesthood, and some of his friends,* is a relation of the apparition of Mr. Naylor, who had been fellow of St. John's in that university, to a fellow collegian, Mr. Shaw, then rector of Souldern, in Oxfordshire. I have since met with another account of the same story, written by the Rev. Richard Chambre, who was then a member of Sidney College, and afterwards vicar of Loppington, in Shropshire, where he died Feb. 1752, aged 70. The paper containing this account was put into my hands by his executor, who has assured me, that it is his hand-writing. It has no date, but bears visible marks of its age; and, by the beginning of it, is plainly to be referred to the date of the letters above-mentioned, that is, the year 1707. Your readers will judge as they please of the truth of the story. My business is only to transcribe the paper containing it; which, except in a few instances of spelling, I send you faithfully and exactly done, with its superscription.

Yours, &c.

R. M.

Another Account of the Apparition of Mr. Naylor to Mr. Shaw, from a MS. of the Rev. Richard Chambre.

[This account I had in these very words from the Rev. Dr. Whitfield, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.]

About the end of last summer, Mr. Grove, the public registrar of the university, was in the country at a small town near Banbury, in Oxfordshire, with his old friend Mr. Shaw, lately fellow of St. John's, and who was presented by the college to the living where he resided. While Mr. Grove tarried with him, which was about four or five days, he told him this remarkable story, viz. that some days before, as he was sitting in his study late one night, after eleven, and

* See pp. 44 and 47 of this Volume. *E.*

while he was smoaking tobacco and reading, the spectre of his old companion Mr. Naylor (who died five years ago in St. John's College) came into the room, habited in a gown and cassock, and exactly in the same manner as he used to appear in the college when alive. Mr. Shaw remembered the figure well, and was therefore much surprised; but the spectre took a chair, and sitting down close by him, bid him not be afraid, for he came to acquaint him with something that nearly concerned him. So entering into discourse together, the spectre told him, that "their friend Mr. Orchard* was to die very suddenly, and that he himself should die soon after him, and therefore he came to forewarn him, that he might prepare himself accordingly." After this they talked of many other things (for their conference lasted two hours), and amongst the rest Mr. Shaw asked him, Whether one might form some sort of a notion of the other world from any thing one saw in this? He answered, No; without giving any farther satisfaction to the question. Upon this, Mr. Shaw said to him, How is it with you? His answer was, I am very well and happy. Whereupon Mr. Shaw asked him farther, Whether any of his old acquaintance were with him? His answer was, that there was not one of them: which answer, Mr. Shaw said (as told the story by Mr. Grove†), struck him to the heart. At last, after two hours conference together, the spectre took his leave; and Mr. Shaw desiring him to stay longer, he told him he could not, for he had only three days allotted him to be absent, and they were almost expired. Mr. Shaw then desired that he might see him at least once more before his death. But he told him, it could not be, and so left him. After this he walked about his room a considerable time, musing upon what had happened.

Mr. Grove is a person of undoubted credit who tells this story; and (which is the greatest confirmation of it that can be desired, is that) he told it ‡ several times here in college before Mr. Shaw died; who fell down dead in his desk as he was reading prayers. The other gentleman, Mr. Orchard, who was mentioned, died suddenly in his chair, while his

* Spelt *Auchard* by Mr. Hughes.

† So the MS.

‡ Here Mr. Chambre seems to differ from Mr. Hughes, who says, "Mr. Grove kept the business secret, till, by time of Mr. Shaw's own death, he told the whole story:" unless Mr. Hughes means, that Mr. Grove suppressed the PART of the story relating to Mr. Shaw's death; till hearing he was dead, he then told the whole of it.

bedmaker went from him to fetch his commons for supper. This story is farther confirmed by two country gentlemen* of Mr. Shaw's acquaintance, to whom he had likewise communicated it. And in truth it hath met with such universal credit here†, that I have found very few who made any scruple of believing it.

It is remarkable that Mr. Shaw was a noted enemy to the belief of apparitions, and used always in company to dispute against them.

1783, *May.*

LXX. On swallowing Pins or Fish Bones. By W. Turnbull, M. D.

THE swallowing of pins, &c. has often been the cause of many grievous and dangerous effects, and, it is presumed, often fatal; for, upon dissecting the patients, who appeared, from the symptoms, to have died of the iliac passion, colic, &c. they have been found to have been killed by pins, &c. In April, 1777, a young woman, who had swallowed a very large pin, which stuck fast in that part of the *œsophagus* which enters into the *thorax*, was brought to the hospital at Bamborough Castle, Northumberland. As I then had the honour of the principal management of that hospital, I was sent for, and found the patient in very great pain. Having, some time before, considered the nature of this accident, and concluded, that if any thing could be given that would pass easily, and, when in the stomach, coagulate into a glairy mass, it might probably bring up any thing lodged in the passage; I immediately gave her 4 grains of *tartar emetic*, dissolved in warm water, and then made her swallow the whites of six eggs, and in about three minutes she brought up the coagulated mass, with the pin, and was effectually relieved. The same method was attended with similar success, in an instance nearly resembling the above: a maid-servant to the Hon. Mr. Baillie, of Millerstain, in Scotland, went to bed with 24 pins in her mouth. The consequence of which was, that in the night the family were alarmed with her cries. Mr. Baillie ordered her an emetic and the whites of eggs, as above, and the whole number of pins came up,

* Possibly one of them was Mr. Cartwright of Aynho.

† Mr. Hughes declared himself one of those who believed it.

and are now preserved in the family as a curiosity. The same method I have used, with success, for fish and other kinds of sharp bones.

1783, *Dec.*

LXXI. On salting Meat and purifying Water.

THE usual way of salting meat is to let it remain till it be cold before it is salted.

But in warm climates, or in warm weather, the reverse of this practice should be adopted, viz. to salt the meat as soon as it can be cut up into proper pieces, while it is yet warm, and the juices are flowing. This I have known practised with success on board a ship in a very warm climate, and in close muggy weather, when meat tends fast to putrefaction. It was practised for six or seven weeks successively, without once failing; whilst another ship in company, that was in the same situation with respect to provisions, but followed the usual mode of salting, had seldom more than one or two meals from each hog they killed; for the experiment was made on pork only, being the only fresh meat we then had, our poultry, &c. being all expended.

The utility of this practice, to those who sail to the East or West Indies, &c. or who live in any warm climate, or even in our own during the hot summer months, is obvious.

A simple easy method of purifying foul and fetid water must be useful too, not only to seafaring people, but to those who live in such parts of the country as are without wells or rivers, where they are under the necessity of drinking pond water, which, in hot dry summers, becomes low and unwholesome. The method which I would recommend for that purpose is this:

Make a vessel or case twelve inches square, and two feet and a half deep, narrowing within about half a foot of the bottom, to four inches square. The top must be open, and the bottom pierced full of small holes. Place this vessel in a frame, with a receiver under it, and fill it with gravel, through which the water is to pass, as in the common filtering stone; which being repeated a few times, renders it clear and palatable.

The vessel which I used for the purpose was made of four boards, well fitted together, of the size and form that have been mentioned. But both size and form may be varied at

pleasure. And, indeed, the deeper the vessel, the better, as the water will then pass through a greater quantity of gravel.

The advantage of this artificial filtering stone (as it may be called) above the common one, will be evident. It is not liable to be broken or cracked; it will purify a much greater quantity of water in the same space of time; the gravel, when foul from frequent use, may be taken out and exposed to the wind and sun, upon a piece of canvass on deck, when it will be again fit for use, with little trouble; besides, a few spare bushels of fresh water gravel may easily be put on board for change; whereas it is well known that the common filtering stone, when foul, is not cleansed without much trouble, and, being of a brittle nature, is very liable to be cracked or broken on board of ship.

On shore the vessel may be elevated many feet above the receiver, and the air will greatly assist in purifying the water in its fall.

1783, *Oct.* J. NASEBY.

LXXII. Cost of the Fifty new Churches built by Sir Christopher Wren.

MR. URBAN,

AS your Magazine is the common register of every thing memorable, the following account of the cost of the fifty new churches, and the monument, built by Sir Christopher Wren may serve perhaps to fill a corner.

	£.	s.	d.
ST. PAUL'S - - - -	736,752	2	3¼
Allhallows the Great - - - -	5641	9	9
——— Bread-street - - -	3348	7	2
——— Lombard-street - - -	8058	15	6
St. Alban's, Wood-street - - -	3165	0	8
St. Anne and Agnes - - - -	2448	0	10
St. Andrew's, Wardrobe - - -	7060	16	11
——— Holborn - - - -	9000	0	0
St. Antholin's - - - - -	5685	5	10½
St. Austin's - - - - -	3145	3	10
St. Benet, Grasschurch - - -	3583	9	5¼
——— Paul's Wharf - - -	3328	18	10
——— Fink - - - - -	4129	16	10
St. Bride's - - - - - -	11430	5	11
St. Bartholomew's - - - -	5077	1	1

Christ Church - - - - -	11778	9	6
St. Clement, Eastcheap - - -	4365	3	4½
——— Danes - - - -	8786	17	0½
St. Dionis Back Church - - -	5737	10	8
St. Edmund the King - - - -	5207	11	0
St. George, Botolph-lane - - -	4509	4	10
St. James, Garlick-hill - - -	5357	12	10
——— Westminster - - -	8500	0	0
St. Lawrence, Jewry - - - -	11870	1	9
St. Michael, Basinghall - - -	2822	17	1
——— Royal - - - -	7455	7	9
——— Queenhithe - - -	4354	3	8
——— Wood-street - - -	2554	2	11
——— Crooked-lane - - -	4541	5	11
——— Cornhill - - - -	4686	5	11
St. Martin, Ludgate - - - -	5378	18	8
St. Matthew, Friday-street - - -	2301	8	2
St. Margaret Pattens - - - -	4986	10	4
——— Lothbury - - -	5340	8	1
St. Mary, Abchurch - - - -	4022	2	4½
——— Magdalen - - - -	4291	12	9¼
——— Somerset - - - -	6579	18	1¼
——— at Hill - - - - -	3980	12	3
——— Aldermanbury - - -	5237	3	6
——— le Bow - - - -	8071	18	1
——— le Steeple - - - -	7388	8	7¾
St. Magnus, London Bridge - - -	9579	19	10
St. Mildred, Bread-street - - -	3705	13	6½
——— Poultry - - - -	4654	9	7½
St. Nicholas Cole Abbey - - -	5042	6	11
St. Olave, Jewry - - - -	5580	4	10
St. Peter's, Cornhill - - - -	5647	8	2
St. Swithin, Canon-street - - -	4687	4	6
St. Stephen, Walbrook - - -	7652	13	8
——— Coleman-street - -	4020	16	6
St. Vedast, Foster-lane - - -	1853	15	6
The Monument - - - - -	8856	8	0

1784, *July.*

LXXIII. Strictures on the present State of our Convict Laws.

MR. URBAN, *July 3.*

THE internal government of nations has been in a state of progressive improvement for several ages past; and, it is

perhaps, in the present arrived as near to perfection, in most respects, as the nature of things will permit. There is, however, one circumstance in which great room still remains for improvement: the method of punishing heinous offenders against the laws, so as most effectually to answer the end of punishment, does not seem to have been yet discovered. The number of capital punishments which occur in our own nation in particular, is a circumstance that alarms the feelings of humanity; we enjoy the protection, which the laws afford us, with an imperfect satisfaction, when we reflect, that it is purchased with the violent and premature death of so many of our fellow-creatures. Did the *cruelty* of our laws give them additional force in deterring men from incurring the penalties of them, their cruelty might perhaps admit of defence; but this does not seem to be the case. In fact, their being in a legislative view too severe and indiscriminate, has occasioned a great relaxation in the execution of them; and this relaxation, though commendable with respect to the spirit it proceeds from, has been found to produce the most pernicious consequences. The threats of punishment, in order to have the full effect of which they are capable, must be rendered as little liable to evasion as possible.

The most profligate persons reason, in some degree, on the consequences of their actions; but they are ready to delude themselves with the slightest chance of impunity, and to act on it as on an absolute certainty. To the chance therefore of escaping altogether from the penalties of the law, let us not add the probability of their being mitigated after the conviction of the offender. In the present state of things, a man under the first temptation to commit a capital crime may reason thus: "I am going to do an act, for which I know the laws will on conviction sentence me to die; however, I have some chance of escaping the pursuit of justice, and if I should be taken and convicted, as this is my first offence, they will think it cruel to hang me; the judge therefore will most probably reprieve me, or if not, the king certainly will, and then I shall but be transported at worst; or perhaps, after a short imprisonment, I shall be discharged without further punishment." Thus, in whatever mode our present laws are executed, they are attended with bad effects. A relaxation, by rendering the consequences of crimes indeterminate, encourages men to offend in the hope of impunity; and when to avoid this effect the threatened punishments are strictly executed, we are shocked at the

sacrifice of so many human victims, and lament that the peace of society must be maintained at so dear a price.

It deserves therefore to be considered whether, by making *fewer crimes to be capital*, and at the same time rendering the punishments which may be appointed instead of death *more certain*, these inconveniences might not, in some measure, be avoided. Let the penalties of the law be less severe, or however less sanguinary; but let them, with a very few exceptions, be invariably inflicted on conviction. Few men are arrived at such a state as to be utterly incorrigible; to those, whom the nature of their crimes denotes to be such, death should still be the punishment: with respect to the rest, if their preservation can be made consistent with the public security, they should be *corrected* and not *destroyed*; they should be put under such a course of discipline as, while it convinces them of their errors, may shew them that happiness is still in some degree within their reach; and that the amendment of their conduct, as it is the *only*, so it is even yet a *certain*, method of restoring them to the enjoyments they have forfeited.

In pursuance of this idea, might not some such plan as the following be adopted? Let houses be erected in different parts of the kingdom, to the number of two or three in each circuit, for the purposes of labour and confinement, under the name of *Felons Workhouses*. Let the first of these be put under a severer discipline than the second, and so on (if there be more than two to a circuit), that the *kind*, as well as the *duration*, of punishment may be suited to the offence. To a residence in these workhouses for the space of one, two, three, four, &c. years, according to the malignity of their crimes, I propose that convicts be sentenced; and that this punishment be the *express penalty* of the laws, and not a *mitigation* of that which they have appointed. None but the officers set over them should have access to them; as they ought to have no communication, not even by letter, with persons out of the house, and as little as possible with each other. Perhaps it may be necessary to let them labour together; but, if they are kept in small parties, the presence of overseers may prevent irregularities. At night they should be confined in separate cells. It would be advisable, if it could be managed, that their condition should be made to depend in some measure on their conduct, and to improve in proportion to the amendment of their behaviour. The degrees of punishment would by these means be greatly varied, and the mixture of solitude and social la-

hour would tend to bring these unhappy creatures to a proper recollection. Confinement and an obligation to labour is, to those whose crimes arise from idleness and dissipation, a punishment as severe as can well be imagined; the dread of it, therefore, will have a powerful influence in deterring men from incurring it; and as to those who may incur it, the *forced* submission to a temperate and regular method of life will, no doubt, have a happy effect in bringing them to a *voluntary* sobriety. That difficulties would arise in the execution of such a plan, with respect to the nature of the employment, and to many other circumstances, the failure of a somewhat similar one gives us sufficient reason to apprehend; but, notwithstanding this, I doubt not, that by a proper exertion of skill and authority these difficulties might be surmounted. My purpose at present is only to give a hint of what appears to me a practicable scheme of great importance, and as such worthy the attention of the legislature.

But I despair of ever seeing the very desirable end of *preventing crimes* attained, to the degree which I think possible, till some method for the *better education of the children of the poor* be universally adopted. Whether the general establishment of *Houses of Industry* would effect this I am not fully satisfied; but I think that, under proper regulation and with some improvements, they are more likely to do it than any other practicable plan that has yet been suggested.

Yours, &c.

1784, *July.* E. P.

LXXIV. The Effect of Music on the Nerves, and on the singing of Birds.

MR. URBAN, *June* 3.

IF you will insert the following article in your next Magazine, you will oblige your very old correspondent,

V.

" Præhabebat porro vocibus humanis, instrumentisque harmonicis, musicam illam avium: non quod alia quoque non delectaretur; sed quod ex musica humana relinqueretur in animo *continens* quædam, attentionemque et somnum *conturbans agitatio*; dum ascensus, exscensus, tenores, et mutationes illæ sonorum, et consonantiarum euntque redeuntque per phantasiam: cum nihil tale relinqui possit ex modulationibus avium, quæ, quod non sunt perinde a nobis imi-

tabiles, non possunt perinde internam facultatem commovere." Vita Peireskii Gassendi.

This curious quotation strikes me much, by so exactly representing my own case, and by describing what I have so often felt, but never could so well express. When I have heard fine music, I am haunted with passages therefrom night and day, and especially at first waking; which, by their importunity, give me more uneasiness than pleasure; which still tease my imagination, and recur irresistibly to my memory at seasons, and even when I am desirous of thinking of other matters.

1785, *July.*

LXXV. Inquiry into the Effects of Spirituous Liquors.

For the following curious Inquiry into the Effects of Spirituous Liquors upon the Human Body, and their Influence upon the Happiness of Society, our Readers are indebted to Benjamin Rush, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in the University of Philadelphia.

BY spirits I mean all those liquors which are obtained by distillation from the fermented juices of substances of any kind. These liquors were formerly used only in medicine; they now constitute a principal part of the drinks of many countries.

Since the introduction of spirituous liquors into such general use, physicians have remarked that a number of new diseases have appeared among us, and have described many new symptoms as common to old diseases. Spirits, in their first operation, are stimulating upon the system. They quicken the circulation of the blood, and produce some heat in the body. Soon afterwards they become what is called sedative; that is, they diminish the action of the vital powers, and thereby produce languor and weakness.

The effects of spirituous liquors upon the human body in producing diseases are sometimes gradual. A strong constitution, especially if it be assisted with constant and hard labour, will counteract the destructive effects of spirits for many years, but in general they produce the following diseases:

1. A sickness at the stomach, and vomiting in the morning. This disorder is generally accompanied with a want of appetite for breakfast. It is known by tremors in the hands, in-

somuch that persons who labour under it are hardly able to lift a tea-cup to their heads till they have taken a dose of some cordial liquor. In this disorder a peculiar paleness, with small red streaks, appear in the cheeks. The flesh of the face at the same sime has a peculiar fulness and flabbiness, which are very different from sound and healthy fat.

2. An universal dropsy. This disorder begins first in the lower limbs, and gradually extends itself throughout the whole body. I have been told that the merchants in Charlestown, in South Carolina, never trust the planters when spirits have produced the first symptom of this second disorder upon them. It is very natural to suppose, that industry and virtue have become extinct in that man whose legs and feet are swelled from the use of spirituous liquors.

3. Obstruction of the liver. This disorder produces other diseases, such as an inflammation, which sometimes proves suddenly fatal; the jaundice; and a dropsy of the belly.

4. Madness. It is unnecessary to describe this disease with all its terrors and consequences. It is well known in every township where spirituous liquors are used.

5. The palsy, and 6, the apoplexy, complete the group of diseases produced by spirituous liquors. I do not assert that these two disorders are never produced by any other causes; but I maintain, that spirituous liquors are the most frequent causes of them; and that when a pre-disposition to them is produced by other causes, they are rendered more certain and more dangerous by the intemperate use of spirits.

I have only named a few of the principal disorders produced by spirituous liquors. It would take up a volume to describe how much other disorders natural to the human body are increased and complicated by them. Every species of inflammatory and putrid fever is rendered more frequent and more obstinate by the use of spirituous liquors.

The danger to life from the diseases which have been mentioned is well known. I do not think it extravagant therefore to repeat here what has been often said, that spirituous liquors destroy more lives than the sword. War has its intervals of destruction; but spirits operate at all times and seasons upon human life. The ravages of war are confined to but one part of the human species, viz. to men; but spirits act too often upon persons who are exempted from the dangers of war by age or sex; and, lastly, war destroys only those persons who allow the use of arms to be lawful; whereas spirits insinuate their fatal effects among

people whose principles are opposed to the effusion of human blood.

Let us next turn our eyes from the effects of spirits upon health and life to their effects upon *property*; and here fresh scenes of misery open to our view. Among the inhabitants of cities they produce debts, disgrace, and bankruptcy. Among farmers they produce idleness with its usual consequences, such as houses without windows, barns without roofs, gardens without inclosures, fields without fences, hogs without yokes, sheep without wool, meagre cattle, feeble horses, and half-clad dirty children, without principles, morals, or manners. This picture is not exaggerated. I appeal to the observation of every man in Pennsylvania, whether such scenes of wretchedness do not follow the tracks of spirituous liquors in every part of the state.

If we advance one step further, and examine the effects of spirituous liquors upon the *moral faculty*, the prospect will be still more distressing and terrible. The first effects of spirits upon the mind shew themselves in the *temper*. I have constantly observed men, who are intoxicated in any degree with spirits, to be peevish and quarrelsome; after awhile, they lose by degrees the moral sense. They violate promises or engagements without shame or remorse. From these deficiencies in veracity and integrity, they pass on to crimes of a more heinous nature. It would be to dishonour human nature only to name them.

Thus have I in a few words pointed out the effects of spirituous liquors upon the lives, estates, and souls, of my fellow creatures.—Their mischiefs may be summed up in a few words. They fill our church-yards with premature graves—they fill the sheriff's docket with executions—they crowd our gaols—and, lastly, they people the regions—but it belongs to another profession to shew their terrible consequences in the future world.

I shall now proceed to combat some prejudices in favour of the use of spirituous liquors.

There are *three* occasions in which spirits have been thought to be necessary and useful.

1. In very cold weather.
2. In very warm weather. And
3. In times of hard labour.

1. There cannot be a greater error than to suppose that spirituous liquors lessen the effects of cold upon the body. On the contrary, I maintain that they always render the body more liable to be affected and injured by cold. The temporary warmth they produce is always succeeded by

chilliness. If any thing besides warm clothing and exercise is necessary to warm the body in cold weather, a plentiful meal of wholesome food is at all times sufficient for that purpose. This, by giving a tone to the stomach, invigorates the whole system, while the gentle fever created by digestion adds considerably to the natural and ordinary heat of the body, and thus renders it less sensible of the cold.

2. It is equally absurd to suppose that spirituous liquors lessen the effects of heat upon the body. So far from it, they rather increase them. They add an internal heat to the external heat of the sun; they dispose to fevers and inflammations of the most dangerous kind; they produce preternatural sweats which weaken, instead of an uniform and gentle perspiration which exhilarates the body. Half the diseases which are said to be produced by warm weather, I am persuaded, are produced by the spirits which are swallowed to lessen its effects upon the system.

3. I maintain, with equal confidence, that spirituous liquors do not lessen the effects of hard labour upon the body. Look at the horse with every muscle of his body swelled from morning till night in the plough or the team, does he make signs for spirits to enable him to cleave the earth, or to climb a hill?—No.—He requires nothing but cool water and substantial food. There is neither strength nor nourishment in spirituous liquors; if they produce vigour in labour, it is of a transient nature, and is always succeeded with a sense of weakness and fatigue. These facts are founded in observation; for I have repeatedly seen those men perform the greatest exploits in work both as to their degrees and duration, who never tasted spirituous liquors.

But are there no conditions of the human body in which spirituous liquors are required? Yes, there are; 1. In those cases where the body has been exhausted by any causes, and faintness, or a stoppage in the circulation of the blood has been produced, the sudden stimulus of spirits may be necessary. In this case we comply strictly with the advice of Solomon, who confines the use of "strong drink" only to him "that is ready to perish." And, 2dly, When the body has been long exposed to wet weather, and more especially if cold be joined with it, a moderate quantity of spirits is not only proper, but highly useful to obviate debility, and thus to prevent a fever. I take these to be the only two cases that can occur in which spirituous liquors are innocent or necessary.

But if we reject spirits from being part of our drinks, what liquors shall we substitute in the room of them? For custom,

the experience of all ages and countries, and even nature herself, all seem to demand drinks more grateful and more cordial than simple water.

To this I shall reply, by recommending, in the room of spirits, in the first place,

1. CYDER. This excellent liquor contains a small quantity of spirit, but so diluted and blunted by being combined with an acid and a large quantity of saccharine matter and water, as to be perfectly inoffensive and wholesome. It disagrees only with persons subject to the rheumatism, but it may be rendered inoffensive to such people by extinguishing a red-hot iron in it, or by diluting it with water. It is to be lamented, that the late frosts in the spring often deprive us of the fruit which affords this liquor. But the effects of these frosts have been in some measure obviated by giving an orchard a North-west exposure, so as to check too early vegetation, and by kindling two or three large fires of brush and straw to windward of the orchard the evening before we expect a night of frost. This last expedient has, in many instances within the compass of my knowledge, preserved the fruit of an orchard, to the great joy and emolument of the ingenious husbandman.

2. BEER is a wholesome liquor compared with spirits. The grain from which it is obtained is not liable, like the apple, to be affected with frost, and therefore it can always be procured at a moderate expence. It abounds with nourishment: hence we find many of the common people in Great Britain endure hard labour with no other food than a quart or three pints of this liquor, with a few pounds of bread a day. I have heard with great pleasure of breweries being set up in several of the principal county towns of Pennsylvania; and I esteem it a sign of the progress of our state in wealth and happiness, that a single brewer in Chester county sold above 1000 barrels of beer last year. While I wish to see a law imposing the heaviest taxes on whisky distilleries, I should be glad to see breweries (at least for some years) wholly exempted from taxation.

3. WINE is likewise a wholesome liquor compared with spirits. The low wines of France, I believe, could be drunk at less expence than spirits in this country. The peasants in France, who drink these liquors in large quantities, are a healthy and sober body of people. Wines of all kinds yield by chemical analysis the same principles as cyder, but in different proportions; hence they are both cordial and nourishing. It is remarked that few men ever become *habitual* drunkards upon wine. It derives its relish princi-

pally from company, and is seldom, like spirituous liquors, drunk in a chimney-corner or in a closet. The effects of wine upon the *temper* are likewise in most cases directly opposite to those that were mentioned of spirituous liquors. It must be a bad heart indeed, that is not rendered more chearful and more generous by a few glasses of wine.

4. VINEGAR and WATER, sweetened with sugar or molasses, is the best drink that can be contrived in warm weather. I beg leave to recommend this wholesome mixture to reapers in a particular manner. It is pleasant and cooling. It promotes perspiration, and resists putrefaction. Vinegar and water constituted the only drink of the soldiers of the Roman republic; and it is well known that they marched and fought in a warm climate, and beneath a load of arms that weighed sixty pounds. Boaz, a wealthy farmer in Palestine, we find treated his reapers with nothing but bread dipped in vinegar. Say not that spirits have become necessary in harvest from habit and the custom of the country. The custom of swallowing this liquid fire is a bad one, and the habit of it may be broken. Let half a dozen farmers in a neighbourhood combine to allow higher wages to their reapers than are common, and a sufficient quantity of *any* of the liquors I have recommended, and they may soon abolish the practice of giving them spirits. They will in a little while be delighted with the good effects of their association. Their grain will be sooner and more carefully gathered into their barns, and an hundred disagreeable scenes of sickness and contention will be avoided, which always follow in a greater or less degree the use of spirituous liquors. Under this head, I should not neglect to recommend butter-milk and water, or sour milk (commonly called bonneclabber) and water. It will be rendered more grateful by the addition of a little sugar. PUNCH is likewise calculated to lessen the effects of heat, and hard labour upon the body. The spirit in this liquor is blunted by its union with the vegetable acid. Hence it possesses not only the constituent parts, but most of the qualities of cyder and wine. To render this liquor perfectly innocent and wholesome, it must be drunk *weak*—in *moderate* quantities—and *only* in warm weather.

There are certain classes of people to whom I beg leave to suggest a caution or two upon the use of spirituous liquors.

1. Valetudinarians, especially those who labour under disorders of the stomach and bowels, are very apt to fly to spirits for relief. Let such people be cautious how they repeat this dangerous remedy. I have known many men and

women, of excellent characters and principles, who have been betrayed by occasional doses of gin or brandy to ease the colic, into a love of spirituous liquors, insomuch that they have afterwards fallen sacrifices to their fatal effects. The different preparations of opium are a thousand times more safe and innocent than spirituous liquors in all spasmodic affections of the stomach and bowels. So apprehensive am I of the danger of contracting a love for spirituous liquors, by accustoming the stomach to their stimulus, that I think the fewer medicines we exhibit in spirituous vehicles the better.

2. Some people, from living in countries subject to the intermitting fever, endeavour to fortify themselves against it by two or three glasses of bitters made with spirits every day.—There is great danger of men becoming sots from this practice. Besides, this mode of preventing intermittents is by no means a certain one. A much better security against them is to be found in the Jesuit's bark. A tea-spoonful of this excellent medicine, taken every morning during the sickly season, has in many instances preserved whole families in the neighbourhood of rivers and mill-ponds from fevers of all kinds. Those who live in a sickly part of the country, and who cannot procure the bark, or who object to taking it, I would advise to avoid the morning and evening air in the sickly months—to kindle fires in their houses on damp days, and in cool evenings throughout the whole summer, and to put on woollen clothing about the first week in September. The last part of this direction applies only to the inhabitants of the middle states. These cautions, I am persuaded, will be more effectual in preventing autumnal fevers than the best preparations that can be made from bitters in spirits.

3. Men who follow professions that require a constant exercise of the mind or body, or perhaps of both, are very apt to seek relief from fatigue in spirituous liquors; to such persons I would beg leave to recommend the use of TEA instead of spirits. Fatigue is occasioned by the obstruction of perspiration. Tea, by restoring perspiration, removes fatigue, and thus invigorates the system. I am no advocate for the general or excessive use of tea.—When drunk too strong, it is hurtful, especially to the female constitution; but, when drunk of a moderate degree of strength, and in moderate quantities, with sugar and cream or milk, I believe it is in general innocent, and at all times to be preferred to spirituous liquors. One of the most industrious schoolmasters I ever knew, told me that he had been preserved from the love of spirituous liquors by contracting a love for tea in early life. Three or four dishes drunk in an afternoon carried

off the fatigue of a whole day's labour in his school. This gentleman lived to be 71 years of age, and afterwards died of an acute disease, in the full exercise of all the faculties of his mind.

To every class of my readers, I beg leave to suggest a caution against the use of TODDY. I acknowledge that I have known some men who, by limiting its strength constantly, by measuring the spirit and water, and who by drinking it *only* with their *meals*, have drunk toddy for many years without suffering in any degree from it; but I have known many more who have been insensibly led from drinking toddy for their constant drink, to take drams in the morning, and have afterward paid their lives as the price of their folly. I shall select one case from among many that have come within the compass of my knowledge, to shew the ordinary progress of intemperance in the use of spirituous liquors. A gentleman, once of a fair and sober character, in the city of Philadelphia, for many years drank toddy as his constant drink. From this he proceeded to drink grog—after awhile nothing would satisfy him but slings, made of equal parts of rum and water, with a little sugar. From slings he advanced to raw rum—and from common rum to Jamaica spirits. Here he rested for a few months; but at last he found even Jamaica spirits were not strong enough to warm his stomach, and he made it a constant practice to throw a table-spoonful of ground pepper into each glass of his spirits (in order to use his own expressions), "to take off their coldness." It is hardly necessary to add, that he soon afterwards died a martyr to his intemperance.

I shall conclude what has been said of the effects of spirituous liquors with two observations. 1. A people corrupted by strong drink cannot long be a *free* people. The rulers of such a community will soon partake of the vices of that mass from which they are secreted, and all our laws and governments will sooner or later bear the same marks of the effects of spirituous liquors which were described formerly upon individuals. I submit it therefore to the consideration of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, whether more laws should not be made to increase the expence and lessen the consumption of spirituous liquors, and whether some mark of public infamy should not be inflicted by law upon every man convicted, before a common magistrate, of drunkenness.

The second and last observation I shall offer is of a serious nature. It has been remarked, that the Indians have diminished every where in America since their connection with the Europeans. This has been justly ascribed to the Euro-

peans having introduced spirituous liquors among them. Let those men, who are every day turning their backs upon all the benefits of cultivated society, to seek habitations in the neighbourhood of Indians, consider how far this wandering mode of life is produced by the same cause which has scattered and annihilated so many Indian tribes.—Long life, and the secure possession of property in the land of their ancestors, were looked upon as a blessing among the ancient Jews.—For a son to mingle his dust with the dust of his father, was to act worthy of his inheritance; and the prospect of this honour often afforded a consolation even in death. However exalted, my countrymen, your ideas of liberty may be, while you expose yourselves by the use of spirituous liquors to this consequence of them, you are nothing more than the pioneers, or, in more slavish terms, the "hewers of wood" of your more industrious neighbours.

If the facts that have been stated have produced in any of my readers, who have suffered from the use of spirituous liquors, a resolution to abstain from them hereafter, I must beg leave to inform them, they must leave them off *suddenly* and *entirely*. No man was ever *gradually* reformed from drinking spirits. He must not only avoid tasting, but even smelling them, until long habits of abstinence have subdued his affection for them. To prevent his feeling any inconveniences from the sudden loss of their stimulus upon his stomach, he should drink plentifully of camomile or of any other bitter tea, or a few glasses of sound old wine every day. I have great pleasure in adding, that I have seen a number of people who have been *effectually* restored to health—to character, and to usefulness to their families and to society, by following this advice.

1785, B. Rush.

LXXVI. On the Ventilation of Prisons.

Mr. Urban, *Manchester, June* 22.

The erection of a new gaol for the division of Ipswich, and of a house of correction for that of St. Edmund's-bury, having engaged the attention of the inhabitants of Suffolk, Capel Lott, Esq. an able and active magistrate of that county, consulted Dr. John Jebb, concerning their polity and construction. The answer returned by him was printed in 1785; and I was honoured by Mr. Loft with a copy of the

tract, which is now inserted in the 2d vol. of the doctor's works. It is written in the true spirit of philanthropy, and contains many judicious and important observations. But differing in opinion from the amiable and respectable author on one essential point, I availed myself of the privilege granted me, and transmitted my sentiments to Mr. Loft, without reserve, trusting they would be communicated to Dr. Jebb, whose friendly correspondence I sometimes enjoyed. But the melancholy event of his death occurred about the time when my letter arrived; and it was delivered to Lord Chedworth, as chairman, for the consideration of the justices at the quarter session. If you think such a mite towards the general stock of public information, on a subject which now happily interests the physician, the philosopher, and the statesman, in almost every country of Europe, will be an acceptable contribution, the publication of it in your Repository will oblige your constant reader,

T. P.

Copy of a letter from Dr. Percival to Capel Loft, Esq. of Treston Hall, near Bury, in Suffolk, on the Subject of Prisons.

SIR, *Manchester, Jan.* 26, 1786.

PERMIT me to return my grateful acknowledgments for your very obliging letter; which, though dated Sept. 22, 1785, arrived only three weeks ago, together with an interesting tract on the construction and polity of prisons. I admire the ability, and honour the patriotic zeal, which this little work displays; and perhaps I shall but evince my respect for the editor, by offering to him such comments or remarks as the perusal of it has suggested to my mind.

Though under the form of a query, it seems to be laid down as a *postulatum*; that, when infection has once taken place in a prison inclosed by high walls, it will continue to exert its baneful powers with various degrees of malignity, notwithstanding all the cautions which may be employed to counteract its influence: and it is therefore recommended, as essential to salubrity, that a dry moat, with shelving sides, like a line of circumvallation, should surround, at a proper distance, the place of confinement; that from the bottom of this moat a wall should be raised, 25 feet in height; but that the top of it should not exceed the level of the soil. I apprehend that this mode of inclosure is impracticable in large towns, where an extent of land adequate to it, with a

proper drainage, can seldom be obtained; that it would diminish the terrors of imprisonment to the spectators without, and to the malefactors within; that it might afford means of dangerous communication between them; that it is in no situation indispensably necessary; and that the forcible manner in which it is urged, by such respectable authorities, may render the visitation of most gaols, on their present unalterable construction, too alarming to be undertaken by any honorary inspectors, whether delegated in rotation from the magistracy, as Mr. Howard recommends, or appointed by authority of parliament. I shall not trespass either on your time, or my own, by engaging in the discussion of each of these topics: but I feel it incumbent on me to submit to your candid consideration the reasons which lead me to controvert the opinion, "that walls above the level of the inhabited surface are incompatible with the necessary ventilation of a prison."

Ever since the receipt of your letter, I have paid particular attention to the action of the wind in the court-yard at the back of my dwelling-house, which is a quadrangular area of about 3240 square feet, in the centre of which are planted a few trees and shrubs. On the north side it is screened by the house, which is three stories high, and 18 yards in length. The south side is occupied by a stable, coach-house, &c. On each of the other sides, lower offices are erected; but behind these, considerable buildings rise, the property of my neighbours. This area, therefore, is as much secluded from ventilation as the court-yards in many of our prisons; yet I have uniformly observed, that a very gentle wind suffices to give motion to the shrubs, and even to blow about the straw and other light bodies on the flagged pavement, with which it is environed. The sunshine also, on the calmest day, cannot fail, by the heat which it communicates, to dissipate the noxious vapours, and renovate the air. And every shower of rain performs the same salutary office.

The means of obviating contagion, or the antidotes to it, where it subsists, seem to be three-fold. 1st, Such as weaken its energy by dilution, or by a minute division of its particles. 2dly, Such as operate solely on the human body, by counteracting its susceptibility of infection. 3dly, Such as affect the poison itself, rendering it innoxious, by producing some chemical or other change in its nature. A familiar analogy may at once illustrate and confirm this proposition. It is well known, that a grain of tartar emetic will excite vomiting. But if this antimonial preparation be

dissolved in a very large portion of water, the emetic power which it possessed will be destroyed. The same loss of power will ensue if a dose of opium be administered either previously or in conjunction with it, by which the stomach will become insensible to its action. And lastly, if an alkaline salt be added to it, the decomposition thus produced will render it inert. A knowledge of these several correctives of contagion is interesting to the magistrate as well as to the physician. But the most important of them, and what is now chiefly to be considered, is dilution, which may, I trust, be accomplished, so as to obviate the communication of infection, by smaller supplies of fresh air, than you seem to apprehend.

Contagion, like all other poisons, must subsist in some definite quantity, or degree of concentration, to be capable of producing its deleterious effects. And though the *minimum*, or least point of activity, under which, when reduced by diffusion, it becomes innoxious, hath not, and perhaps cannot, be precisely ascertained; yet we have sufficient evidence to satisfy us that this subsists at no great distance from its source. Dr. Mackenzie, who practised physic 30 years in the cities of Smyrna, and Constantinople, assures us, that he was never afraid to go into a large house wherein a person lay under the plague, provided the patient was confined to one room. And the Rev. Thomas Dawes, chaplain to the British factory at Aleppo, in his account of a dreadful pestilence which raged with such violence in that place in the years 1761, and 1762, that from two to three hundred persons were buried daily, relates that the plague twice broke out in two houses adjoining to that in which the British Consul lived: but although, according to the custom of the East, they constantly slept during the months of July and August in the open air on the house-top, and a Franciscan friar, whose bed was only six yards distant from that of Mr. Dawes (both being placed near a wall eight feet high, by which the terraces of the two houses were separated,) died of the disease after two days illness, yet he and all the family escaped infection. I shall recite a more remarkable fact from the authority of my late honoured friend, Sir John Pringle, which still further illustrates what has been advanced. In the year 1750, on the 7th of May, the sessions commenced at the Old Bailey, and continued several days, during which time more criminals were tried, and a greater multitude was present, than usual. This court is only 30 feet square; and the corruption of the air was aggravated by the foul steams of the ball-dock, and

of two rooms opening into it, in which the prisoners were the whole day crowded together, till they were brought forth to take their trial. The bench consisted of six persons, four of whom died of the gaol distemper, together with two or three of the counsel, one of the under sheriffs, several of the Middlesex jury, and above 40 other persons. It is to be noted, that the Chief Justice, who sat at the Lord Mayor's right-hand, escaped; whilst his lordship, with the rest of the bench on his left, was seized with the infection; that the Middlesex jury, on the same side of the court, lost many, whilst the London jury, opposite to them, received no injury; and that of the multitude present, but one or two, or at most a small number, of those that were on the side of the court to the Lord Mayor's right-hand, were taken ill. Sir John Pringle ascribes this partial action of contagion to the opening of a window at the end of the court most distant from the bench, by which he deems it probable that the poisonous miasms were directed to, and accumulated in, that part of the hall where the fatality so remarkably occurred. And I think we are equally warranted to conclude, from his narrative, that the air of the whole court must have been contaminated, and that a moderate degree of dilution sufficed to render the contagious particles innoxious.

Thus far I had written more than a month ago, as you will perceive by the date of my letter. Successive and very urgent engagements have dissipated my thoughts on this interesting subject, and still continue to engross my time. I hope you will not infer from the observations, which I have with much freedom suggested to you, that I regard the ventilation of gaols as an object of little importance; for it appears to me to claim the most serious attention, so far as it can be rendered compatible with essential purposes of confinement. And I rejoice to find that Mr. Blackburne, an ingenious architect now employed in this country, and in various other parts of England, in the erection of new prisons, purposes to surround them with a wall of no great height, but covered at the top with *chevaux de frise*, which will afford perfect security, at the same time that it is pervious to the wind.

I meant to have offered to you some hints concerning the accommodation, clothing, diet, indulgences, and medical treatment of the prisoners, as they relate to the prevention or cure of the gaol-distemper. But I have at present no leisure to digest my thoughts; and it is probable they would convey little information to one who has so fully considered

these subjects. When you see Dr. Jebb, be pleased to present my best respects to him: he has a claim to the warm esteem of every lover of his country.

This letter will be conveyed to you by Mr. Blackburne. I am called to a meeting of our magistrates, which is to be held to-day for the purpose of conferring with him on the erection of a new prison here.

I have the honour to be, with very cordial respect, Sir, your most faithful, humble servant,

1787, *Sept.* THO. PERCIVAL.

LXXVII. A Provincial dislike to game, how to be accounted for.

MR. URBAN, *Sept.* 22.

IF you ask a countryman in the south-west part of the kingdom to dine, he objects to any kind of game which comes to your table, and says, in his provincial dialect, *I never eats hollow fowl;* under which term he includes hares, and rabbits, as well as wild fowl, and every kind of poultry. It is in vain to inquire whence this dislike proceeds, for he can tell you no more, than that he derives it from his father. Cæsar, it is very remarkable, describes the inhabitants of this country as having exactly the same prejudice. *They esteemed it* (says he) *a crime to eat hares, poultry, or geese; they kept them nevertheless for amusement.* "Leporem, et gallinam, et anserem gustare fas non putant: hæc tamen alunt, animi voluptatisque causa." De Bell. Gall. lib. 5. c. 10. Had the generality of our people been descendants of the Britons whom Cæsar encountered, there would have been then little difficulty in accounting for this superstition, as it might reasonably be supposed to be the remains of a druidical inhibition continued to this time. But history allows of no such solution; for the Saxons found the southern end of our island, deserted by the Romans and ravaged by the Picts, in such a state of desolation, that, so far from adopting the customs of the few surviving natives, they gave new names to the rivers and mountains, and even to the villages and cities. Now we have the authority of Cæsar for asserting, that the Germans, from whom our Saxon ancestors are descended, had no connection with the Druids, but that they had religious rites and ceremo-

nies of their own*. Whether this injunction might have been part of the religion of the Germans, as Tacitus is silent on the subject, cannot now, I think, be ascertained. But what could induce the legislators of two distinct nations to forbid a food so obvious, delicate, and wholesome? And yet it is not easy to imagine that the Saxons would, after their arrival here, impose such an unmeaning restraint on themselves.

There is, however, an abstinence from some of these animals as to food still more inexplicable. It is well known to sportsmen, that spaniels refuse to eat the bones of pheasants, partridges, and wild fowl, though they hunt them naturally: they reject also the bones of the woodcock, which bird they must be trained to flush. Is this antipathy dictated by instinct, or does it arise from being domesticated?

Yours, &c.

1787, *Oct.* T. H. W.

LXXVIII. Instance of a singular Dream and Corresponding Event.

MR. URBAN, *Dec.* 7.

THE curiosity of mankind has been often excited on the subject of dreams; the lower people in all countries are inclined to regard them with reverence and awe; but the opinions of the more enlightened classes of men have been at great variance with respect to this phenomenon. Some have been led to consider dreams as one species of proof, that there is existing within us a principle independent of the material frame. The vivid appearance of objects, the new and surprising combinations formed, the exertions of the passions, the regular trains of reasoning, the play of the imagination, seem occasionally to be as much realized in the state of slumber, as when awake and in motion. It may be assumed as a certain fact, that almost every man has, at some one period or other of his life, experienced in sleep a consciousness of every action he could have per-

* "Germani multum ab hac consuetudine (Gallorum) differunt. Nam neque Druides habent, qui rebus divinis præsint; neque sacrificiis student." De Bell. Gall. l. VI. c. 19.

formed when awake. He travels over extended regions; he runs, walks, rides, with freedom and agility, and not unfrequently seems endued with new and superior powers; he soars aloft, and is wafted through the air, or, gently descending, he glides through the waters, and with such perfect command and security, that, when he awakens, he is hardly persuaded it was but a dream. In opposition to these observations it is urged, that exactly similar effects are produced from disease; such is its influence in numberless cases, that the subject seems just as forcibly prepossessed as from any ideas that could be received from actual impression. Persons insane will persevere in exercises beyond their usual strength, seeming all the while never to entertain a doubt but that they are moving in carriages, on horseback, performing military exercise and evolutions, or buried in philosophical experiments. Multitudes of such instances will readily occur: and it is argued, that as the mind, in those examples, is evidently not disengaged from the control of the body, so neither, in the other, is there any reason to suppose it different, the circumstance of sleep and insensibility being something not unlike disease, a state of suspension of many of the active powers.

Some philosophers imagine that the mind never remains inert, that successions of ideas incessantly present themselves, and thought is always employed. With respect, however, to this notion, it may be alledged, that it is highly improbable that dreams, which, according to the supposition, must perpetually occur, should be so seldom and so faintly recollected. To this it may be answered, that the same thing happens when we are awake. Let any person try to recall the whole train of ideas that has passed through his mind during twelve hours that he has been stirring about in the ordinary business of the day; he will be able to remember particular essential transactions; but, if he attempts to recover the mass of ideas that filled his mind for that portion of time, or even only a considerable part of the time, he will find it impracticable labour; he will in vain endeavour to trace the connection of his ideas; the same broken confused assemblage will be perceived, even by him who possesses the most retentive memory, as when he first awakens with that imperfect consciousness that is usually termed a dream. Were we to commit to writing, in the minutest manner, every idea our remembrance then suggested, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to collect such a number as would employ one hour to read over.

The popular belief, that dreams are a kind of preterna-

tural admonition, meant to direct our conduct, is a notion extremely dangerous. As nothing can be more ill-founded, it ought to be strenuously combated. Innumerable reasons might be offered; but it will be sufficient to say, that it is inconsistent with the general design of Providence, it would overturn the principles that regulate society. The benign intention of the author of nature is in no instance more eminently displayed than in withholding from us the certain knowledge of future events. Were it otherwise constituted, man would be the most miserable of beings; he would become indifferent to every action, and incapable of exertion; overwhelmed with the terrors of impending misfortune, he would endure the misery of criminals awaiting the moment of execution. The proof unanswerable and decisive, that dreams are not to be considered as prognostics, is, that no example can be produced of their successful effect, either in pointing out means of preventing harm, or facilitating benefit. Certain instances may be alledged, where the conformity of a dream with some subsequent event may have been remarkable; but we may venture to assert, that such discoveries have generally happened after the facts, and that fancy and ingenuity have had the chief share in tracing the resemblance, or finding out the explanation. If it be granted that thought never stops, and that the mind is perpetually employed; the wonder should rather be, that so few cases of similitude have been recorded. If millions of the human species through the whole extent of time have been, during their state of slumber, continually subject to dream; perhaps the calculators of chances would be apt to maintain, that near coincidences have probably happened much more frequently than they have been either noticed or recollected.

Amongst the various histories of singular dreams and corresponding events, we have lately heard of one, which seems to merit being rescued from oblivion. Its authenticity will appear from the relation; and we may surely pronounce, that a more extraordinary concurrence of fortuitous and accidental circumstances, can scarcely be produced, or paralleled.

One Adam Rogers, a creditable and decent person, a man of good sense and repute, who kept a public-house at Portlaw, a small hamlet, nine or ten miles from Waterford, in the kingdom of Ireland, dreamed one night that he saw two men at a particular green spot on the adjoining mountain, one of them a small sickly looking man, the other remarkably strong and large. He then saw the little man

murder the other, and he awoke in great agitation. The circumstances of the dream were so distinct and forcible, that he continued much affected by them. He related them to his wife, and also to several neighbours, next morning. After some time he went out coursing with grey-hounds, accompanied, amongst others, by one Mr. Browne, the Roman Catholic priest of the parish. He soon stopped at the above-mentioned particular green spot on the mountain, and, calling to Mr. Browne, pointed it out to him, and told him what had appeared in his dream. During the remainder of the day he thought little more about it. Next morning he was extremely startled at seeing two strangers enter his house, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He immediately ran into an inner room, and desired his wife to take particular notice, for they were precisely the two men that he had seen in his dream. When they had consulted with one another, their apprehensions were alarmed for the little weakly man, though contrary to the appearance in the dream. After the strangers had taken some refreshment, and were about to depart, in order to prosecute their journey, Rogers earnestly endeavoured to dissuade the little man from quitting his house, and going on with his fellow-traveller. He assured him, that if he would remain with him that day, he would accompany him to Carrick next morning, that being the town to which the travellers were proceeding. He was unwilling and ashamed to tell the cause of his being so solicitous to separate him from his companion But, as he observed that Hickey, which was the name of the little man, seemed to be quiet and gentle in his deportment, and had money about him, and that the other had a ferocious bad countenance, the dream still recurred to him. He dreaded that something fatal would happen, and he wished, at all events, to keep them asunder. However, the humane precautions of Rogers proved ineffectual; for Caulfield, such was the other's name, prevailed upon Hickey to continue with him on their way to Carrick, declaring that, as they had long travelled together, they should not part, but remain together until he should see Hickey safely arrive at the habitation of his friends. The wife of Rogers was much dissatisfied when she found they were gone, and blamed her husband exceedingly for not being absolutely peremptory in detaining Hickey.

About an hour after they left Portlaw, in a lonely part of the mountain, just near the place observed by Rogers in his dream, Caulfield took the opportunity of murdering his companion. It appeared afterwards, from his own account

of the horrid transaction, that, as they were getting over a ditch, he struck Hickey on the back part of his head with a stone; and, when he fell down into the trench, in consequence of the blow, Caulfield gave him several stabs with a knife, and cut his throat so deeply that the head was observed to be almost severed from the body. He then rifled Hickey's pockets of all the money in them, took part of his clothes, and every thing else of value about him, and afterwards proceeded on his way to Carrick. He had not been long gone when the body, still warm, was discovered by some labourers who were returning to their work from dinner.

The report of the murder soon reached to Portlaw. Rogers and his wife went to the place, and instantly knew the body of him whom they had in vain endeavoured to dissuade from going on with his treacherous companion. They at once spoke out their suspicions that the murder was perpetrated by the fellow-traveller of the deceased. An immediate search was made, and Caulfield was apprehended at Waterford the second day after. He was brought to trial at the ensuing assizes, and convicted of the fact. It appeared on the trial, amongst other circumstances, that when he arrived at Carrick, he hired a horse, and a boy to conduct him, not by the usual road, but by that which runs on the north side of the river Suir, to Waterford, intending to take his passage in the first ship from thence to Newfoundland. The boy took notice of some blood on his shirt, and Caulfield gave him half a crown to promise not to speak of it. Rogers proved, not only that Hickey was seen last in company with Caulfield, but that a pair of new shoes which Hickey wore, had been found on the feet of Caulfield when he was apprehended; and that a pair of old shoes which he had on at Rogers's house were upon Hickey's feet when the body was found. He described with great exactness every article of their clothes. Caulfield, on the cross-examination, shrewdly asked him from the dock, whether it was not very extraordinary that he, who kept a public-house, should take such particular notice of the dress of a stranger, accidentally calling there? Rogers, in his answer, said, he had a very particular reason, but was ashamed to mention it. The court and prisoner insisting on his declaring it, he gave a circumstantial narrative of his dream, called upon Mr. Browne the priest, then in the court, to corroborate his testimony, and said, that his wife had severely reproached him for permitting Hickey to leave their house, when he knew that, in the short footway to

Carrick, they must necessarily pass by the green spot in the mountain which had appeared in his dream. A number of witnesses came forward; and the proofs were so strong, that the jury, without hesitation, found the panel guilty.—It was remarked, as a singularity, that he happened to be tried and sentenced by his namesake, Sir George Caulfield, at that time lord chief justice of the King's Bench, which office he resigned in the Summer of the year 1760.

After sentence, Caulfield confessed the fact. It came out, that Hickey had been in the West Indies two and twenty years; but falling into a bad state of health, he was returning to his native country, Ireland, bringing with him some money his industry had acquired. The vessel on board which he took his passage was, by stress of weather, driven into Minehead. He there met with Frederick Caulfield, an Irish sailor, who was poor, and much distressed for clothes and common necessaries. Hickey, compassionating his poverty, and finding he was his countryman, relieved his wants, and an intimacy commenced between them. They agreed to go to Ireland together; and it was remarked on their passage, that Caulfield spoke contemptuously, and often said, it was a pity such a puny fellow as Hickey should have money, and he himself be without a shilling. They landed at Waterford, at which place they stayed some days, Caulfield being all the time supported by Hickey, who bought there some clothes for him. The assizes being held in the town during that time, it was afterwards recollected that they were both at the court-house, and attended the whole of a trial of a shoemaker, who was convicted of the murder of his wife. But this made no impression on the hardened mind of Caulfield; for the very next day he perpetrated the same crime on the road betwixt Waterford and Carrick-on-Suir, near which town Hickey's relations lived.

He walked to the gallows with a firm step, and undaunted countenance. He spoke to the multitude who surrounded him; and, in the course of his address, mentioned that he had been bred at a charter-school, from which he was taken, as an apprenticed servant, by William Izod, Esq. of the county of Kilkenny. From this station he ran away on being corrected for some faults, and had been absent from Ireland six years.—He confessed also, that he had several times intended to murder Hickey on the road between Waterford and Portlaw; which, though in general not a road much frequented, yet, people at that time continually coming in sight, prevented him.

Being frustrated in all his schemes, the sudden and total disappointment threw him, probably, into an indifference for life. Some tempers are so stubborn and rugged, that nothing can affect them but immediate sensation. If to this be united the darkest ignorance, death, to such characters, will hardly seem terrible, because they can form no conception of what it is, and still less of the consequences that may follow.

Yours, &c.

1737, *Dec.* A. LL.

LXXIX. Influence of particular Studies with respect to Longevity.

MR. URBAN, *June* 19.

A GENTLEMAN who has made the tour of Europe, and is a minute inquirer into the different modes of life in different countries, has observed with great attention the influence of particular studies and pursuits on the health and long life of the professors. He finds that all, or many of those who study the more refined arts, particularly music, are in in general of great age. He means those who are real admirers and artists, from true feelings of its powers to sooth and compose the mind to peace and serenity, and who have distinguished themselves by celebrated works and compositions. As to mere mechanical performers, their lives are in general shortened by dissipation and debauchery. Among the real admirers and composers, he gives remarkable instances in his own country, as well as Italy, Germany, and other parts, and instances the following professors and dilettanti:

Geminiani, 80 and upwards. Tartini, ditto. Antoniotto, ditto. Leveridge, 90. Mr. St. André, ditto. Corelli, 96. Handel, 75. Old Cervetto, 95 and upwards. Hasse, 86. Farinelli, 90. Faustina, 80. Dr. Creighton, 90. Alessandro Scarlatti, 87. Dr. Pepusch, 85. Rosingrave, sen. ditto. Old Tallis, ditto. Several of the Harrington family, 80. Colonel Blaythwayte, 80. The elder Bach, in Germany, 80. Sir Robert Throckmorton, with many more at this time abroad, of distinguished abilities and ages. Dr. Child, 91. Dr. Blow, 60. Dr. Holder, 89. Stanley, 70, and upwards. Dr. Arne, about 74. Keeble, about 73. Dr. Boyce, ditto. Sir John Hawkins, about 80.

He has made the same observation as to many mathematicians, Newton, Flamsteed, Leibnitz; and remarks, that all those who have pursued studies attended with controversy, or disagreeable political contentions, have either died early, or, if old, impaired their faculties to idiotcy—Swift, Warburton, and many others. Voltaire's chearful engagements secured his longevity, as nothing ruffled his complacency. And he concludes his remarks with *æquanimitas est sola felicitas.*

1789, *June.* HISTORICUS.

LXXV. Dr. Stukeley on the Gout.

MR. URBAN, *Aug. 30.*

I HAVE just been reading Dr. Stukeley's "Letter to Sir Hans Sloane, Bart. about the Cure of the Gout by Oils externally applied," third edition, 8vo. 1740. The very great success, that the Doctor asserts, from his own experience, attended this simple and easy method of treating this "opprobrium medicorum," this cruelly tedious disease, naturally prompts me to ask any of your experienced medical friends, whether the same success has continued to attend this mode of treatment through a lapse of fifty years, a period sufficient to justly appreciate the value of any medical discovery.

The Doctor repeatedly asserts, that he had frequently reduced fits of usually 3 or 4 months continuance to as many weeks; and, even during that time, by these oils, had vastly alleviated the tortures of the truly pitiable podagries. The oils were the invention of Dr. Rogers, who at that time resided at Stamford, as well as Dr. Stukeley, and whose sufferings under the disorder produced the composition so strenuously recommended. Dr. Rogers, it seems, thought it necessary to keep the remedy a secret, and it was sold as a nostrum under the name of "Dr. Rogers's Oils for the Gout." We have no further hints in the Letter of what they consisted, other than that they were a "composition of warm oils," which were to be well rubbed on the parts affected, before a fire, once or twice daily, and that their effects in alleviating the pain, and shortening the fit, were wonderful.

From their effects Dr. Stukeley has, in this pamphlet, given us (at that time) a new theory of the gout. He asserts

the disorder to be an effort of Nature to expel from the habit a fiery venom, and that she chuses the joints as the properest parts, on account of the synovial or oil-glands there situated, that the tortures attending the fiery drop or venom might be mitigated as far as Nature admits; but, by repeated attacks, the oil-glands gradually failing in their supplies, the violence of the fits generally increases, until the poor cripple's joints are in a manner burnt, dried up, and filled up with a chalk or lime-like matter. And hence the Doctor argues, that the artificial application of proper oils supplies the defect of Nature, and, as far as possible, mitigates the disorder. I ought to add that, along with the oils, the Doctor strongly enforces temperance, a due regard to keeping the body open, and a discreet use of opiates when the violence of the pain renders them necessary. This is a concise, though imperfect, sketch of his theory and treatment. Those who chuse to consult his work will see it at large, and more fully stated.

This theory appears rational and deserving attention. The Doctor's plan of forming theories of diseases from the effects of remedies, rather than applying remedies on fanciful theories, seems the surer ground, and worthy the attention of medical practitioners. I know not whether any nostrum is now sold under the name of Dr. Rogers's Oils; but if this sketch tends to revive an useful remedy, or is the means of alleviating the sufferings of any one, I shall rejoice; nor will a column or two of your valuable work be occupied in vain. We can scarcely live to a nobler purpose than using our best endeavours to lighten the distress of suffering humanity.

1790, *Oct.* M. F.

LXXXI. Hops not so good as formerly, and a Remedy proposed.

MR. URBAN, *Lynton, Jan.* 21.

I FIND it is an opinion in this country, that hops are not so good now as they were formerly, and that more are now required to make beer keep than were sufficient many years ago. So far I find is fact, that Sir Jonas Moore, and other writers about brewing, who lived a hundred years ago, order much fewer hops than are now generally put in; and they say the beer will be too bitter if you put in more. I allow about half as many more as we used to do 40 years

since, but do not find more effect from them. Some old people have said, that good hops should be full of seeds: if they mean by that, large plump seeds, I believe there are hardly any such things now. I have once or twice met with a few odd ones, round, plump, and larger than white mustard; those, I suppose, had been accidentally perfected by some male hop near them; but the common hop seeds are lean, skinny, and imperfect.

If it be true that hops are degenerated, I think it must arise from some wrong practice in cultivating them; for I suppose right management will rather tend to improve plants than make them worse. What this wrong method is may perhaps be explained in the following manner:

In most kinds of plants there is contained, in the same blossom, a male part, which scatters dust, and a female part, which stands on the top of the seed-vessel. This is the case in fruit blossoms, cowslips, pease, and most other sorts of flowers; and the Linnæan botany divides plants into classes according to the number and situation of each of these parts.

But in some sorts of plants these two parts grow in different places on the same plant. The catkins which appear in January are the male parts of a nut-tree, and are full of dust; the female parts are scarlet threads, which come out of the top of many of the buds at the same time. The catkins soon scatter their dust, and fall off; and when the bunches of nuts appear in June, they come out of those buds which have had the scarlet threads, of which there are still some remains. The false blossoms of cucumbers and melons are the male part, the fruit blossoms are the female. Indian wheat (maize) has a reed-like top, which scatters dust, and is the male part; the ear, which is the female part, comes out at the bottom of the stalk, covered close up with leaves, to preserve the grain from insects; and many flax-like threads come out of the top of it, each of which stands at the top of the several grains of corn. So far a single plant is capable of bearing good seed, because the male and female parts both grow out of the same root.

But there are some plants of a different kind, where the male and female parts grow upon different roots; the seeds of these will not be perfected unless a male and female plant grow near together. So the male spinach scatters its dust, and soon dies; the female lasts longer, grows larger, and bears seed. The case is the same with hemp; the male is the smallest, full of dust, and is pulled up before the female hemp comes to perfection, and bears its seed. Sallows are

of the same nature; the catkins of the male sallow are yellower, and soon fall off; those of the female sallow are greener, and hang on till they become pods of a dark-coloured very small seed, which come out with a white cotton, like down, to them. And hops are of the same nature; the male plant scatters a great deal of dust, but produces no hops; it is the female plants which bear the hops we use, which are the seed-vessel; and in this, I think, the wrong husbandry consists.

A bull never gives milk, nor does a ram ever bring a lamb; yet we find it necessary to keep both, that the cows and ewes may not be barren. The case is the same with plants; and it has been tried in several instances. All the false blossoms of melons were carefully pulled off before they opened, and then not one melon set. If the end of an ear of maize be tied up in a bag before the flax-like threads appear, that ear will have no corn in it; and if all the reed-like tops are cut off before they scatter any dust, all the ears will be barren. When the pods of the single peony, which bears seed, open in September, some of the seeds are hard, round, and black, these are perfected, and will grow; but there are, in the same pods, others which are red, soft, and irregularly shaped; these will not grow, for they are not perfected. In shelling of pease, many will be found grown to a proper size, and are good; but sometimes there will be, in the same pods, some which are only rudiments of imperfect pease; these did not set, and are come to nothing.

This, therefore, I take to be the mistake in the management of hops; the male plants never produce any hops; on which account the planters carefully destroy them all as useless, not considering nor knowing that thereby the seed is never perfected, the strength of the seed is lost, and the hop probably smaller than it would have been, if the seed had been perfected and grown large. I know no plant so often subject to a total failure of a crop as hops are; perhaps the seed being not perfected is one cause of their so entirely failing; and that, if they had male plants among them to set the seed, the crop might not so often fail, and probably the hops would be much finer. Garden-pease are an example of the fruit being smaller when ill set; for, at the end of summer, there are fewer pease in a pod which are proportionably shorter, and the pease not so plump as in the height of the season; perhaps for want of the summer briskness of the bees, who are supposed to be instrumental in making flowers set, by carrying about the farina. So, in a frame

kept close shut, melons do not set so well as where the air and bees are let in to disperse the dust. And large grapes have several seeds in them; the small ones are often those in which no seeds are set.

Upon the whole, therefore, I think a prudent and experimental hop-grower should plant some of the male hops in the fence round his garden, where they would take up no room, and a few within it, suppose one plant in a hundred, which can be no great loss, and see whether his garden will not be more certain of bearing, and produce more and finer hops, with larger seeds and better quality, than those of his neighbours; which I should think would probably be the case. Or, if any one would chuse to try it first on a lesser scale, he might plant some male hops on one side of his garden, and take notice whether that side will not produce more and better hops than the other.

The North clay hops, in Nottinghamshire, are said to be stronger and bitterer than the South-of-England hops, so as to be disagreeable the first year, but to keep better than the others. Qu. Whether they have any different method of managing them which may occasion that difference?

1791, *Jan.* T. BARKER.

LXXXII. Origin of Tontines.

MR. URBAN, *Jan.* 11.

YOUR correspondent Scrutator having requested an explanation of the word Tontine, I will thank you to insert the following in your next Magazine, if you think it worth noticing.

PAUL GEMSEGE, Jun.

The word Tontine is only a cant word, derived from the name of an Italian projector. This was one Laurence Tonti, a creature of Cardinal Mazarine; who, finding the people extremely out of humour with his eminency's administration, imagined he could reconcile them by a proposal of making people rich in an instant, without trouble or pains. His scheme was a lottery of annuities, with survivorship, which he proposed in 1653, with the consent of the court, but the parliament would not register the edict. Three years after he tried his project again, for building a stone bridge over

the Seine, when it had both the favour of the court and the sanction of parliament, under the title of Banque Royale, but it failed again; for somebody having given it the unlucky name of Tontine, nobody in Paris would trust his money in a lottery that had an Italian title. The last attempt poor Tonti made, was to get his plan adopted by the clergy for the payment of their debts; but though they acknowledged the ingenuity of it, they rejected it as unfit for their purpose.

Such was the invention of the Tontine. If it is not trespassing too much upon you, I will now shew when it first came into use. When Lewis XIV. was distressed by the league of Augsburg, and granted money beyond what the revenues of the kingdom would furnish, for supplying his enormous expences, he had recourse to the plans of Tonti, which, though long laid aside, were not forgotten; and by an edict in 1689, created a Tontine Royale of 1,400,000 livres annual rent, divided into fourteen classes. The actions were 300 livres apiece, and the proprietors were to receive 10l. per cent. with benefit of survivorship in every class. This scheme was executed but very imperfectly; for none of the classes rose to above 25,000 livres, instead of 100,000, according to the original institution; though the annuities were very regularly paid. A few years after, the people seeming in better humour for projects of this kind, another Tontine was erected upon nearly the same terms, but this was never above half full. They both subsisted in the year 1726, when the French King united the 13th class of the first Tontine with the 14th of the second; all the actions of which were possessed by Charlotte Bonnemay, widow of Lewis Barbier, a surgeon of Paris, who died at the age of 96.

This gentlewoman had ventured 300 livres in each Tontine; and in the last year of her life she had for her annuity 73,000 livres, or about 3,600l. a year, for about 30l.

1791, *Jan.*

LXXXIII. On catching Cold.

MR. URBAN, *March* 8.

AS there were few men more attentive to the tracing the causes of natural effects, or more ready and ingenious in accounting for them, than the late Dr. B. Franklin, his opi-

nions on any such subjects are therefore deserving of our special attention. Thus, on the subject of catching cold, he alledged, that instead of a cold being contracted by the body's being exposed to some external cause which may stop the insensible perspiration, such as cold air blowing partially on some part of the body, its continuing during sometime wet, &c. a feast, or some excess in eating or drinking, will be generally found to have preceded. In confirmation of this opinion, he observed, that those who led temperate lives seldom caught cold even though their constitutions and habit of body might seem to be little able to withstand the effects of such causes.

I was a witness of, what I thought, a singular instance of the truth of this opinion. Upon my mentioning it to a gentleman who eats no animal food, and drinks no fermented liquor, or spirits, he said that he would give it a fair trial. He accordingly, early on the first dewy summer morning, walked among long grass, till his feet and legs were perfectly wet, and continued out of doors from 6 till 8, and, when he came in to breakfast, could not be prevailed on to have dry shoes and stockings till he returned to dress at noon. No cold ensued, though wet feet are reckoned among the most frequent causes of catching cold. He afterwards thanked me much for freeing him from many restraints, founded, as he now experienced, on prejudice.

Sir J. Pringle and the Dr. being confined at Calais by contrary winds, agreed to try the experiment. Sir John was to give such directions to the Dr. as in his opinion would expose the Dr. to catch cold; and the Dr. was to prescribe such a diet to Sir John, while he cautiously avoided every cause that might expose him to catch a cold. The Dr. observing a moderation in diet escaped catching cold; though he frequently exposed himself, in such situations, as Sir John supposed might probably occasion the Doctor's catching cold. The wind became fair before the effects of Sir John's feasting appeared; but I have heard them both confess that the probability was on the Doctor's side. The experiment could not be well repeated in London, because both were so frequently exposed to company, that such strict rules could not be conveniently followed.

The Dr. remarked, that those who eat no suppers, especially after plentiful dinners, were much less liable to catch cold, for they thereby avoided adding a quantity of indigested juice with what are, in some degree, in a digested state. They who make their supper their principal meal

do not suffer by it, because the stomach being pretty empty, an improper mixture of juices does not enter the lacteals.

Yours, &c.

1791, *March.* S. A.

LXXXIV. Method of using the Cold Bath to most advantage.

"Fies nobilium tu quoque Fontium."

HOR. 3. Carm. xiii. 13.

MR. URBAN, *Oct.* 31.

THE intention of the following lines will be a sufficient apology for troubling you with them. I hope and trust the hints they contain may make them worthy the attention of many of your readers, as well as contribute to the health and comfort of some individuals of that number; than which nothing can be more gratifying to the writer, whose sole view in their publication is the benefit of those who seek, what they deserve, Health.

The important good consequences of cold-bathing needs nothing to be said at this time of day to recommend it to the notice of the debilitated. The experience of mankind has taught its uses and effects; which have been further sanctioned by many writers, and some of the most eminent in the medical world, who have, at different times, very ably employed their pens on its subject. To the latter for its virtues, and to the present enlightened Faculty for the propriety of its use individually, the application of invalids is recommended. When that is determined, it is the mode only I am about to prescribe.

Waving, therefore, every endeavour at attempting to offer any thing new on the general subject, as to the medical powers of the Cold Bath, I shall only briefly relate what led me to use the mode recommended below; what were its effects on myself, and on some others who, by my advice, have been in the habit of using it; adding a few practical hints, which, I hope, will make an operation, very frightful to many, not only pleasanter, but much more effectually, and, I hope, more extensively, useful.

From a natural delicacy in my constitution, and wishing

to enjoy what one would almost think some people thought not worth having, I have been long accustomed to this remedy, and have the greatest reason to think I owe much comfort to its friendly aid. Sea-bathing, if my attentive observation has not deceived me, in general has been more certainly advantageous in its tonic powers; but whether that superiority arises only from its holding saline particles dissolved, or whether the large body of water the sea contains is at all contributing, or if any thing is particularly due to its comparative specific gravity; whether the purity of the air breathed during its use compared with that of a crowded city, and the relaxation of the mind from business, and the amusement enjoyed in a large society, where every member seems disposed to be and to make happy, has not each its demand; which separately has the greatest claim, it would perhaps be hard to determine, while it must be allowed that each has its merit. Something probably is due to its impregnation; but the sum of all these circumstances co-operating, no doubt fills the measure of its effects; and in its use likewise, as well from my own observation as from the information of others, whose constitutions were alike tender, I have learned there is much less chance of taking cold, an accident to which the most tender are, even with the greatest care and circumspection, occasionally exposed in using the Cold Bath in the usual way. This circumstance has induced me for some years past to recommend, in the dipping weakly children at a distance from the sea, the addition of as much sea or bay salt to the water as would make the solution nearly as salt, or rather a little salter than sea-water; and the event has ever fully rewarded the practice, and substantiated the preference; for I have seen some unhealthy children more benefited by a few weeks bathing in this way, than by months in fresh-water; and others, who have received no benefit by fresh long continued, very soon get colour, spirits, and strength, from a change to the salted. The formation of such a bath was easy for infants, but less manageable for adults. To avoid, therefore, in the common method of using the Cold Bath, such temporary interruptions to its use, and their disagreeable consequences, which I have frequently known to be a continual distress to the too quickly apprehensive mind of the valetudinarian; and studious myself to enjoy that luxury as often as possible, with every advantage to be derived from any improvement my fancy could suggest; it claimed much of my attention: and many schemes, some inconvenient, and others impracticable, occurred, till the following presented itself to my

mind; and, after long use, I have the pleasure to think it highly deserving of notice, as it seems to give the fresh-water Cold Bath some of the properties of sea-bathing, and to me that satisfactory incentive to its use, the recollection of never having caught cold since it was adopted. It has still another advantage or two of its own; the first and not the smallest of which is, that by it, the towels being rendered rougher, the friction in drying after the bath is increased; and what is, I fear, too often neglected, I mean the rubbing by those with whom it should be particularly a matter of the first consequence (the tender and chilly), who are generally those who are apt to be too much in a hurry to get on their clothes, and by that means frequently take cold. For their sakes, now that friction is the subject, viewing the importance of that part of the operation, it would seem wrong to proceed without urging the practice of it to a much greater extent than is customary, and that immediately before as well as after bathing. I believe, from my own experience, that the good effects of this remedy will, in many cases, be considerably increased, if, before the immersion, the body and extremities be well rubbed for a few minutes with a flesh-brush. To the notice of those afflicted with chronic rheumatism, as well as to the shivering bather, it is very earnestly recommended. The stay of the delicate and those with tender bowels, in the water, should be very short; the more robust may indulge longer. The other, and perhaps not less important advantage, is that of using their own towels (which should be coarse and rough as can be borne), untainted with the excrementitious discharges of the skins of a multitude, and perhaps often negligently washed; the truth of which no very nice degree of perfection in the olfactory nerves, is necessary to discover in the clean towels of a public bath. Except in this circumstance, perhaps no public baths in the world exceed in their conveniences and perfection those of London, as far as I have been able to learn.

The practice alluded to, and which I can now with confidence recommend, is that of impregnating the towels with sea salt, by dipping them in a solution of that salt in water, and then drying them. The solution I have used is four ounces to a quart of water: a coarse hand-towel of the common size, by being thoroughly wetted in this solution, when dried, acquires an increase of weight of about an ounce; consequently contains that quantity of sea salt, which as much perhaps as is necessary, or as would be pleasant. The solution may be repeated, after three or four times

using them, by those who are satisfied with one set of towels some time, as easily as once by the more nice. The roughness given to the cloths, when dry, by the salt, assisted probably by the stimulus of the salt itself, adds very considerably to the much-to-be-wished-for glow. And as, in the action of rubbing the body, some of the salt becomes dissolved by the drops hanging to the skin, and is of course spread over the whole surface of the body, and is partly absorbed; to that absorption, which is perhaps more alive during the empty state in which bathing is generally recommended, are to be attributed the good effects of medicated baths, both natural and artificial. The common shower-bath will be much improved in its efficacy by the addition of a proper quantity of salt in its water.

What is in the present case the immediate rationale of its action, or to what cause is to be attributed the preference of sea over fresh water, as it is not the professed design of this paper, we wish to leave undiscussed. The safest means of applying a powerful and pleasant remedy to the diseased, the result of experience, being all we intended, the *modus operandi* is left for a more ably-directed pen. It may be that the stimulus given by the saline *spicula* to the cuticular glands, by its absorption, may not be the smallest of its causes, especially when it is recollected how extensive is its application, and at the same time the great importance of the functions of the absorbing surface. How powerful frequently is the application of a solution of some of the neutral salts in local glandular affections topically applied! Another circumstance, worth notice in an inquiry of this kind, is the effect of some neutral salts in fresh-drawn blood; an example of which every winter affords in a well known culinary preparation of hog's blood; I mean, that of preventing its coagulation. In the extreme and minute sanguiferous vessels, where the circulation must necessarily be very weak and slow, on account of their great distance from the source of its motion, its moving power, and especially in those of the skin, when exposed to cold air in such situations, may not somewhat like a disposition to coagulation exist? and may not the introduction of such particles do away an approaching evil? Perhaps instinct first recommended the use of that material with our food for some such wise purpose: the practice will be found, upon recollection, very general, and gives a probability to such an idea. The learned and ingenious Bishop of Landaff has said, in his "Chemical Essays," that the salt in sea water applied to the skin is not absorbed. I confess myself of a different opinion.

That some of it is absorbed I am convinced; or why is not rain, or any other pure water, equally efficacious, applied to scrophulous glands?

Before the subject be entirely quitted, the writer wishes to submit it to the experience of the medical world, to determine how far this mode of absorption may be usefully applied in a variety of cases requiring the various baths which Nature has, probably for human ills, provided in different parts of the world, and which are too frequently, from some circumstance or other, not within the reach or power of those to whom they would no doubt be of great service; and to add that, in more than one instance, he has applied, with the above saline solution, some few drops of the *tinct. ferri mur.* he thinks with some success in some cases where chalybeates seemed to promise relief. The *Materia Medica* will readily supply, through the medium of Chemistry, a fund of powerful topics to the ingenious physician.

Yours, &c.

1791, *Nov.* BENEVOLUS.

LXXXV. Sufferings of Lieut. George Spearing, in a Coal Pit.

Greenwich Hospital, Aug. 1, 1793.

ON Wednesday, September 13, 1769, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, I went into a little wood called Northwoodside (situated between two and three miles to the N. W. of Glasgow) with a design to gather a few hazel-nuts. I think that I could not have been in the wood more than a quarter of an hour, nor have gathered more than ten nuts, before I unfortunately fell into an old coal-pit, exactly seventeen yards deep, which had been made through a solid rock. I was some little time insensible. Upon recovering my recollection, I found myself sitting (nearly as a tailor does at his work), the blood flowing pretty fast from my mouth; and I thought that I had broken a blood-vessel, and consequently had not long to live; but, to my great comfort, I soon discovered that the blood proceeded from a wound in my tongue, which I suppose I had bitten in my fall. Looking at my watch (it was ten minutes past four), and getting up, I surveyed my limbs, and to my inexpressible joy found that not one was broken. I was soon reconciled to my situation, having from my childhood thought that something very extraordinary was to happen to me in

the course of my life; and I had not the least doubt of being relieved in the morning; for, the wood being but small, and situated near a populous city, it is much frequented, especially in the nutting season, and there are several foot paths leading through it.

Night now approached, when it began to rain, not in gentle showers, but in torrents of water, such as is generally experienced at the autumnal equinox. The pit I had fallen into was about five feet in diameter; but, not having been worked for several years, the subterranean passages were choked up, so that I was exposed to the rain, which continued, with very small intermissions, till the day of my release; and, indeed, in a very short time, I was completely wet through. In this comfortless condition I endeavoured to take some repose. A forked stick that I found in the pit, and which I placed diagonally to the side of it, served alternately to support my head as a pillow, or my body occasionally, which was much bruised; but, in the whole time I remained here, I do not think I ever slept one hour together. Having passed a very disagreeable and tedious night, I was somewhat cheared with the appearance of daylight, and the melody of a robin-redbreast that had perched directly over the mouth of the pit; and this pretty little warbler continued to visit my quarters every morning during my confinement; which I construed into a happy omen of my future deliverance; and I sincerely believe the trust I had in Providence, and the company of this little bird, contributed much to that serenity of mind I constantly enjoyed to the last. At the distance of about 100 yards, in a direct line from the pit, there was a water-mill. The miller's house was nearer to me, and the road to the mill was still nearer. I could frequently hear the horses going this road to and from the mill; frequently I heard human voices; and I could distinctly hear the ducks and hens about the mill. I made the best use of my voice on every occasion; but it was to no manner of purpose; for, the wind, which was constantly high, blew in a line from the mill to the pit, which easily accounts for what I heard; and, at the same time, my voice was carried the contrary way. I cannot say I suffered much from hunger. After two or three days that appetite ceased; but my thirst was intolerable; and, though it almost constantly rained, yet I could not till the third or fourth day preserve a drop of it, as the earth at the bottom of the pit sucked it up as fast as it ran down. In this distress I sucked my clothes; but from them I could extract but little moisture. The shock I received in the fall, together with the

dislocation of one of my ribs, kept me, I imagine, in a continual fever; I cannot otherwise account for my suffering so much more from thirst than I did from hunger. At last I discovered the thigh-bone of a bull (which, I afterwards heard, had fallen into the pit about eighteen years before me), almost covered with the earth. I dug it up; and the large end of it left a cavity that, I suppose, might contain a quart. This the water gradually drained into, but so very slowly, that it was a considerable time before I could dip a nut-shell full at a time; which I emptied into the palm of my hand, and so drank it. The water now began to increase pretty fast, so that I was glad to enlarge my reservoir, insomuch that, on the 4th or 5th day, I had a sufficient supply; and this water was certainly the preservation of my life.

At the bottom of the pit there were great quantities of reptiles, such as frogs, toads, large black snails, or slugs, &c. These noxious creatures would frequently crawl about me, and often got into my reservoir; nevertheless, I thought it the sweetest water I had ever tasted; and at this distance of time the remembrance of it is so sweet, that, were it now possible to obtain any of it, I am sure I could swallow it with avidity. I have frequently taken both frogs and toads out of my neck, where, I suppose, they took shelter while I slept. The toads I always destroyed, but the frogs I carefully preserved, as I did not know but I might be under the necessity of eating them, which I should not have scrupled to have done had I been very hungry.

Saturday, the 16th, there fell but little rain, and I had the satisfaction to hear the voices of some boys in the wood. Immediately I called out with all my might, but it was all in vain, though I afterwards learned that they actually heard me; but, being prepossessed with an idle story of a wild man being in the wood, they ran away affrighted.

Sunday, the 17th, was my birth-day, when I completed my forty-first year; and I think it was the next day that some of my acquaintance, having accidentally heard that I had gone the way I did, sent two or three porters out purposely to search the pits for me. These men went to the miller's house, and made inquiry for me; but, on account of the very great rain at the time, they never entered the wood, but cruelly returned to their employers, telling them they had searched the pit, and that I was not to be found. Many people in my dismal situation would, no doubt, have died with despair; but, I thank God, I enjoyed a perfect serenity of mind; so much so, that in the Tuesday afternoon, and when I had been six nights in the pit, I very composedly (by way

of amusement) combed my wig on my knee, humming a tune, and thinking of Archer in the "Beaux Stratagem."

At length, the morning, September 20, the happy morning for my deliverance, came; a day that, while my memory lasts, I will always celebrate with gratitude to Heaven! Through the brambles and bushes that covered the mouth of the pit, I could discover the sun shining bright, and my pretty warbler was chaunting his melodious strains, when my attention was roused by a confused noise of human voices, which seemed to be approaching fast towards the pit; immediately I called out, and most agreeably surprised several of my acquaintance, who were in search of me. Many of them are still living in Glasgow; and it is not long since I had the very great satisfaction of entertaining one of them at my apartments. They told me that they had not the most distant hope of finding me alive; but wished to give my body a decent burial, should they be so fortunate as to find it. As soon as they heard my voice, they all ran towards the pit, and I could distinguish a well-known voice exclaim, "Good God! he is still living!" Another of them, though a very honest North-Briton, betwixt his surprise and joy, could not help asking me, in the Hibernian stile, "if I were still living?" I told him "I was, and hearty too;" and then gave them particular directions how to proceed in getting me out. Fortunately at that juncture a collier, from a working pit in the neighbourhood, was passing along the road, and, hearing an unusual noise in the wood, his curiosity prompted him to learn the occasion. By his assistance, and a rope from the mill, I was soon safely landed on *terra firma*. The miller's wife had very kindly brought some milk warm from the cow; but, on my coming into the fresh air, I grew rather faint, and could not taste it. Need I be ashamed to acknowledge, that the first dictates of my heart prompted me to fall on my knees, and ejaculate a silent thanksgiving to the God of my deliverance; since, at this distant time, I never think of it but the tear of gratitude starts from my eye.

Every morning while I was in the pit I tied a knot in the corner of my handkerchief, supposing that, if I died there, and my body should be afterwards found, the number of knots would certify how many days I had lived. Almost the first question my friends asked me was, how long I had been in the pit? Immediately I drew my handkerchief from my pocket, and bade them count the knots. They found seven, the exact number of nights I had been there. We now hasted out of the wood. I could walk without support; but

that was not allowed, each person present striving to shew me how much they were rejoiced that they had found me alive and so well. They led me to the miller's house, where a great number of people were collected to see me. A gentleman, who had a country house just by, very kindly, at my request, sent for a glass of white wine. I ordered a piece of bread to be toasted, which I soaked in the wine, and ate. I now desired the miller's wife to make me up a bed, fondly thinking that nothing more was wanting than a little refreshing sleep to terminate my misfortune. But, alas! I was still to undergo greater sufferings than I had yet endured. By the almost continual rains, together with the cold damp arising from the wet ground on which I lay, and not being able to take the least exercise to keep up a proper circulation of the blood, my legs were much swelled and benumbed. Some of my friends observing this, proposed to send to Glasgow for medical advice. I at first declined it, and happy had it been for me if I had pursued my own inclinations; but, unfortunately for me, a physician and a surgeon were employed, both of them ignorant of what ought to have been done. Instead of ordering my legs into cold water, or rubbing them with a coarse towel, to bring on a gradual circulation, they applied hot bricks and large poultices to my feet. This, by expanding the blood-vessels too suddenly, put me to much greater torture than I ever endured in my life, and not only prevented my enjoying that refreshing sleep I so much wanted, but actually produced a mortification in both my feet. I do not mean, by relating this circumstance, to reflect on the faculty in general at Glasgow; for, I was afterwards attended by gentlemen who are an honour to the profession. The same method was pursued for several days, without even giving me the bark till I mentioned it myself. This happily stopt the progress of the mortification, which the doctors did not know had taken place till the miller's wife shewed them a black spot, about as broad as a shilling, at the bottom of my left heel. In a day or two more the whole skin, together with all the nails of my left foot, and three from my right foot, came off like the fingers of a glove.

Opposite the river on which the mill stood there was a bleach-field. It is customary for the watchman in the night to blow a horn to frighten thieves. This I frequently heard when I was in the pit; and very often when I was in a sound sleep at the miller's, I have been awakened by it in the greatest horrors, still thinking myself in the pit; so that, in fact, I suffered as much by imagination as from reality.

I continued six weeks at the miller's, when the roads became too bad for the doctors to visit me, so that I was under the necessity of being carried in a sedan chair to my lodgings in Glasgow. By this time my right foot was quite well; but in my left foot, where the above-mentioned black spot appeared, there was a large wound, and it too plainly proved that the *os calcis* was nearly all decayed; for, the surgeon could put his probe through the centre of it. The flesh too at the bottom of my foot was quite separated from the bones and tendons, so that I was forced to submit to have it cut off. In this painful state I lay several months, reduced to a mere skeleton, taking thirty drops of laudanum every night; and, though it somewhat eased the pain in my foot, it was generally three or four in the morning before I got any rest. My situation now became truly alarming; I had a consultation of surgeons, who advised me to wait with patience for an exfoliation, when they had not the least doubt but they should soon cure my foot. At the same time they frankly acknowledged that it was impossible to ascertain the precise time when that would happen, as it might be six, or even twelve, months, before it came to pass. In my emaciated condition I was certain that it was not possible for me to hold out half the time: and, knowing that I must be a very great cripple with the loss of my heel bone, I came to a determined resolution to have my leg taken off, and appointed the very next day for the operation; but no surgeon came near me. I sincerely believe they wished to perform a cure; but being, as I thought, the best judge of my own feelings, I was resolved this time to be guided by my own opinion; accordingly, on the 2d of May, 1770, my leg was taken off a little below the knee. Yet, notwithstanding I had so long endured the rod of affliction, misfortunes still followed me. About three hours after the amputation had been performed, and when I was quiet in bed, I found myself nearly fainting with the loss of blood; the ligatures had all given way, and the arteries had bled a considerable time before it was discovered. By this time the wound was inflamed; nevertheless, I was under the necessity of once more submitting to the operation of the needle, and the principal artery was sewed up four different times before the blood was stopped. I suffered much for two or three days, not daring to take a wink of sleep; for the moment I shut my eyes, my stump (though constantly held by the nerve) would take such convulsive motions, that I really think a stab to the heart could not be attended with greater pain. My blood too was become so very poor and thin, that it absolutely drained through

the wound near a fortnight after my leg was cut off. I lay for 18 days and nights in one position, not daring to move, lest the ligature should again give way; but I could endure it no longer, and ventured to turn myself in bed contrary to the advice of my surgeon, which I happily effected, and never felt greater pleasure in my life. Six weeks after the amputation, I went out in a sedan chair for the benefit of the air, being exactly nine months from the day I fell into the pit. Soon after, I took lodgings in the country; where, getting plenty of warm new milk, my appetite and strength increased daily; and to this day, I bless God, I do enjoy perfect health; and I have since been the happy father of nine children.

1793, *July.* GEORGE SPEARING.

LXXXVI. Against shooting Swallows, Martens, &c.

FROM the Maidstone Journal, June 18.

" At a meeting of the Kentish Society on Thursday last, the following very valuable observations were communicated by Mr. Hunt, gardener, of this town.

" A great custom has of late years prevailed in these parts among gentlemen, sportsmen, and game-keepers, of destroying the different species of martens or swallows, which entirely live upon the wing, and are only to be seen in this country during the breeding months of summer. Mr. H. remarked, that the number of these birds has, within these few years, greatly diminished, and that the present year produces infinitely less than can be remembered in any preceding one. This diminution is attributed, in part, to the wanton havoc made of them by practitioners and others with their guns, who, without reflection, destroy what Providence sent for a great purpose. By shooting the old birds, the nestlings are in consequence destroyed; which, when added to a number of the latter lost in the seas by migration for the winter, unitedly assign a just reason for their great decrease. Minute observers calculate, that one of these birds daily destroys some hundreds of moths, flies, and other insects, parents of the alarming swarms of caterpillars, grubs, &c. that of late have committed such disasters in the gardens and fields on vegetation in general. It is earnestly hoped that the above-described gentlemen will discontinue

shooting or destroying any swallow, marten, swift, or other birds, which feed in flight: their humanity and forbearance towards this valuable and inoffensive part of the feathered creation, will serve to reduce the very noxious insects which annually infest the British islands."

1793, *Aug.*

LXXXVII. A curious Story of an Apparition.

MR. URBAN, *Hackney, Sept.* 23.

AS you have inserted a remarkable story in your Magazine for May last,* I here inclose you another narrative of that kind, which undoubtedly comes as well authenticated as the testimony of an individual can render it. This memorandum was lately found among the papers of the Rev. Mr. Mores, late of Layton, in Essex, formerly of Queen's College, Oxford, (a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, and highly respected for his learning and abilities, who died in the year 1778.) It fell into the hands of his son, Edward Rowe Mores, Esq. who has authorised me to lay it before the public, by means of your Magazine. The MS. shall remain with you for some time, for the inspection of any gentleman who may wish to have the fullest conviction of the authenticity of so interesting a relation. The hand-writing† I believe you can testify, as you were well acquainted with the man.

Yours, &c.

J. PAYNE.

"Mr. John Bonnell, was a Commoner of Queen's College; he was remarkable in his person and his gait, and had a particular manner of holding up his gown behind, so that to any one who had but once seen him he might be known by his back as easily as by his face.

"On Sunday, November 18, 1750, at noon, Mr. Ballard, who was then of Magdalen College, and myself, were talking together at Parker's door. I was then waiting for the sound of the trumpet, and suddenly Mr. Ballard, cried out,

* See page 447 of this volume.

† It is certainly Mr. Mores's. EDIT.

Lord have mercy upon me, who is that coming out of your college? I looked, and saw, as I supposed, Mr. Bonnell, and replied, He is a gentleman of our house, and his name is Bonnell; he comes from Stanton Harcourt. My God! said Mr. Ballard, I never saw such a face in all my life. I answered slightly, His face is much the same as it always is; I think it is a little more inflamed and swelled than it is sometimes, perhaps he has buckled his band too tight; but I should not have observed it if you had not spoken. Well, said Mr. Ballard again, I never shall forget him as long as I live; and seemed to be much disconcerted and frightened.

"This figure I saw without any emotion or suspicion; it came down the quadrangle, came out at the gate, and walked up the High-street; we followed it with our eyes till it came to Cat-street, where it was lost. The trumpet then sounded, and Mr. Ballard and I parted, and I went into the hall, and thought no more of Mr. Bonnell.

"In the evening the prayers of the chapel were desired for one who was in a very sick and dangerous condition. When I came out of the chapel, I inquired of one of the scholars, James Harrison, in the hearing of several others who were standing before the kitchen fire, who it was that was prayed for? and was answered, Mr. Bonnell, sen. Bonnell, sen. said I, with astonishment, what's the matter with him? he was very well to-day, for I saw him go out to dinner. You are very much mistaken, answered the scholar, for he has not been out of his bed for some days. I then asserted more positively that I had seen him, and that a gentleman was with me who saw him too.

"This came presently to the ears of Dr. Fothergill, who had been my tutor. After supper he took me aside, and questioned me about it, and said, he was very sorry I had mentioned the matter so publicly, for Mr. B. was dangerously ill. I replied, I was very sorry too, but I had done it innocently; and the next day Mr. B. died.

"Inquiry was made of Mr. Ballard afterwards, who related the part which he was witness to in the same manner as I have now related it; adding, that I told him the gentleman was one Mr. Bonnell, and that he came from Stanton Harcourt.

1783, *Oct.* E. R. M."

LXXXVIII. Proposal for lending small Sums to the Industrious Poor.

MR. URBAN, *Oct.* 21.

BY inserting the following Proposal in your *next* Magazine, you will probably further the interests of humanity, and will greatly oblige

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

A Proposal for lending small Sums of Money for a short Time, without Interest, to virtuous and industrious Persons labouring under temporary Difficulties.

Various are the methods which humanity has suggested for the relief of poverty and distress, while too little attention has been paid to any plan for preventing those evils which so large a portion of mankind are born to suffer. It is certain that the unhappy transition from competence to indigence is commonly occasioned by a temporary difficulty, which might be removed by a small assistance from the hand of the benevolent, and all the consequent misery avoided. The labourer or manufacturer, whose daily industry is barely sufficient to support a numerous family, is perhaps laid on the bed of sickness, or, without any misconduct, for a short time may happen to be unemployed; his wife and children immediately want bread; and shortly after comes an unfeeling landlord, who sells the little furniture, and turns out the poor wretches either to starve or become a burthen to the parish. This fixes the destiny of the unfortunate family for the whole remainder of life; for though there is a laudable pride, even in the lowest individual, which makes him abhor the idea of being dependent on parish rates, and excites him to every exertion lest the dear little objects of his affection should be stigmatised by the badge of paupers; yet, when he finds the disgrace wholly unavoidable, and his name is once registered in the parochial records of the poor, he never strives to regain his independence, because he thinks his reputation irrecoverable.

Too often also it happens that, for a small debt, the poor man is shut up in prison great part of his life, and rendered useless to his family and the public; and, though the Society for liberating Persons confined for small Debts has been

much and deservedly applauded, yet, if Charity should begin her god-like work a little earlier, and prevent those unfortunate men from being dragged from useful employments, and the arms of their lamenting families, much greater good would be done. This is evident on the slightest consideration; for, when the father is committed to prison, the children must be provided for by the parish, or they will become vagrants, and a pest to the public. The wife must share deeply in their calamity, and perhaps abandons herself to despair*; or, if her temper be lively, and her person agreeable, her distresses may dispose her to submit to the affluent seducer. The prisoner in the mean while forgets his habits of industry, and learns those vices which the illiterate indolent acquire in all situations, but particularly in that school of immorality, a gaol. Very seldom indeed it happens, that, after being discharged from confinement, he collects his scattered family, resumes his former calling, and recovers his credit as an honest and industrious man. The application of a little force may keep the wheels of industry going; but, if they are once suffered to stop, any attempt to set them in motion again is very rarely successful. Now, could occasional relief be given to such a person while struggling with his adverse condition, he might not only continue to be the support of his family, but, in all probability, would soon be able to repay a small sum of money which might be lent him from a fund, if it should be instituted for such a beneficent purpose. And, as the basis of such an institution must entirely depend on a careful discrimination of character, the petitioners should come well recommended, by three or more respectable neighbours, for their honesty and industry, and as being persons who will probably be able to discharge the loan within a few months. Those who should abuse this charity, by refusing or neglecting to return the money at the time proposed, to be excluded from all future assistance, and to be sued if their circumstances should make their conduct criminal.

* One melancholy instance of this, which occurred in the West of England about three months since, may be here mentioned. A poor man, who supported his family by carrying coals on a couple of small horses, was arrested for an inconsiderable debt, incurred by an accidental misfortune. His wife sold his little stock, and even her scanty wardrobe, but unluckily the amount was short of the debt and costs about two guineas; the debtor, therefore, was pulled away by the iron grasp of bailiffs; and the poor wife, distracted at the scene of her husband's distress, and the shrieks of her children, immediately destroyed herself! Whose heart does not burn with a desire of preventing such calamities!

For the credit of human gratitude, it is to be hoped that few such men will be found; but, as there must be some debtors to this institution, whose misfortunes, by long continuance, will keep them insolvent, it will be necessary to have an annual subscription to support it.

There are some benevolent persons, who are not rendered so giddy in the vortex of pleasure, nor so deafened by the clamour of politics, but they can still hear the cry of human distress, and are ready to give every possible succour. To such only is this Proposal addressed; and they are earnestly requested to give it a mature consideration, and not hastily dismiss it on account of some apparent objections. The proposer is sensible that great difficulties would attend the execution of this plan, but he does not think them insuperable; and surely the benefit to be derived from it to the virtuous and industrious poor is of such importance as would well justify an experiment how far it is practicable. The common objection will be, that few will be able and willing to repay the money they shall borrow from such funds. But, if a proper regard be paid to character, it is likely this will not be found true. But, even supposing this to be the case, certainly it is not a sufficient reason for rejecting this Proposal. For, should the greater part of the sums thus advanced be sunk, it must be allowed that charity can never be exercised in a more beneficial manner. The assistance we give the poor is generally by alms to those who either receive parish-pay, or live in a state of indolence and vagrancy, and whose impudence makes them intrude on and harrass the benevolent. By such persons the money is usually misapplied to the purposes of intemperance, or unnecessary indulgence; or, at best, it affords but a short relief without productive and lasting benefit. For, much discretion and economy in the management of alms cannot be expected from those whose imprudence and extravagance have, perhaps, contributed to reduce them to their unhappy situation. But now, if the money so bestowed should be applied to extricate sober and diligent persons embarrassed by casual difficulties, the effect would be very different; for, we may lay it down as a rule, that, where there is no prospect but that of constant want, a temporary relief will be transient and ineffectual; but, if the want be only temporary, assistance will be of the most permanent and happy consequence. In this latter case we distribute the seeds of charity, which, by the care and cultivation of the receiver, will produce a plentiful harvest. We deliver a talent which will not be.

hidden in the earth, but of which the good and faithful servant will make a tenfold increase.

1793. *Nov.*

LXXXIX. Cold Water recommended for a Scald.

MR. URBAN, *Truro, Cornwall, Nov. 4.*

THOUGH the following communication has already appeared in a periodical work, as the tendency of it must be admitted to be generally useful, I am sure I need not apologise for requesting that it may be inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine. Its utility alone must be its recommendation, for, it has little or nothing of novelty to plead in its favour; though it may appear odd that the late Mr. Hunter, a man of unquestionable reputation, and little accustomed to bestow praise where it was not due, should have given great credit to a well-meaning brewer of Edinburgh, whose name, I think, is Cleghorn, for the communication of the peculiar virtues of cold vinegar applied to recent burns or scalds; as if he had been entitled to the merit of making a discovery on the subject. The history of cold applications in the treatment of inflammations is too well known to make any disquisition on the subject necessary here. There are few persons unacquainted with their efficacy. The most material inquiry is, what is the best application for the purpose of obviating the bad effects of the more common accidents of this kind, produced by fire, boiling water, and other hot liquid substances? The following case may afford a conclusion on the subject, which is much in favour of a remedy that is always near at hand, and the application of which is attended with less inconvenience than almost any other with which I am acquainted. In saying this, I do not mean to assert its superior efficacy to every other lotion: on the contrary, I think that some articles of the *Materia Medica* might, possibly, in some cases, give it additional virtue; but it has this grand advantage over the ordinary medical or chirurgical aids, that it is always near at hand and, in the cases to which it is applicable, the least delay precludes the possibility of obtaining effectual assistance. In support then of the usefulness of cold water in the cure of recent scalds, I beg leave to relate the following fact. In the winter of 1788, I was sitting near a fire on which wa

placed a large tea-kettle filled with water, that was then of a boiling heat. The vessel slipped from off the fire, and the whole, or the greater part, of its contents was thrown over one of my legs. To lessen the extreme heat and pain which were instantly produced, the first thing that struck me was the affusion of cold water out of a large decanter which fortunately stood at the time on the table, and which I made, without waiting to take off my stocking, over the affected parts. In the mean time, feeling some relief from the application of cold, I ordered a pail of water to be procured, in which I immersed the leg repeatedly; and this I continued to do for nearly two hours (as well as I can now recollect), getting a fresh pail of water as soon as any sensible degree of warmth was communicated by the scalded limb to that which I had been using. Having by these repeated immersions almost, if not entirely, got rid of the heat and smarting, I proceeded to draw off my stocking with some caution, and not without suspicion that a part of the cuticle would have been removed along with it. But I was agreeably surprised to find that the skin had suffered little or no injury, except that it was a little shrivelled, and stiff in some places, which was as likely to have been occasioned by the cold as the hot water. No vesication succeeded; and, except a little peeling of the skin, and some partial stiffness, which was soon removed by rubbing the surface with oil, I never felt any subsequent inconvenience. To those who may chance to suffer a similar accident, I may venture from this fact, independently of any theory in its favour, to recommend the like mode of treating it. Oil, which is no unfrequent application, is a bad one, as it is a bad conductor of heat, and as it tends therefore to increase the heat of the surface to which it may be applied. Vinegar, though it has been considered to possess a sedative quality, and therefore to be useful in such cases, as it will irritate much more than water, is, on that account, less proper: and the same may be said of all acids. Even lead dissolved in vinegar, which makes the famous extract of Mr. Goulard, is liable, in my opinion, to the same objection.

It is hardly requisite to add, that there is a necessity of making the application of cold water as speedily as possible after the accident; for, if it be delayed till blistering has taken place, which will happen in a very short space of time, any application made, with a view to effect a complete cure, must prove ineffectual.

1793, *Dec.* WILLIAM MAY.

XC. Sir Ashton Lever's Directions for preserving Birds, &c.

MR. URBAN, *Dec.* 31.

IN reply to the request of A Constant Reader, I send you the following extracts from a paper, which was, I believe, put into my hands by the late Sir Ashton Lever, at Alkrington, near twenty years ago; in which, after explaining to his friends what are "the subjects he is desirous to obtain," he "lays down a method for their preservation and safe conveyance, calculated to give as little trouble as possible."—"Large beasts should be carefully skinned, with the horns, scull, jaws, tail, and feet, left entire: the skin may then either be put into a vessel of spirit, or else rubbed well on the inside with the mixture of salt, alum, and pepper, hereafter mentioned, and hung to dry. Small beasts may be put into a cask of rum, or any other spirits. Large birds may be treated as large beasts, but must not be put in spirits. Small birds may be preserved in the following manner: take out the entrails, open a passage to the brain, which should be scooped out through the mouth; introduce into the cavities of the scull and the whole body some of the mixture of salt, alum, and pepper, putting some through the gullet and whole length of the neck, then hang the bird in a cool airy place, first by the feet, that the body may be impregnated by the salts, and afterward by a thread through the under mandible of the bill, till it appears to be sweet, then hang it in the sun, or near a fire: after it is well dried, clear out what remains loose of the mixture, and fill the cavity of the body with wool, oakum, or any soft substance, and pack it smooth in paper. Large fishes should be opened in the belly, the entrails taken out, and the inside well rubbed with the preparation of salt, alum, and pepper, and stuffed with oakum. Small fishes put in spirits, as well as reptiles and insects, except butterflies and moths, and any insects of fine colours, which should be pinned down in a box prepared for that purpose, with their wings expanded. With regard to birds shot in this kingdom, I wish to have them sent fresh killed; only observe to put tow into the mouth, and upon any wound the bird may have received, to prevent the feathers being soiled, and then wrap it smooth at full length in paper, and pack it close in a box. And if it be sent from a great distance, the entrails should be extracted, and the cavity filled with tow dipt in rum or other

spirits. The following mixture is proper for the preservation of animals: one pound of salt, four ounces of alum, two ounces of pepper, powdered together.

"I should be particularly obliged to such captains of ships as would set apart a small cask of spirits, into which they may put every uncommon sea production which they meet with during their voyage, wrapping every article separate in a rag, or a little oakum."

1793, *Suppl.* E.

XCI. A Royal Hawk.—King James's Hawking.—Sir Anthony Weldon.—Weldon's Court of King James.

MR. URBAN, *Feb.* 15.

IN the beginning of September last, a paragraph appeared in several newspapers, mentioning, that a hawk had been found at the Cape of Good Hope, and brought from thence by one of the India ships, having on its neck a gold collar, on which was engraven the following words:

"This goodlie hawk doth belong to his Most Excellent Majestie, James Kinge of England. A. D. 1610."

On seeing this account, an anecdote immediately occurred to me, which I had lately met with in a curious old manuscript, containing some remarks and observations on the migration of birds, and their flying to far distant regions; and which, if you think it may throw any light on the subject, now much attended to by naturalists, or confirm the opinion of some, respecting the longevity of birds of prey, is much at your service. The words from my author are as follow: "And here I call to mind a story of our Anthony Weldon, in his 'Court and Character of King James;' 'The King,' saith he, 'being at Newmarket, delighted much to fly his goshawk at herons; and the manner of the conflict was this; the heron would mount, and the goshawk would get much above it; then, when the hawk stooped at the game, the heron would turn up its belly, to receive him with his claws and sharp bill; which the hawk perceiving, would dodge and pass by, rather than endanger itself. This pastime being over, both the hawk and heron would mount again, to the utmost of their power, till the hawk would be at another attempt; and, after divers such assults, usually, by some lucky hit or other, the hawk would bring her

down; but one day, a most excellent hawk being at the game, in the king's presence, mounted so high with his game, that both hawk and heron got out of sight, and were never seen more; inquiry was made, not only all over England, but in all the foreign princes courts in Europe, the hawk having the king's jesses, and marks sufficient, whereby it might be known; but all their inquiries proved ineffectual."

Hoping, Mr. Urban, that the above communication may prove acceptable to some of your readers, either as a matter of amusement, or occasioning some farther inquiry to be made after the hawk lately brought over from the Cape, I remain,

Yours, &c.

T. S.

MR. URBAN, *March* 3, 1793.

MENTION is made in your last Magazine, of the hawk (found at the Cape of Good Hope) with an inscription on his collar, indicating his having belonged to James I. of England. Your correspondent infers, with great probability, the authenticity of the inscription, from an anecdote (which, he says, he lately met with in an old manuscript) alluding to Sir Anthony Weldon's Court of King James. Having lately read that curious book, I recollected the circumstance, and turned to the passage alluded to, which indeed, as to the chief circumstance of the hawk's disappearing, is faithfully quoted, but in Weldon no mention is made of the manner of conflict, &c. As it may probably be not unpleasing to many of your readers, I have sent you the passage in question faithfully transcribed from Sir A. Weldon's history.

"The *French** sending over his Falconers to shew that sport, his master Falconer lay long here, but could not kill one kite, ours being more magnanimous than the French kite, Sir *Thomas Monson* desired to have that flight in all exquisiteness, and to that end was at 100l. charge in Gos-Faulcons for that flight; in all that charge, he never had but one cast would performe it, and those had killed nine kites, never missed one. The Earle of *Pembroke*, with all

* The word *king*, I suppose, is here by mistake omitted.

the Lords, desired the king but to walk out of *Royston* town's end, to see that flight,—which was one of the most stateliest flights of the world, for the high mountee; the king went unwillingly forth, the flight was shewed, but the kite went to such a mountee, as all the field lost sight of kite and hawke and all, and neither kite nor hawke were either seen or heard of to this present, which made all the court conjecture it a very ill *omen*."

I shall be obliged to any of your ingenious correspondents for some account of the author and book I have just quoted. It abounds with curious anecdotes of the great men and transactions of those times, of which the author is said, in the title-page, to have been *an eye and eare witnesse*. What degree of faith is due to them, at present, I am rather at a loss to determine.

Yours, &c.

J. W.

MR. URBAN, *April* 23.

YOUR correspondent J. W. may find, in the Antiquarian Repertory, vol. III. p. 28, a half-length portrait of Sir Antony Weldon, from a drawing in the collection of the present Earl of Bute, in which his face is represented as unpleasing and disagreeable, as his character is unworthy and despicable in a short memoir which accompanies the portrait, extracted from Wood's Athenæ. In pp. 193, 194, of the same volume, Mr. Thorpe, of Bexley, has favoured the editor with some strictures on the foregoing extract, containing a good account of the family of Weldon, by which it appears that Mr. Wood was wrong in saying that Sir Antony "was born of mean extraction," though Mr. Thorpe has nothing to say in vindication of his personal character.

E.

MR. URBAN, *June* 2.

J. W. has requested to know what degree of faith is due to Weldon's Court of King James. The following notices may assist his inquiry. Ant. Wood (Ath. Ox. I. 729) says, "it was accounted a most notorious libel."—Rapin (Hist. of Engl. II. 189) denominates it properly "but a satire,"—and Dr. Campbell (Biog. Brit. III. 684) asserts, "that the notions and evidence it contains are of no value at all." That Weldon, indeed, was author of the work, as the title-page intimates, by the initials of Sir A. W. or that the real author

was an eye and ear witness of the circumstances he records, are points separately combated and denied in an answer to the pamphlet itself, entituled "Aulicus Coquinariæ;" and printed in the same year, 1650. Which book, says the Oxford historian (ut supra) involves much of a MS. in the Bodleian Library, written by Bishop Goodman, and inscribed "The Court of King James, by Sir A. W. reviewed." This vindication of the King and his Court contains a multitude of complex or contradictory relations, in which "confusion is worse confounded" than before. And, as it was professedly published to exculpate those persons and transactions, which had been reflected on in the work ascribed to Sir A. W. there can (in all probability) be little just reliance placed in the opposite assurances either of the one writer or the other. Secret histories are at best suspicious; and that strange complication of mystery which hung over certain events in the reign of our first James, seems also to have involved the narration of them.

For the farther satisfaction of your correspondent J. W. I beg to add, that A. Wood persists in considering Weldon as the real author, notwithstanding the preface to "Aulicus Coquinariæ" declares "The brat was only fathered upon him," and, although the title-page describes it as "*pretended* to be penned by Sir A. W. and published since his death."

In the transcript from Weldon's History, the charge for gos-hawcons should be printed 1000l. instead of 100l. according to the edition of 1650, p. 105.

1793, *Feb. March, April, June.* T. P.

XCII. On the Progressive Introduction of Newspapers.

Account of the first Newspapers established in England.*

JULY 9, 1662, a very extraordinary question arose, about preventing the publication of the debates of the Irish Parliament in an English newspaper called *The Intelligencer*; and a letter was written from the Speaker to Sir Edward Nicholas, the English secretary of state, to prevent these

* See Lord Mountmorres's Hist. of the Irish Parliament.

publications in those diurnals, as they call them. The *London Gazette* commenced Nov. 7, 1665. It was at first called the *Oxford Gazette*, from its being printed there during a session of parliament held there on account of the last plague. Antecedent to this period, Sir R. L' Estrange published the first daily newspaper in England.

From the following passage in Tacitus, it appears that somewhat like newspapers were circulated in the Roman state: "Diurna populi Romani, per provincias, per exercitus, curatius leguntur ut noscatur, quid Thrasea non fecerit."

In a note of Mr. Murphy's excellent translation of Tacitus he laments that none of these diurnals, or newspapers, as he calls them, had been preserved, as they would cast great light upon the private life and manners of the Romans.

With the long parliament originated appeals to the people, by accounts of their proceedings. These appeared periodically, from the first of them, called "Diurnal Occurrences of Parliament," Nov. 3, 1641, to the Restoration.

These were somewhat like our Magazines, and they were generally called "Mercuries; as *Mercurius Politicus*, *Mercurius Rusticus*; and one of them, in 1644, appears under the odd title of *Mercurius Fumigosus*, or the Smoaking Nocturnal."

The number of these publications appears, from a list in an accurate, new, and valuable piece of biography, from 1641, to 1660, to have been 156.

These publications of parliamentary proceedings were interdicted after the Restoration, as appears from a debate in Grey's Collection, March 24, 1681; in consequence of which, the votes of the House of Commons were first printed by authority of parliament.

From the first regular paper, the above-mentioned *Public Intelligencer*, commencing Aug. 31, 1661, there were, to 1688, with the *Gazette*, which continued regularly, as at present, from Nov. 7, 1665, 70 papers, some of a short, and others of a longer duration.

The first daily paper, after the Revolution, was called "The Orange Intelligencer;" and thence to 1692 there were 26 newspapers.

From an advertisement in a weekly paper, called "The Athenian Gazette," Feb. 8, 1696, it appears, that the coffee-houses in London had then, exclusive of votes of parliament, nine newspapers every week; but there seems not to have been in 1696 one daily paper.

In the reign of Queen Anne, there were, in 1709, 18 newspapers published; of which, however, only one was a daily paper, *The London Courant.*

In the reign of George I. in 1724, there were published three daily, six weekly, and ten evening papers, three times a week.

In the late reign there were published of newspapers in London, and in all England, in 1753 —— 7,411,757
1760 —— 9,464,790
And in the present reign, in 1790 —— 14,035,639
1791 —— 14,794,153
1792 —— 15,005,760*

Though Venice produced the first Gazette in 1536, it was circulated in manuscript long after the invention of printing, to the close of the 16th century, as appears from a collection of these Gazettes in the Magliabechian library at Florence, according to Mr. Chalmers, in his curious and entertaining Life of Ruddiman, p. 114.

Mr. Chalmers observes, that it may gratify our national pride to be told that we owe to the wisdom of Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh, the circulation of the first genuine newspaper, "The English Mercurie," printed during the time of the Spanish armada. The first number, preserved still in the British Museum, is marked 50; it is dated the 23d of July, 1588, and contains the following curious article:

"Yesterday the Scotch Ambassador had a private audience of her Majesty, and delivered a letter from the King

* In the year 1808 there were published:

In London	Daily Morning papers	9
——	Daily Evening papers	7
——	Three times a week	9
——	On Sundays	17
——	Once a week on other days	19
Total in London		61
Country papers in England		98
Papers in Ireland		35
Papers in Scotland		19
Total in Great Britain and Ireland		213

Editor.

his master, containing the most cordial assurances of adhering to her Majesty's interests, and to those of the Protestant Religion; and the young King said to her Majesty's Minister at his court, that all the favour he expected from the Spaniards was, the courtesy of Polyphemus to Ulysses, that he should be devoured the last."

These Publications were however then, and long after, published in the shape of small pamphlets; and so they were called in a tract of one Burton, in 1614: "If any one read now-a-days, it is a play-book or a phamphlet of newes," for so the word was originally spelled.

From 1588 to 1622, and during the pacific reign of James the First, few of these publications appeared; but the 30 years war, and the victories of the great King Gustavus Adolphus, having excited the curiosity of our countrymen, a weekly paper called "The Newes of the present Week," was printed by Nathaniel Butter, in 1622, which was continued afterwards in 1626, under another title, by Mercurius Britannicus; and they were succeeded by the German Intelligencer in 1630, and the Swedish Intelligencer in 1631, which last was compiled by William Watts, of Caius College, who was a learned man, and who thus gratified the public curiosity with the exploits of the Swedish hero, in a quarto pamphlet.

The great rebellion in 1641, was productive of abundance of those periodical tracts above-mentioned, as well as of all those that have been published since the first newspaper that appeared in the present form, the Public Intelligencer, published by Sir Roger L' Estrange, Aug. 31, 1661.

Mr. Chalmers subjoins to these curious researches, the account of the first paper printed in Scotland, in February, 1699, the Edinburgh Gazette, which was accompanied afterwards, in 1705, by the Edinburgh Courant; and, at the period of the Union, Scotland had only three newspapers.

The publication of the Caledonian Mercury, by Ruddiman, April 28, 1720, led this curious and entertaining biographer to this minute and laborious investigation; from which it appears, that England had in 1792, 33 town and 70 country papers; Scotland, 14 newspapers, published at Edinburgh and in the country.

XCIII. Curious Chirurgical Operation.

MR. URBAN, *Oct.* 9.

A FRIEND has transmitted to me, from the East Indies, the following very curious, and, in Europe, I believe, unknown chirurgical operation, which has long been practised in India with success; namely, affixing a new nose on a man's face.

Cowasjee, a Mahratta of the cast of husbandman, was a bullock-driver with the English army, in the war of 1792, and was made a prisoner by Tippoo, who cut off his nose, and one of his hands. In this state he joined the Bombay army near Seringapatam, and is now a pensioner of the Honourable East India Company. For above 12 months he remained without a nose, when he had a new one put on by a man of the brickmaker cast, near Poonah. This operation is not uncommon in India, and has been practised from time immemorial. Two of the medical gentlemen, Mr. Thomas Cruso, and Mr. James Trindlay, of the Bombay presidency, have seen it performed, as follows: A thin plate of wax is fitted to the stump of the nose, so as to make a nose of a good appearance. It is then flattened, and laid on the forehead. A line is drawn round the wax, and the operator then dissects off as much skin as it covered, leaving undivided a small slip between the eyes. This slip preserves the circulation till an union has taken place between the new and old parts. The cicatrix of the stump of the nose is next pared off, and immediately behind this raw part an incision is made through the skin, which passes around both *alæ*, and goes along the upper lip. The skin, is now brought down from the forehead, and, being twisted half round, its edge is inserted into this incision, so that a nose is formed with a double hold above, and with its *alæ* and *septum* below fixed in the incision. A little *Terra Japonica* is softened with water, and being spread on slips of cloth, five or six of these are placed over each other, to secure the joining. No other dressing but this cement is used for four days. It is then removed, and cloths dipped in ghee (a kind of butter) are applied. The connecting slips of skin are divided about the 25th day, when a little more dissection is necessary to improve the appearance of the new nose. For five or six days after the operation, the patient is made to lie on his back; and, on the tenth day,

bits of soft cloth are put into the nostrils, to keep them sufficiently open. This operation is very generally successful. The artificial nose is secure, and looks nearly as well as the natural one; nor is the scar on the forehead very observable after a length of time.

Yours, &c.

1794, *Oct.* B. L.

XCIV. The word Premises improperly applied.

MR. URBAN, *P—nt—nv—lle, Jan.* 9.

I HAVE noted in different publications, and frequently in your Magazine, that the word *premises* is used to signify house and land with their appendages. Dr. Harwood, amongst others, speaking of Hackney college in your Magazine for May 1793, says, "a gentleman offered 8000l. for the *premises*," meaning the building with the ground, &c. Bailey, Sheridan, Entick, and others, in their dictionaries, give it this signification; and in every day's newspapers are advertisements of *premises to be sold*, and of sales *upon the premises*. This perversion of the word, I am apt to think, originated with the lawyers, and in this way—every grant or conveyance of lands necessarily consists of two parts, the *premises* and the *habendum*. In the premises the parties are described, the instruments necessary to shew the granter's title are recited, the consideration upon which the deed is made is set forth; and, lastly, the *property granted* is specified, all by way of preface or introduction to the second part, or *habendum*, which shews the estate or interest the granter is to have in the things granted; here then clearly appears the true legal import of the word, and, in this use of it, it retains its original and proper meaning; but in the covenants which follow the *habendum*, where it becomes necessary again to make mention of the property granted, if it happens to consist of various particulars, the lawyers, for brevity (to which by the by they are not much attached,) have accustomed themselves to write "*the aforesaid premises*," or "the *premises before mentioned*," and, from the frequency of these phrases, the word *premises* is universally taken as a collective noun signifying *manors, messuages, lands, tenements, woods*, and so on, the absurdity of which I think may be clearly pointed out by putting it for *horses, cows, sheep, swine, household goods*,

bank stock, *exchequer bills*, or any thing, in short, which may be the object of the deed, and which it has just as good a right to stand for as manors, messuages, &c. We may indeed with some degree of propriety, to avoid a repetition in the latter part of a deed of the several kinds of property passing by it, write, "the before *granted premises*," or "the before *assigned premises*," according to the nature of the instrument; because, by reference to the first part of it, it will appear, that what was thereby *granted* or *assigned* was property there *specified*, and which was intended to be then again spoken of, as all descriptions of persons, even up to the sages on the bench, use this word improperly.

Yours, &c.

1795, *Jan.* W. W.

XCV. Observations of a youth who had just recovered his sight.

MR. URBAN, *Threekingham, Aug.* 6.

THE following is a copy of a paper I lately found amongst many others on a file in my possession; it is signed John Romley, master of the free-school of Haxey, in the isle of Axholme, Lincolnshire.

An account of some observations made by a young gentleman who was born blind, or lost his sight so early that he had no remembrance of ever having seen, and was couched between thirteen and fourteen years of age.

Though we say of this gentleman that he was blind, as we do of all people who have ripe cataracts, yet they are never so blind from that cause but that they can discern day from night, and, for the most part, in a strong light, distinguish black, white, and scarlet; but they cannot perceive the shape of any thing; for, the light by which these perceptions are made being let in obliquely through the aqueous humour, or the anterior surface of the chrystaline (by which the rays cannot be brought into a focus upon the retina,) they can discern in no other manner than a sound eye can through a glass of broken jelly, where a great variety of surfaces so differently refract the light, that the several distinct pencils of rays cannot be collected by the eye into their proper *foci*; wherefore, the shape of an object in such a case cannot at all be discerned, though the

colour may. And thus it was with this young gentleman, who, though he knew these colours asunder in a good light, yet, when he saw them after he was couched, the faint ideas he had of them before, were not sufficient for him to know them by, afterwards, and therefore he did not think them the same which he had before known by those names. Now, scarlet he thought the most beautiful of all colours, and of others, the most gay were the most pleasing; whereas, the first time he saw black it gave him great uneasiness; yet, after a little while, he was reconciled to it; but, some months after, seeing by accident a Negro woman, he was struck with horror at the sight. When he first saw, he was so far from making any judgment about distance, that he thought all objects whatsoever touched his eyes (as he expressed it,) as what he felt did his skin, and thought no objects so agreeable as those which were smooth or regular, though he could form no judgment of their shape, or guess what it was in any object that was pleasing to him. He knew not the shape of any thing, or any one thing from another however different in shape or magnitude; but, upon being told what things were, whose form he before knew from feeling, he would carefully observe, that he might know them again; but having too many objects to learn at once, he forgot many of them; and (as he said) at first he learned to know, and again forgot, a thousand things in a day. One particular only (though it may appear trifling) I will relate: having often forgot which was the cat and which the dog, he was ashamed to ask, but catching the cat (which he knew by feeling,) he was observed to look at her stedfastly, and then setting her down, said to puss, "I shall know you another time." He was very much surprised that those things which he had liked best did not appear most agreeable to his eyes, expecting those persons would appear most beautiful that he loved most, and such things to be most agreeable to his sight that were so to his taste. We thought he soon knew what pictures represented which were shewn to him, but we found afterwards we were mistaken; for, about two months after he was couched, he discovered at once that they represented solid bodies, when to that time he considered them as party-coloured plains, or surfaces diversified with variety of paint; but even then he was no less surprised, expecting the pictures would feel like the things they represented, and was amazed when he found those parts, which by their light and shadow appeared now round and uneven, felt only flat like the rest, and asked which was the *lying sense*, feeling or seeing?

Being shewn his father's picture in a locket at his mother's

watch, and told what it was, he acknowledged a likeness, but was vastly surprised, asking how it could be that a large face could be expressed in so little room? Saying, it should have seemed as impossible to him as to put a bushel of any thing into a pint. At first he could bear but very little light, and the things he saw he thought extremely large; but, upon seeing things larger, those first seen he conceived less, never being able to imagine any lines beyond those he saw. The room he was in, he said, he knew to be but part of the house, yet he could not conceive that the whole house could look bigger. Before he was couched, he expected little advantage from seeing, worth undergoing an operation for, except reading and writing; for, he thought, he said, he could have no more pleasure in walking abroad than he had in the garden, which he could do safely and readily. And even blindness, he observed, had this advantage, that he could go any where in the dark much better than those that can see: and, after he had seen, he did not soon lose this quality, nor desired a light to go about the house in the night. He said, every new object was a new delight; and the pleasure was so great that he wanted ways to express it. But his gratitude to his operator he could not conceal, never seeing him for some time without tears of joy in his eyes, and other marks of affection; and, if he did not happen to come at any time when he was expected, he would be so grieved that he could not forbear crying at his disappointment.

"A year after first seeing, being carried upon Epsom Downs, and observing a large prospect, he was exceedingly delighted with it, and called it a new kind of seeing. And now, being lately couched of his other eye, he says that objects at first appeared large to this eye, but not so large as they did at first to the other; and, looking upon the same object with both eyes, he thought it looked about twice as large as with the first-couched eye only, but not double, that we can any ways discover.

1796, *Aug.* JOHN ROMLEY, 1731.
Haxey, Lincolnshire."

XCVI. Feasting on Live Flesh.

MR. URBAN, *Oct.* 8.

MR. Bruce's account of the Abyssinians feasting upon live flesh is well known; but, I believe, it is not so well known

that Mr. Bruce's countrymen, the Scotch, were once accustomed to eat their beef in the same savage manner. The authority for this is a quarto pamphlet, intituled, "A modern Account of Scotland; being an exact description of the Country, and a true Character of the People and their Manners. Written from thence by an English Gentleman. Printed in the Year 1670." Reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. VI. p. 121. At p. 126 is the following passage: "Their cruelty descends to their beasts, it being a custom, in some places, to feast upon a living cow they tie in the middle of them, near a great fire, and then cut collops of this poor living beast, and broil them on the fire, till they have mangled her all to pieces; nay, sometimes they will only cut off as much as will satisfy their present appetites, and let her go till their greedy stomachs call for a new supply; such horrible cruelty, as can scarcely be paralleled in the whole world."

This I believe; and that it never would have been paralleled if Mr. Bruce had not travelled into Abyssinia.

Your readers will probably imagine, and I think they will be right in the idea, that a great part of this modern account of Scotland is burlesque. But, allowing that to be the case, there is a wonderful coincidence between the Scotch feast, and that which Mr. Bruce declares he was present at in Abyssinia.

1796, *Oct.* R.

XCVII. Useful Method of Flooring at Bengal.

Mr. Urban, *Jan.* 6.

Residing in a house which is built on a soil full of springs, and on that account without cellars, and the flooring being raised about a foot from the ground, which renders it exceedingly cold and uncomfortable, owing to the air admitted under it through air-holes; the following simple method of flooring used in Bengal by the natives, where there are no chimnies, and where this kind of flooring keeps the house dry, and serves in every part of it as an hearth for cooking, occurred to my recollection; and, as I am certain that it would have obviated all the inconveniences I complain of, had it been adverted to in the flooring of my house, it may possibly be of utility to others who may hereafter build in springy ground. At any rate, nothing is lost by the com-

munication to yourself, who can but judge whether or not to let it go farther. The area of the house or room to be floored is made perfectly level; unglazed earthen pots, about a foot high and large bellied, are placed close together over the whole surface, mouth downwards; the hollow parts, round the necks and tops of the pots, are filled up with charcoal pounded fine (nothing being so dry or so difficult to make damp), and the terrace over the whole is formed of brick-dust and lime, well worked, and made as hard as possible. I never knew of such an hearth giving way; and have been most sensible of its utility in keeping off dampness.

1797, *Jan.* GHUR.

XCVIII. Principal Cause of Smoky Chimnies, with a Remedy.

MR. URBAN, *Dec.* 23.

I DO not know of a much greater domestic inconvenience than a smoky chimney, nor of any subject that has given rise to a greater number of unsuccessful experiments; which is, indeed, most likely to be the case, where the trials are made with so little regard to any philosophical principle, and with so much caprice and random fancy as those made in chimnies, as well in their first formation as their subsequent various alterations.

Dr. Franklin, in his "Observations on smoky Chimnies," has very judiciously distinguished their separate and distinct defects or diseases, and has given a mode of cure applicable to the peculiar complaint, and which has been approved of by repeated experiments; and, indeed, his work has been the foundation of some late judicious modes of treating the defects of chimnies. But, notwithstanding all that has been written upon the subject, and though a chimney may be properly constructed, yet so much depends upon servants making fires, that it seems necessary to say something on that head.

A bad chimney is always the worst when it is first lighted, and a good chimney is often, by the improper method of making fires, made to appear a bad one until it is sufficiently heated in the inside, as is very obvious to those who by rising early have an opportunity of seeing servants light their fires; for, though their parlours may be in trim order

to receive the lady of the house and her family at breakfast, it is not till after the room has been first filled with clouds of smoke, the effects of which have been removed by opening the windows and doors, and frequent dusting and wiping the furniture, which often, where chimnies are in themselves really good, endure this daily great injury.

The common method of making a coal-fire is, to rake with a poker the dust and lighter ashes that have been left in the grate the preceding day, leaving a considerable quantity of cinders to be the basis of the intended fire; upon this are laid the shavings, or chips of wood or sticks, keeping the most combustible the undermost, to be lighted by a candle; upon these the coals are laid, by putting the smaller-sized with the hand in decent order, crowned with large ones; at the back of which all the remaining contents of the coal-box are promiscuously thrown. The whole is then lighted: but, as any person might sit an hour upon it without injury, no heat is communicated to the chimney till a great part of the inside of the fire is burnt; in the mean time, the smoke in thick volumes rolls, with most seeming perverseness, into the room and other parts of the house, till such time as some heat, being communicated to the chimney, makes it, what is vulgarly called, draw. This grievance is so common, that there is hardly a house to be met with but it is found necessary to open doors and windows in a morning, to clear it of smoke.

Wherever a chimney draws well after the first fire, it is as good an one as can be desired, and the fault lies in making the fire; and it is unwise to try any experiments, or make alterations, lest you make a good chimney a bad one. To cure this, I have tried various ways of making a fire; but none have answered so well as the following, which is in reality only reversing the common mode. The grate is entirely emptied of its contents, and the coals are thrown promiscuously (without having very large ones amongst them) to the height of two or three bars, according to the depth of the grate; upon which the wood is laid, and the cinders are placed at the top, and the fire is lighted by a candle in the usual way; or, if convenient, by a fire-shovel of well-burnt cinders from another fire, upon which the cold cinders must be immediately thrown.

The smoke is very inconsiderable, and goes directly up the chimney; and the cinders are very soon heated. In time the upper surface of the coal takes fire; and, as the smoke issues out, it is arrested by the porous quality of the

cinders, and, passing also through a burning substance, great part of it is consumed; and what issues from the whole mass, to go up the chimney, is very inconsiderable, and of a different appearance to the smoke escaping from fires made in the common form. It is obvious that a great portion of combustible matter, which is now commonly wasted, is by this means consumed in the fire, and the benefit of it enjoyed; the cinders acting upon the smoke somewhat as a filtering-stone does upon water, and the fuel they catch helps them to burn clearer, and, what may appear extraordinary, preserves them longer from being consumed. If any one is in doubt about this fact, I refer him to the very satisfactory experiments of Dr. Franklin. As this fire consumes downwards, the upper strata of the coals are reduced to cinders before the lower ones; and the appearance of smoke is gradually diminished, though it must be an undoubted fact that as much really issues from the coals. It burns also clearly to the very bottom, without the necessity of stirring it with the poker; and, as it gives as much heat, and lasts twice as long as a fire made in the common way, these are additional arguments in its favour, and will have their proportioned weight where fuel is the dearer.

It is a very proper fire to be left to itself for a length of time, and is the best that can be for a sick chamber, or for those who are fond of fires in their bed rooms at night; the great inconveniences of which are, that, in the usual mode, they require frequent stirring, and are apt to fill the room with sulphureous vapour, and endangering suffocation.

Servants are in general obstinate, and will require to be instructed a few times; which, with a perceptible abatement of their own trouble, will perhaps induce them to follow this method, which I will venture to pronounce the best in all cases; and the only care necessary is, to keep the coals and cinders well separated.

After all, the chimney may be found to smoke, but then it is from some other cause, and requires its appropriate remedy; as this is offered for one distinct, yet very prevailing, inconvenience. If this method was steadily persevered in, I do farther venture to pronounce, that almost nine out of ten, of chimnies called bad drawing ones, will obtain a very good name, and that much labour and dirtiness will be avoided, as well as good respirable air preserved uncontaminated, and many tender lungs escape daily torture.

As the experiment is in every one's power to make, I shall not trouble you with any of mine farther than to say, that I

have tried it in a great variety of supposed hopeless cases, and never knew it fail of success.

1797, *Jan.* VIATOR.

XCIX. Scurvy caused by common culinary Salt.

MR. URBAN, *Enfield, June 5*, 1797.

OBSERVING that you sometimes dedicate a page to medical subjects, I have taken the liberty to send you two cases of scurvy, which establish a fact, respecting the nature and cause of that disease, of much importance to be generally known. These cases, with the subsequent conjectures, were lately communicated to an eminent physician in town, by whom they would have been submitted to the consideration of the College, for insertion in the Medical Transactions, had that valuable work been continued; but, as I am sorry to say there is no probability at present of such a circumstance taking place, I wish to see them recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine, where I believe they will stand the best chance to be generally read by medical men.

JOHN SHERWEN.

A Letter, addressed to Dr. Francis Millman, Physician Extraordinary to the King's Household, containing Two Cases of Scurvy, occasioned by the Patients having eaten largely of common Culinary Salt. To which are added, Conjectures respecting the Propriety of attempting to cure some obstinate Maladies by scorbuticising the Human System. By John Sherwen, Enfield.

I SIT down with pleasure to fulfil my promise, by stating the particular circumstances respecting the late illness of Master H——, which I mentioned to you in a former letter as an instance of the true Marine Scurvy. It is not my wish to take up your time with a tedious detail; but it may be necessary, in order to identify the disease, to inform you, that for several days blood was observed to be almost constantly ouzing from a small fungous sore on the ancle, which had before been very nearly, but not completely, cicatrized. This ouzing of blood was at first supposed to arise from some accidental friction, and was not deemed of much consequence, till numerous purple spots, and some broad livid

blotches, resembling the ecchymosis occasioned by a bruise, began to appear on his legs, arms, thighs, and other parts of his body. These, added to a fetid breath, exciting alarm in the mind of a very amiable lady who had the care of the child, a fine boy seven years of age, I was sent for on the 29th of March last; and, at the first view (indeed from the lady's own previous description) recognised that disease, with which, at a very early period of my professional engagements, I had an opportunity of being well acquainted*. I immediately pronounced the disorder to be the true marine scurvy, and could not help expressing surprise at meeting with it where I was well assured the patient had not been exposed to what I have always believed, and what is generally allowed, to be the most frequent occasional cause, viz. a diet of salted animal food. He had been as little exposed to every other occasional cause generally enumerated; but, I was informed that he had an uncommon propensity to eating of salt; that he had been in the habit of devouring it with his pudding, and whenever he could conveniently get it, notwithstanding he had been repeatedly checked for so doing. But the family not being aware of any particular bad consequences, had never thought it necessary to have recourse to coercion.

The juice of lemons and oranges, with such vegetables as the season would afford, were recommended to be administered with a liberal hand; yet, very much to my surprise, instead of finding, as I expected, in 48 hours, the purple spots to be a little fainter in their colour, I had the chagrin to perceive them somewhat increased; and on the 3d of April, a bleeding from the nose came on with such violence, as, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, to excite some degree of alarm. I was this day fortunate enough to discover, that the very amiable woman, who had the management of the child, had imbibed a notion that acids would impoverish and thin the blood; and, consequently, notwithstanding my earnest desire to have them administered with freedom, had been using them with a trembling hand; trusting more to the efficacy of the bark, which I had also prescribed. Now, judging it prudent to set aside every kind of officinal composition, I positively enjoined a liberal

* Viz. in the year 1769, 70, and 71, when a surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company; *during which period* I wrote my treatise, intituled, "Cursory Observations on the Nature and Cause of the Marine Scurvy;" published by R. Baldwin, Paternoster Row.

use of the vegetable acids, which from this time were given freely. But it was not till two days more had elapsed, when the sore on the ancle had assumed a better aspect, and the bleeding from that and the nose had ceased, that this good lady acknowledged herself to be thoroughly convinced of the propriety of using them. They were now administered with as much ardour and alacrity as I could wish; and the spots and blotches continued to change every day from a deep purple to a pale liver, or dusky red colour; and at last gradually disappeared.

The symptoms and the mode of cure, establish the true nature of the disorder beyond the possibility of a doubt. I was happy, however, in having an opportunity, on the eleventh day of my attendance, to point out the case, while the characteristic marks of the disease were still visible, as an object of curiosity, to Dr. Wilkinson, an ingenious and skilful physician in this place.

A doubt may possibly remain in your mind respecting the imputed occasional cause; to remove which, I beg leave to call your attention to another instance of a similar nature.

On the 9th of March, 1796, George Hatchet, the son of a labouring man in the service of Edmund Armstrong, Esq. of Forty-hall, was brought to me on account of a constant bleeding from his gums, which were sore and tender. He had fetid breath, and a profusion of deep-coloured purple spots of different forms and sizes in various parts of his body. The first question which occurred to me upon the view of this patient was, to ask if he had been living upon salted animal food: the answer was in the negative, and decisive; that he seldom had an opportunity of even tasting a bit of meat of any kind; that he had lived like the other children chiefly upon bread and pudding, and such like; and, besides, that they were plentifully supplied with *milk* from Forty-hall. This account, added to an examination of the other children, who were in the highest possible state of health and strength, suppressed the next natural supposition, that the disease might have arisen from the same cause as that in the two patients, whose cases are so well related by you in the second volume of the Medical Transactions.

The true nature of the disease, and the indications of cure, were evident; and I had the pleasure, in a day or two after, to have them confirmed by Dr. Wilkinson, who kindly supplied the patient with such vegetables as his garden at that time afforded. As an object of curiosity, I also pointed out the disease to Messrs. Strachans, at the academy near

the place where the patient lived. It is hardly necessary to say that the cure was rapid.

It was not till the second day of my attendance on this patient that I was completely and satisfactorily relieved from my embarrassment in assigning a sufficient cause for so formidable a disease; but the mother now removed the difficulty in a moment, by telling me that, when I first inquired about the salted meat, she was so much confused, she did not then think of mentioning that the boy was very much given to eating salt; that it was with difficulty she could keep his fingers out of the salt-box.

When these two cases are added to that mentioned by Dr. Huxham, of a young lady who, from being in a state of health, perfectly free of this malady, was, by drinking every morning one pint of sea-water, rendered so highly scorbutic in *ten* days, that she had a profuse discharge of the menses, constantly spit blood from her lungs, and had petechial spots on her body; that her pulse became quick and full, her face pale, and somewhat bloated, and her flesh soft and tender; that she was faint; and, in short, so remarkably scorbutic, that, when venæsection was (ignorantly and absurdly) used, to stop the hæmorrhage from her gums, blood ouzed from the orifice for several days; and that she at last expired by a bleeding from the nose; and, to sum up the whole, that her blood was dense and firm some weeks before she began the use of the sea-water;* it must be evident to every one, that common salt, uncombined with animal food, has the power of scorbuticising the human system. And the following will farther shew that, when salt is combined with animal food, it will produce the same effect in the absence of all the other circumstances which have been generally considered as occasional causes. To me, indeed, it appears to be of little consequence in what vehicle the salt is communicated. Were it administered even in essence of malt,† I have no doubt but it would produce the same effect, though possibly not quite so soon as in the form of salted meat.

Mrs. Rolfe, daughter of Mr. Bell, a farmer, at Cattlegate, on Enfield Chace, consulted me on the 13th of April,

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* Cursory Remarks on the Nature and Cause of the Marine Scurvy, p. 32.

† Essence of malt is sweet-wort boiled to the consistence of honey; and is deemed so great an antiscorbutic, that the British Navy is supplied with large quantities of it at a very heavy expence.

1792. She was a young married woman, of fair complexion, agreeable countenance, and the most delicate skin, which on almost every part of her body, but more particularly her legs and thighs, was sprinkled with purple spots of different forms and sizes: the contrast betwixt the deep purple of the *maculæ scorbuticæ* and the other parts of her delicate skin formed a striking spectacle. To the usual question, whether or not she had been living on salted animal food, she readily answered in the negative; which I mention in order to shew the necessity of a cautious inquiry into circumstances of this kind; for, the mother, who was present, after some little hesitation, very properly declared, that it was wrong to attempt to deceive the *doctor*; "Sir, she has lived almost entirely upon salted pork during the last winter; she has scarcely eaten any thing else." The cure was performed with astonishing rapidity by the use of bark and *muriatic* acid, as medicine, and vegetables, with the juice of lemons and oranges, as food.

In the course of 25 years, one other case of scurvy has occurred in my practice. A poor woman, respecting whom I have no memorandum, but whose illness I perfectly recollect to have happened early in spring, like the other cases already mentioned, applied to me on account of a strange disorder in her mouth; that part of the gum situated betwixt the teeth sticking out in a grotesque manner, of the colour and consistence of bullock's liver. This was the only pathognomonic symptom, but it was one so very strong and characteristic, that I had no hesitation in pronouncing the case to be scurvy. There was a reserve in this woman's answers, respecting the kind of food on which she had subsisted during the winter, which I could not conquer, and therefore cannot communicate. Bark and an antiscorbutic regimen effected a speedy cure.

After this narrative of facts, it will not be doubted that we have it in our power at any time, by the use of salt, or salted animal food, to scorbuticise, or muriaticate, the human machine with ease. And it will, I think, also appear evident, that salivation is a process not more within our power and management. Happy would it be for mankind should it hereafter, like salivation, be found capable of conquering some obstinate, or hitherto incurable, diseases. No one could *a priori* have supposed that salivation, which in itself is a very troublesome as well as loathsome and dangerous distemper, could have answered the many salutary purposes which it has done; or, rather, that the poison capable

of producing that effect, should be also administered with advantage in many diseases.

1798, *Feb.* J. S.

C. The Efficacy of Yeast in Putrid Fevers.

MR. URBAN, *Sept.* 19.

IN this philosophic age, when diseases so often change their appearance from what physicians had any former experience of, it is a pleasing reflection, that the study of medicine has of late been so much simplified, and almost every distemper incident to the human body so fully explained, as to come within the common apprehension of mankind. The following fact, communicated to the world by the Rev. Mr. Cartwright, affords an antidote for the most dangerous disease with which the human body can be afflicted: so that it is hoped one of the most crowded avenues to the grave is at length in a great measure closed.

"Seventeen years ago I went," says this benevolent clergyman, "to reside at Brampton, a populous village near Chesterfield. I had not been there many months before a putrid fever broke out among us. Finding by far the greater number of my parishioners too poor to afford themselves medical assistance, I undertook, by the help of such books on the subject of medicine as were in my possession, to prescribe for them. I early attended a boy about 14 years of age, who was attacked by the fever. He had not been ill many days before the symptoms were unequivocally putrid. I then administered bark, wine, and such other remedies as my books directed. My exertions were, however, of no avail; his disorder grew every day more untractable and malignant, so that I was in hourly expectation of his dissolution. Being under the necessity of taking a journey, before I set off I went to see him, as I thought, for the last time; and I prepared his parents for the event of his death, which I considered as inevitable, and reconciled them, in the best manner I was able, to a loss which I knew they would feel severely. While I was in conversation on this distressing subject with his mother, I observed, in a small corner of the room, a tub of wort working. The sight

brought to my recollection an experiment I had somewhere met with, 'of a piece of putrid meat being made sweet by being suspended over a tub of wort in the act of fermentation.' The idea flashed into my mind, that the yeast might correct the putrid nature of this disease; and I instantly gave him two large spoonfuls. I then told the mother, if she found her son better, to repeat this dose every three hours. I then set out for my journey. Upon my return, after a few days, I anxiously inquired after the boy, and was informed he was recovered. I could not repress my curiosity, though I was greatly fatigued with my journey, and night was come on. I went directly to where he lived, which was three miles off, in a wild part of the moors. The boy himself opened the door, looked surprisingly well, and told me he felt better from the instant he took the yeast."

1799. *Sept.*

CI. Easy and effectual Cure for Wens.

Chisholme, Roxburghshire, Nov. 20, 1799.

MR. URBAN,

HAVING had a wen of the strumous kind, of large size and long standing, upon the side of my face, immediately below my right ear, I was informed by different people that, if I would apply salt and water to it, I should get rid of it. In August 1798, I put a quantity of salt and water into a saucepan, and boiled it for 4 minutes; with which I bathed the whole surface frequently while it continued warm, as also after it became cold, so often as 10 or 12 times daily; always stirring up the salt deposited at the bottom of the bason, and incorporating it again with the water, before I applied it. On the 11th day from the first application, while shaving, I observed a small discharge; which being assisted by a gentle pressure, the whole contents were soon emptied, without the smallest pain and without blood.

Being informed of some others who had been benefited in like manner from the same application, and knowing myself of some late instances under my own immediate direction I

feel it a duty thus to make it public; being convinced it can produce no bad effect, and every person having it in his power to make the trial. At the same time, I beg leave to caution that no one should be disheartened from the length of time it may be necessary to continue the application; as, in some cases, it has required 3 or 4 months, though in the last only 30 days; but in all, without pain or inconveniences of any kind, or any previous notice of the discharge, till it actually took place.

1800, *Jan.* WILLIAM CHISHOLME.

CII. On the Asthma.

MR. URBAN, *Chudleigh, Feb. 22.*

FOR the satisfaction of *A constant Reader*, who requests to know if there be any simple but effectual cure for an asthma, I take the liberty to trouble you with the following remarkable instances of the good effects of honey in asthmatic cases, as related by Dr. Monro; and sincerely wish that a fair trial of it may be attended with a farther confirmation of its utility in relieving that dreadful malady.

"The late Dr. John Hume, one of the commissioners of the sick and hurt of the royal navy, was for many years violently afflicted with the asthma. Having taken many medicines without receiving relief, he at last resolved to try the effects of honey, having long had a great opinion of its virtues as a pectoral. For two or three years he ate some ounces of it daily, and got entirely free of his asthma, and likewise of a gravelly complaint which he had long been afflicted with. About two or three years after he had recovered his health, when he was sitting one day in the office for sick and hurt, a person labouring under a great difficulty of breathing, who looked as if he could not live many days, came to him, and asked him by what means he had been cured of his asthma. Dr. Hume told him the particulars of his own case, and mentioned to him the means by which he had found relief. For two years afterwards he heard nothing of this person, who was a stranger to him, and had seemed so bad that he did not imagine that he could have lived many days, and

therefore had not even asked him who he was; but at the end of that period, a man, seemingly in good health, and decently dressed, came to the sick and hurt office, and returned him thanks for his cure, which he assured him had been entirely brought about by the free use of honey."

I beg leave just to observe, that as there are several species of asthma, arising from different causes, and in some degree differing in their effects, though generally distinguished by the appellations of the *humid* or *moist*, and *dry* or *spasmodic*, it can scarcely be expected that the same medicine should be efficacious for all or both of them; however, the honey, which seems peculiarly adapted to the *dry* asthma, can produce no ill effect on the *moist*, and is known to be in many other respects very salutary. The herb hoarhound has likewise been experimentally found efficacious in asthmatic complaints; a strong decoction of it habitually drunk in a morning, fasting, and two or three times or oftener in the day, of the quantity of a large tea-cup, or half a pint, has been known to be successful in relieving the *dry* asthma, so far as to render its paroxysms very tolerable, and without much inconvenience; and, for the *humid*, I believe, it seldom fails if persevered in, as may be judged from its salutary efficacy in defluxions, and curing the worst of colds. From the experience I have had of it on myself, in my own family, and others, I am sure that I am justified in thus recommending it, as well as Culpepper, from whom I originally had it, and whom others will do well to consult.

H. Mugg.

Mr. Urban, *Feb.* 24.

A constant Reader inquires, whether there be any cure for the asthma. Being myself affected with asthmatic complaints, I am equally with him desirous of information on the subject; but apprehend that a rational mode of treatment must be adapted to the particular circumstances of the case, the detail of which would scarcely be admissible into your publication. You will give me leave, however, to acquaint him, that I had laboured under a troublesome cough for some time, which, during the three winter months, bore the character of a common catarrhal cough. At length it abated considerably in the day time, but returned with sudden violence at going to bed, and at, or soon after, getting up in the morning; beginning and accompanied with a sense

of stricture about the *sternum*, with short difficult respiration. In this state it was nearly allied to asthma; or, rather, it might be considered as a variety of that disease. Opium and æther afforded me relief; but I was unwilling to persevere in the use of such mixture, because of the effects of opium on the system; therefore, at a suggestion of an acquaintance, I was induced to make trial of mustard seed, and think I have derived great benefit from it. I take about a tea-spoonful of white mustard seed bruised, and made into a bolus with a very little honey, two or three hours before going to bed, and as much more when I awake at 6 or 7 in the morning. The consequence has been, that I have little or no cough or sense of stricture at night, only a slight easy expectoration in the morning, and am freer from all uneasy sensation about the thorax in the course of the day.

Let me add that the greater number of cases of inveterate asthma are too obstinate to yield thus readily, and some are deemed incurable. It is my sincere wish that your Constant Reader's may not be of this latter class; and that he or some other fellow-sufferer may find relief from the use of so innocent a remedy as that proposed by,

Yours, &c.

W.

MR. URBAN, *July* 15.

IN some of your last numbers, I have noticed several prescriptions for the relief or cure of asthmatic complaints; and I have no doubt but that most, or all of them, have been, and may be, of service in particular cases. Of a perfect cure of an asthma, I never heard, though I am sensible that, by proper management, the complaint may be removed for considerable intervals of time. Being one of the unfortunate brotherhood, though no member of the faculty, I am anxious to contribute my mite to the relief of some of my fellow-sufferers; and I think I could not well pitch upon an easier mode of communication, than by requesting you to allot a corner of your valuable Repertory to a few lines of mine upon the subject.

My complaint is what is called a *dry* asthma. I have had it from a child; at intervals perfectly free; the fits returning sometimes when least expected, and not easily got the better of when you suffer them to take possession for any length of time. They come on generally at night, after having been in bed a little while; are longer or shorter

according to circumstances, and according to the resistance the patient makes. For, independent of every other remedy, I must advise to leave the field of battle to the enemy on its first appearance; I mean, to get out of bed immediately, and sit down in an easy chair in an erect posture.

I remember, amongst many other intervals of different duration, two intervals in my life of about eighteen months each, during which I never remained for more than one hour in bed in the night, on account of this troublesome disorder, sitting up the remainder of the night under the most painful anxiety, which nothing at that time could remove, but which was to be endured with a perfect resignation. Several remedies were tried to no purpose; and the only relief I could procure myself was, every now and then, by abstaining for a week or a fortnight from going to bed at all.

I need not tell those, who are experimentally acquainted with the nature of this disorder, to what a situation the body was reduced under such a long and unceasing affliction; but I must hasten to tell them how I got the better of the enemy, so as, if not to destroy him, at least to blunt his power; for, thank God! I have been now a great many years, by an incontrovertible experience, perfectly the master to prevent a fit of asthma, whenever, by some cause or other, an asthmatical disposition has got into the habit of the body, and which is, of consequence, itself very soon removed. The thing is not new, and, perhaps, I have myself contributed a good deal to its being better known, though its efficacy has not always been admitted. It is nothing more or less than a strong infusion of coffee.

I was led to try it in the last of those long asthmatical affections mentioned above; however, without much faith in the remedy, considering it merely as one of those nostrums which one meets with so frequently in society for every disorder. But, to my utmost astonishment, one night, after having for the first time taken a strong infusion going to rest, I slept that night as soundly as ever I did in my life, without the least touch of asthma whatever. The experiment was too beneficial to me not to try it again and again; and it has been constantly attended with the same success. I at that time got, after a few doses, entirely the better of that long asthmatical affection; and, at every recurrence of the disorder I have recourse to the *panacea*, which proves to be one to me.

My way of taking it, is one or two dishes, as hot as I can

possibly bear it, going to bed immediately afterwards: half an ounce at least to every cup, which I render palatable with sugar and a little cream.

A long continuance of the use of strong coffee will affect the nerves, no doubt; but one good fit of asthma, I am satisfied, shatters the nerves much more than many pounds of coffee; and, in this instance, of two evils we must, as in every other, choose the least.

1800, *April, and July.* A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

CIII. Singular Predilection for the Term of Forty Days.

MR. URBAN, *Wells, Norfolk, Aug. 28.*

THE founders of our legal polity, when they have had occasion to limit a short interval of time for any particular purpose, have shewn a strong predilection for the term of *forty days*; e. g.

"Anciently no man was suffered to abide in England above *forty* days, unless he were enrolled in some tithing or decennary." Blackstone's Comm. I. 114.

"Vidua maneat in capitali messuagio mariti sui per *quadraginta* dies post obitum mariti sui infra quos dies assignetur ei dos sua." Mag. Chart. c. VII.

"Il que tient per un fee de service de chivaler covient estre ove le roi per 40 *jours* bien et convenablement array pour le guerre." Litt. § 95.

"By privilege of parliament, members of the House of Commons are protected from arrest for *forty days* after every prorogation, and *forty days* before the next appointed meeting." Blackstone's Comm. I. 165.

The acts for preventing the introduction of the plague direct—"that persons coming from infected places must remain on ship-board *forty days* before they be permitted to land."

Many more instances might be produced; but it will suffice to observe, that the period we are speaking of is so well known in the law as to have acquired a peculiar denomination, that of *quarantine**, a distinction which, I be-

* Blackstone's Comm. II. 135.

lieve, is not bestowed on any other portion of the year except its usual calendary divisions.*

The frequent adoption of this precise interval, which constitutes no aliquot part of the year, nor is capable of an aliquot division into months or weeks, is somewhat extraordinary; yet it would be a little unfair to presume that our ancestors, in this instance, were actuated by mere caprice. Perhaps it may be no improbable supposition, that their preference arose from finding the period in question connected with some remarkable events in Sacred History; and that it is so connected, will appear from the following coincidences:

The diluvial rain lasted *forty* days.

The three miraculous fasts of Moses, Elijah, and our Saviour, lasted each *forty* days.

The Christian Lent continues *forty* days.

These, it must be confessed, are very striking; and perhaps no other arbitrary portion of the year has ever been so highly distinguished.

Those who are in the habit of reflecting upon the operations of the human mind, well know, that although, in a contest of motives, the will ever yields to the stronger, yet in matters of indifference, where the judgment is suspended *in equilibrio*, and yet must decide, the most trifling circumstance, the most remote allusion, is sufficient to turn the scale.

1800, *Sept.* TELONICUS.

* The preference of the number 40 is not confined to matters of *time* only: *forty* shillings is the qualification of a freeholder at an election; *forty* shillings the limited value for causes in the county-court, the court-baron, &c.

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—— 118, last line, *for* partly *read* particularly.
—— 153, line 26, *for* dialact *read* dialect.
—— 185, — 27, *for* Srype *read* Strype.
—— 186, — 23, *for* virtue *read* virtu.
—— 263, — 3, *for* cartharus *read* cantharus.
—— 272, — 18, *for* author *read* authors.
—— 314, — 2, *for* prepairing *read* preparing.
—— 316, — 16, and note, *for* cortina *read* cortinæ.

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—— 188, — 11, *for* never *read* ever.
—— 226, — 40, *for* pepetuo *read* perpetuo.
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—— 432, — 2, from the bottom, *for* juice *read* juices.